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BY

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“A VISIT TO ST. PETERSBURG.”

IN TWO VOLUMES,

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FRANCE AND THE FRENCH.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the Prince de Condé died suddenly, on Friday the 27th of August at his seat at St. Leu, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

The Moniteur of the following day contains the formal notice of this event.

“ Paris, August 27th, 1830. Conformably to a royal ordinance of March 23rd, 1816, the certificate of the decease of H. R. H. the most high and puissant Prince Louis Henri Joseph de Bourbon Condé, Duc de Bourbon, Prince of the blood, deceased this day at the Chateau of St. Leu in the department of the Seine et Oise, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, was drawn up this day by Baron Pasquier, President of the Chamber of Peers, accompanied by

the Marquis de Semonville, Grand Referendary, and by the Keeper of the Archives of the Chamber, depositary of the registers of the Etat civil of the Royal Family. The Count de Villegonthier, Peer of France, first gentleman of the Chamber to his Royal Highness, and the Count de Charlot, Captain general of the Chasses of the Prince, signed the act as witnesses. The corpse was presented by Baron de Flassan, chief Equerry.

“ On Saturday the 28th, an inquest was held at St. Leu on the body of the Prince de Condé. It was found that the Prince hung himself with a cravat attached to the fastening of a window in his bedroom. The officers of the household upon finding his body determined not to change its position until the commission headed by Baron Pasquier arrived at St. Leu and drew up minutes of the decease. By order of the Procureur General the body was opened and examined by Messrs. Mare, Pasquier, and Marjolin. The legs were slightly bruised by their contact with the bolt of the window and the chair on which the Prince had mounted to hang himself, and which was upset at his feet. The organs of the abdomen and thorax presented no remarkable appearance, but on examination of the

brain, a partial decay of the cerebral pulp was observed, which indicated that his Royal Highness was liable to be affected with mental derangement. The Prince had determined after the recent events not to quit his estates, and had contributed ten thousand francs to the relief of the victims in the late contest. His death therefore can only have been the consequence of an alienation of mind, as he had formerly supported the keenest afflictions with great fortitude, and no instance in his conduct showed that he was weary of life."

The following also are further details relative to the tragical end of the Prince de Condé, as given in the papers of the day.

"After having dined with the officers of his household on the 26th instant, the Prince played his usual game at cards, and retired to his apartment about half past eleven, desiring one of his valets de chambre to call him at eight o'clock on the following morning. In consequence of this order a valet who had been long in his service, knocked repeatedly at the door without receiving any answer, the door was bolted inside. Thinking that his master was still asleep and not wishing to disturb him he went away, and returned in a quarter of an hour afterwards, when he met

Dr. Buny who was going to visit the Prince as usual. After a short conversation they knocked at the door, and not receiving any answer, Dr Buny went to the apartment of the Baroness de Feucheres, which was adjoining that of the Prince, to consult with that lady on what was to be done. It was agreed to break the bolt, and a piece of wood the nearest thing at hand was used for that purpose; but after some vain efforts, the noise having attracted a great many of the household to the spot, it was resolved to break a pannel of the door, which was instantly done. The valet de chambre, having entered by the aperture found his master suspended by the neck with a cravat attached to the window bolt. Dr. Buny and a second valet de chambre having entered in the same manner, the door was opened, and all present beheld with the deepest affliction the unfortunate Prince, who had thus perished by his own hand. His loss will long be deplored not only in the circle of his immediate friends, but by the hundreds of poor in the neighbourhood of his estates, to whom he was a kind, constant and unostentatious benefactor. It is said that in the Prince's chamber was found a will by which the deceased bequeaths a large portion of his

immense property to the Duc d' Aumale, fourth son of the King Louis Philippe."

The melancholy end of the Prince de Condé has always remained a subject of much mystery and the trial which took place afterwards threw little further light on the real mode of his death. It merely exhibited some curious letters from the correspondence of Madame Feucheres.

The history of that lady is well known, her name was Dawe, she was a near relative of the fruiterer, who kept a shop in Oxford Street, opposite the top of Bond Street, under whose roof she resided. In early life she attracted the attention of the Prince, then Duc de Bourbon, and lived with him as his mistress in England during the latter period of his emigration.

When the tide of affairs turned at the restoration in 1814, Miss Dawe accompanied the Prince to France, and lived constantly under his protection, having apartments assigned to her at the Palais Bourbon, at Chantilly and other his royal residences. Under these circumstances and to avoid scandal it was given out, that she was a natural or adopted child of the Prince, in whose welfare he might be supposed to take a parental

interest. Her power over this infatuated old man became daily more encroaching and irresistible, she saw herself the uncontrolled mistress of a princely establishment, the object of general adulation, and her ambition began to take a wider scope. All recollection of the fruiterer's girl was lost in the visions of grandeur, which floated before her eyes. In her present equivocal position any idea of mixing in general society was out of the question; some people might give credence to the story of her birth, and to the innocence of her connection with the Prince, but still more had strong surmises of the real fact; while to the world in general, less partial in its comments, her true position was a matter of public notoriety.

An ostensible rank in French society was the first object of her ambition, and this could only be obtained by a respectable marriage, which the rumours attached to her situation in the Prince's family, by no means tended to facilitate. Such an object however was found in the Baron de Feucheres, a respectable officer in his Highness's household, who in an evil hour consented to lead Miss Dawe to the altar. Notwithstanding this connection the Baron was a man of honour, he was probably duped by the inventions which were fabricated

to mislead him, perhaps dazzled by the prospects which might await an alliance with the blood of the Bourbons. One thing however is certain, that in a very short time after the irrevocable step had been taken, he obtained a full conviction of his wife's real position, and quitted her for ever. The separation might have been a mutually concerted arrangement, but whether so or not, it exactly suited the projects of the lady, who now became Baroness Feucheres to the world, and a free agent for her own purposes. Her influence with the Prince remained unimpaired: she not only continued to reside under his roof, but was presented at Court, and from that period appeared to take a more prominent part in the subjugation of his mind, and the management of his affairs. Increase of power produced further encroachments; that which had been formerly obtained by blandishment and seduction, was now claimed by threats and intimidation; frequent quarrels ensued, and the mind of the Prince enfeebled by age, though alienated at last from his long attachment, became gradually more unable to resist the imperious temper of his interested companion. Under this ambitious influence a will had been wrested from the unfortunate old man, which

bequeathed to Madame Feucheres all the property not previously settled on the Duc d'Aumale his godson, which amounted to near a million per annum.

Things were in this state when the revolution of July broke out. The Prince de Condé was at his seat at St. Leu, when the news arrived of the insurrection at Paris, and the expulsion of his family from the throne. A scene of consternation ensued, which baffles all description; overpowered by fear, and deprived of judgment, he at one moment was anxious to fly with his family to the frontier, at another would order the tricoloured flag to be raised at the castle gate. At last, when some degree of order had been restored to the Capital, the Prince became to a certain extent calm and composed; he seemed to have brought his mind to a more patient awaiting of the result, and as the tranquillity of his own immediate neighbourhood had in no way been disturbed, he gradually returned to his usual habits of life in the country. But amidst this semblance of repose his feeble mind was a prey to internal anxiety, and daily occupied in forming vague and uncertain plans for his future conduct. The assumption of power by the Duke of Orleans at the expence of the

elder branch appeared in his eyes to be an inexcusable crime ; and the scenes of violent temper, which he of late years had endured from his mistress, had very much estranged his affections from her, though by force of long habit, and under the influence of fear he still bowed in abject submission to her will.

Harrassed by these reflections, feeling that all his ties to France were at once suddenly dissolved, with a mind full of sinister apprehensions for the future, and his reason perhaps impaired by age and domestic vexations, he one morning came to the sudden resolution of quitting France privately on the following day. The plan of departure was speedily arranged, with an old confidential servant, to whom alone the secret was entrusted. This man was ordered to make the necessary preparations for the journey with the utmost privacy, and was in the first instance dispatched immediately to Paris, with an order on the Prince's banker, for a million of francs of which he was instructed to bring back the most part in gold. On that evening the Prince appeared more than usually calm and serene to all around him, he played his rubber of whist with the accustomed party, his air was unembarrassed, (exulting perhaps in the suc-

cess of his scheme,) and at the ordinary hour of retiring to rest, he dismissed his company, without expressing even by a gesture any intimation of his intended flight. A rumour had already gained ground that he meditated the making of a new will; that commiserating the fate of his near and exiled relations, he wished to alleviate the misfortunes of the Duc de Bordeaux, by investing him after his death with that property which he had already bequeathed as before stated. This was probably only an inference drawn by others from the interest which he had expressed in the melancholy fate of the elder branch of the Bourbons, but it was sufficient to alarm the cupidity of his mistress. The eyes of Argus had secretly observed all his movements, and the Baroness had received ample information of his projects; how indeed could it be supposed that the wavering plan of an infirm old man could escape the searching vigilance of those, who were living under his roof, and were so interested in watching all his most trifling actions. On the following morning the unfortunate Prince de Condé was found dead, and suspended by a silk handkerchief to the bolt of the window, which was so low that his naked feet touched the ground. The doors of

his bedroom being locked on the inside were broken open by the servants, which circumstance would tend to prove that the fatal act had been perpetrated by his own hand. Many circumstances however have been stated which repel this conviction. The easy, unembarrassed manner of the Prince on the preceding night, which argued little intention of destroying himself, the impossibility of a man being strangled when his feet touched the ground. The handkerchief too was tied in a slip knot, which it was known the Prince could never make; moreover, having long ago had the misfortune to break his collar bone when hunting, he had never since been able to raise his arm to his neck, and was always obliged to employ a servant while dressing to tie his neckcloth. His slippers were placed by his bedside, as left by his valet over night, and his bed clothes were found in a state of disorder, such as indicated a violent struggle. There was a small private staircase which communicated from the apartment of the Baroness to a door in the alcove of the Prince's bed, of which she always kept the key; it is a customary thing in old French houses, and might have originally been planned for the convenience of servants who clean the apart-

ments, or for other purposes. By this communication it seems undoubted that Madame Feucheres gained admittance to the Prince, unexpectedly, after he had retired to rest; that her object was to expostulate with him on his intended flight, and use the same means either of cajolery or intimidation to divert him from his purpose, which on former occasions had been attended with success. The discussion must have been serious and violent on both sides, without any yielding on the part of the Prince, who at length from over excitement was seized with a fit of apoplexy, which probably in a short time terminated his existence; as the whole tenour of his past life, and particularly the systematic arrangements made by him on the preceding day for his departure preclude all idea of voluntary suicide.

Thus far it is fair to account for the catastrophe, and under such circumstances may be imagined the terror of a woman left alone at night in presence of such an appalling spectacle which she herself had in a certain degree unintentionally accelerated. The first impression must have been to ward off all suspicion from herself, as her visits through the private communication were obviously known

to the whole house, and a death so sudden and mysterious must give rise to comments of every description. This could only be effected by impressing the public mind on the first discovery, with a full conviction that the deceased had died by his own hand. It has been confidently stated by a friend of the family, that Madame F. then called to her aid the —— who slept in the adjoining room, and was devoted to her interest; their united efforts suspended the body to the window bolt, as it was found in the morning, and the hurried trepidation with which this dreadful office was performed, may account for the inconsistent appearance of strangulation, while the feet of the individual touched the ground. The chair which was upset, had been probably used for this purpose. The room was then vacated by the private entrance, and each retired to their respective chambers there to wait till the alarm should be given in the morning.

It is quite obvious that the Sovereigns of Europe blamed the ordinances of Charles X. simply for this reason, that they dreaded a

revolution in France, and the consequences of it in their own States. The result was precisely as they had anticipated ; the coup d'etat was followed by revolution. They saw the first with regret, but they viewed the second with anxiety and displeasure, still it did not enter into their calculation to repress it by force of arms. The same language was held on all sides, " Charles X. was deaf to our warnings, he must take the consequences of his own blind policy. As for you, government of July, remain quiet, and we will leave you in peace ; settle your internal affairs, re-establish order, patch up a monarchy if you can, we will not interfere, but let no attempt be made to propagate your principles abroad, the first symptom of such intentions shall be the signal for war." There were only two exceptions to this general feeling on the Continent, the King of Spain who published through his Minister Calomarde an abusive manifesto against the government of July, and the Duke of Modena, who openly refused to acknowledge it.

In the North of Europe there was perhaps some inclination to enter the lists against France, but the great powers could not come to any agreement as to the principles, the

objects, and the proper moment in which a coalition should be formed for this purpose. Russia placed at a distance from France, and crippled in her military resources by the late Turkish war, could neither strike the first blow, or come early into the field. Prussia close to the French frontier, and feeling that she must be the advanced guard of any coalition, was deterred by the painful recollections of 1792, from any wish to open the campaign without being powerfully backed by her allies.

Austria convinced that Russia was unprepared for the struggle, and might long remain so, had no wish to throw off the mask and exhaust her own means, while her rival was leisurely occupied in remodelling her military establishments, and acquiring fresh forces in proportion as the others were wasting theirs. Although there was unanimity of feeling between Austria and Russia against the revolution of July, yet both were jealous and reciprocally mistrusted the intentions of each other.

Prince Metternich, minister of a legitimate sovereign, and himself a staunch aristocrat, naturally viewed with great repugnance a revolution, which was openly opposed to

legitimacy and aristocracy.* But the Austrian policy is neither based on principles, or feelings, it is solely governed by interest. The quick sighted Metternich soon perceived that it could not be for the interest of Austria, or indeed of any European power, to commence a general war, a war of opinion, which might fan the revolutionary embers into a wide spreading flame.

The invasions of 1814 and 1815 had given a warning lesson to the allied powers of the inconvenience attached to a near communication with France, whose ideas of liberty and equality they were little anxious to see engrafted on their own soil. Another lesson likewise was to be gained from the past, that in the event of a general war, no moment could be found more propitious to the success of France, than this, when the first enthusiasm of a new revolution would unite all classes in one cause against an invading enemy. Delay

* He had been consulted in the month of March 1830, by the Polignac Cabinet on the actual state of politics in France, and on the measures which he would recommend to meet the impending danger, they hinted that they might perhaps be found to have recourse to more than legal measures. His reply was, "The danger is certainly great, I am not on the spot and can give no advice, but if you exceed the limits of the law, you are lost."

might temper this ferment, might give time to the various clashing opinions in the state to declare themselves, and internal divisions might weaken those means, which in the first instance would be unconquerable. Such were the tactics most advisable to be pursued, and in which the allies could run no risk, as war might always be declared afterwards at a convenient opportunity, or, if necessary, France might be compelled to declare it herself.

On these grounds then their resolution was made up. In the first instance, peace ; in the case of a *propagande*, war ! It was indeed an armed truce, with the constant dread of war. Each side armed in self defence, Europe against the *propagande*, France against Europe. All were determined to be prepared for the worst, but none were forward to commence hostilities.

The Emperor of Russia it is true, was very tardy in sending his act of acknowledgment, and gave it at last in no very flattering terms, but the reason of this delay may be readily traced to the revolution in Belgium, which broke out in the interim, and caused fresh anxiety for the tranquillity of Europe. He pressed on his armaments at the solicitations of his ally the King of Holland ; and that army

which was afterwards employed to subjugate unfortunate Poland, had been originally raised not absolutely to attack France, but with the double view of keeping down the propagandists, and subjecting Belgium to the King of Holland. The Cabinet of the Palais Royal, before it could enter into any relations with foreign states, was forced to require as a preliminary step the acknowledgment of Louis Philippe.

M. de Lafayette was desirous that France should become the rallying point of liberty and independence to all the nations of Europe ; this wish arose first from a sentiment of universal philanthropy, and also from a plan formed in his mind to secure aid and support to the Royalty of July. " I have little faith," said he, " in any feeling of sympathy from the divine right towards the sovereignty of the people." He was convinced that the Holy Alliance only waited for a favorable opportunity to attack France, and he was anxious that she herself should take the initiative. He stigmatised at once as timid and selfish, a system of policy, which had only for its object to maintain order in France, and peace with the foreigner. Unable to impress the government with his own ideas on that subject, he

laboured strenuously in his private capacity to give them effect, by encouraging the cry for war, circulating liberal proclamations, and giving pecuniary assistance to all political refugees, that they might return to their own countries as the assertors of republican principles, and the fomenters of revolution. In this manner he squandered away nearly the whole of the 1,500,000 francs which he had received as a national token of esteem from the United States of America. He had for a certain time the satisfaction to see the designs of the propagandists attended with success in Spain. As Ferdinand VII. had shown such undisguised antipathy to the new order of things in France, that government did not stand upon much ceremony in acts of retaliation. It made no scruple of authorising the Spanish refugees to return in arms to their own country. The Minister of the Interior furnished them with billets on the road, and contributed a large sum to the subscriptions of the Spanish Committee for the purchase of arms and equipments. Four hundred of these men, relying on promises of further support had arrived at the foot of the Pyrenees, when Ferdinand proposed to acknowledge Louis Philippe, on condition that they were ordered back into

France. The terms were instantly accepted, and orders were given to force the patriots to abandon their expedition.

When the Belgian revolution broke out, it rendered the state of public affairs much more complicated, as in no one instance had Louis Philippe been as yet formally acknowledged. Count Molé, Minister of Foreign Affairs, conceived it the moment to take a decisive step; he on his own responsibility publicly declared, that if a foreign soldier set his foot in Belgium, a French army should instantly march into the country. It was a tolerable piece of presumption in M. Molé, as at that time France had no army, no money, no internal tranquillity and as far as foreign powers were concerned, no King, since none had acknowledged him.

M. Molé's object doubtless was to give a blow to the Holy Alliance which had laid down the principle, that five great powers should interfere upon every occasion, where the people presumed either by menace or revolt to change their sovereign, or their form of government; a principle evidently incompatible with the revolution of July. M. Molé also foresaw that notwithstanding the resources he might find in the revolutionary ardour of the moment, France distracted by her own

internal dissensions could not long make head against the attack of combined Europe, and therefore determined at once to prevent the Holy Alliance from stifling the revolution in Belgium, which would be only the preparatory step to an invasion of France. In order to prevent war, he made a menace of war. The counsel approved of this language, and the success justified their sanction, as Prussia not only did not march but did acknowledge Louis Philippe. The Cabinet of the Palais Royal did not pretend to lay down any general laws of non intervention either in theory or practice; the declaration formed a solitary case, adapted to the moment, it was purely and simply this, "If you enter, we enter." M. Molé's opinion was, that in a matter of intervention, *no government should bind itself before hand*, the only real plea for an armed interference should be its utility, and its feasibility, in both of which circumstances Belgium was a case in point. Some time after the Belgian revolution a company of the Parisian national guard dined together at the *Vendanges de Bourgogne*. In an adjoining room, separated only by a thin partition, were assembled a party of Belgians, who gave a splendid banquet to the refugees of their own nation, M.

M. de Potter, Thielman and others. While the wine was circulating during the dessert, the Belgians sent a deputation to the national guards, proposing that the partition should be removed, and that both parties should fraternize together, which was received with acclamations on all sides. No sooner were they united, than a Belgian indiscreetly proposed the following toast, "*The reunion of Belgium to France.*" It was immediately replied, that the French felt a deep interest in the independence of the Belgians, that if their government thought fit to march to their assistance, they would to a man readily join in the holy cause; that if Belgium was reunited to France they would receive them as brothers; but that an affair of such importance could only be decided by the government, and no individual opinions ought to prejudge a question, which might entail such weighty and embarrassing consequences. The company named a committee to apprise the King and General Lafayette of this incident. The former expressed himself as greatly pleased with the tact and prudence, which had been displayed by so numerous a society in the heat of a banquet, and lost no time in reporting it to the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

M. de Lafayette would not have been sorry if the national guards had expressed themselves in a stronger manner. Averse to all mystery in politics he revealed to the committee at once the declaration lately made by the government to Prussia, on the subject of Belgium, which was then little known, and gave them great satisfaction.

There was still another power, which though not important from its extent of territory, might still operate very seriously on the affairs of France, from its spiritual influence over the consciences of many; and considerable anxiety was therefore felt as to the line of conduct which might be adopted on this occasion by the Court of Rome. Those who were acquainted with its history and policy, thought that if it had cultivated the late government, it would be anxious to remain on good terms with the new. There were however at Rome two distinct and opposite parties in the state, the Zealots, (*Zelante*,) and the Politicals, (*Politici*.) The first, rigid in their principles, and hostile to all concessions, half measures, and palliatives, were violently opposed to the recognition of Louis Philippe,

either in a spiritual or temporal sense; they talked of nothing less than excommunicating him, and the two Chambers that had elected him.

The second, more wary, and worldly, took a wider view of circumstances, and showed at once a disposition to acknowledge the government of Louis Philippe as an act of policy, which might preserve the Church from very serious embarrassments, if not misfortunes.

The Zealots commanded a majority in the sacred college, and appeared to possess great influence over the mind of Pope Pius VIII. a mild, simple, and condescending pontiff, little acquainted with the real situation of affairs in France. But the Politicals were warmly supported by Cardinal Albani, a clever and subtle diplomatist, well versed in the affairs of Europe, an active man of business, allied to the house of Austria, and possessed of an immense fortune, all which circumstances rendered him the most influential character at the Court of Rome. This Prelate, who had been long a Cardinal, though with the simple *tonsure*, had once entertained the idea of marriage; he had since only taken orders lately, because the Cardinals with the simple *tonsure* have not the privilege of a seat in the

Conclave, except by dispensation from the Pope, and Austria was desirous that he should concur in nominating Pius VIII. as successor to Leo XII.

These dispensations are only valid during a year and a day, now as the Pope was dead, the Cardinal could not enter the Conclave, unless he took orders, and as the case was urgent, he took them without loss of time. Austria finding that she could not ensure his election as Pope, stipulated previously with Cardinal Castiglioni, (Pius VIII.) as the price of those votes, which she could command in the Conclave, that he should when elected take Cardinal Albani for Prime Minister.

In this character Albani, under the dictation of Austria, decided the Pope to acknowledge Louis Philippe without delay ; and the sovereign Pontiff, having assembled the sacred college, without permitting any deliberations, formally announced his resolution to that effect, and the orders which he had given to the French clergy, to take the oath to the new sovereign.

Thus before the month of November all the foreign powers had recognised Louis Philippe, save and except the Duke of Modena.

In conformity with what I have stated at

the commencement of this publication, the foregoing anecdotes must prove that the revolution of July originated in no settled conspiracy, although there were a few discontented characters who anxiously watched every opportunity of rendering the government of the Bourbons more and more unpopular in France. In this object they were unfortunately seconded by the blindness of Charles X., who heedless of every warning voice, persisted in a line of policy unsuited to the liberal spirit of the age, which ended in his fall. The revolution of July was an accident, unforeseen, unprepared, and undirected; the nation itself did not contemplate the expulsion of the Royal Family, and even in the first heat of resentment against the ordinances such a violent measure was not anticipated. It required three days of blind obstinacy on one side, and of increasing irritation on the other, to produce this dire extremity. The republican party had little hand in it; the Orleans party still less; it was the act of the people, without thought, without foresight, but urged on by the press, and stimulated by the fear that want of employment would deprive them of the means of subsistence. On Tuesday they fought in the streets to repel the ordinances, not because these ordinances at-

tacked the liberty of the press, but because they had been made a pretext to them to throw them out of employment. On the Wednesday, they found they had gained the superiority; intoxicated with success, they pulled down the fleurs de lys, and attacked the dynasty, as any mob in any country might have done, when they saw themselves undisputed masters of the field of battle. On the Thursday, when victory was complete, those who had quietly looked on, presented themselves for a share of the spoil; and the poor people, who could fight, were elbowed out by those who could talk: it is the common fate of all popular commotions, where the people receive all the blows and none of the rewards. The republicans assembled at the Hotel de Ville, and the Orleans party at M. Laffitte's house. On the Friday were seen the effects of Charles X.'s blind and dilatory conduct; buoyed up with false hope, he had so long delayed to revoke the ordinances, that the Deputies seeing no prospect of the desired accommodation, had at last committed themselves in such a manner with the Duke of Orleans, that the tardy proposals of the King on this day became inadmissible.—The fear of a republic did the rest.

The Royalty of July was a bold and sudden

experiment; and in revolutions courage will always bear away the prize. The Royalty of July derives its strength from the general wish for order and tranquillity, as well as from the indifference which exists about any other form of government or any other ruler; the country dreads a change because no one can foresee the consequences which may result from further innovation.

The following letters actually written from Paris to the Author, in London, under the dates which they bear, may throw some light on events which occurred, and feelings which existed, immediately after this violent commotion had taken place in France. Allowance must be made for alarm well justified at the time by surrounding circumstances, and if the predictions of a general war have not been fulfilled, it can only be imputed to the prudence of those sovereigns, who were determined as far as forbearance could go, to maintain peace in Europe, as the wisest means of self preservation.

Paris, 17 Sept. 1830.

“ The communication between our two capitals is now so rapid, that you hear every

thing which passes with us almost as soon as it has occurred. You are well informed since your departure, by the public prints, of all the leading events, to which our recent revolution has given birth, but as I am still on the spot where this serious drama has been performed, as I have not only been an anxious spectator of the different acts, but follow them closely in their various forms, I shall endeavour to give you the impression they have made on my mind. I allow that, like many others wiser than myself, I was fascinated by the successful struggle of the people to overthrow a government, so weak and inimical to all liberal institutions, as that of Charles X. but I will confess that this enthusiasm of the moment is evaporating daily. The effects, which this revolution has as yet produced, by no means encourage me to expect much if any benefit from it. I can perceive no increase of energy or wisdom, on the part of those who govern at present; whereas the confidence, tranquillity and security which we enjoyed under the legitimate family, are I fear lost, and will hardly be restored at least for many years to come. Confusion, and distrust, the want of that security so essential to a comfortable existence, must long be the order of the day in

France ; and if those now in power are not enabled to pursue the course of prudence, which I really believe they are much disposed to follow, I fear we may again see the revival of anarchy and terror, though not so dreadful as in 1793. There is fortunately no chance of a dissolution of this Chamber at least for one year, but there are upwards of a hundred new Deputies to be elected, and the tone of the Departments at present does not promise a very satisfactory choice for the cause of good order and tranquillity.

Another event hangs over our heads, which may produce very serious results ; the trial of Polignac and the other Ministers must shortly come on. Their lives will in all human probability be saved, but the people are still so highly exasperated against them, and the government is still so devoid of strength and energy, that serious apprehensions are entertained of their being given up as a sacrifice. We must hope and trust that such an iniquity will not be committed.

The great fall in all public securities, now above fifteen per cent. lower than during the restoration, is occasioned by a total want of confidence in the government, and a general distrust in all commercial transactions, this

may have been encreased by the operations of a few daring speculators, which always have an unnatural effect on an Exchange, so miserably constituted as that of Paris. There has been a slight improvement in the rentes within the last two days, which can only be temporary, and the liquidation of this eventful month will be made much under seventy.

We may expect a very stormy winter here, both financially and politically. Trade of every description in Paris and the provinces is in an utter state of stagnation. Every one is making reforms in their expenditure, even those who have in no way suffered by the late changes.

Horses, carriages and cooks are to be had for nothing, the hotels are empty, foreigners have fled, it is now *la mode* to remain at home with a solitary lamp and receive nobody. All are dissatisfied with what is going on in France, and look with fear and anxiety to what may come from abroad. We believe that the acknowledgments of the foreign powers are arrived, but with the exception of England, they are evidently forced and constrained; little dependence therefore can be placed on the duration of peace.

Paris, 17 December, 1830.

“ We are now in the midst of the trials, the particulars of which you will read in the journals much better than I can give them. Every thing is tranquil at present, and the public awaiting the issue of this weighty affair hitherto very patiently. It is however apprehended by many persons that an effort will be made by the revolutionary party on the last day, (the day that the sentence will be pronounced) to create a disturbance. The Ministers will be removed back to Vincennes before the sentence is made known. In the meantime the government has taken every possible precaution to ensure tranquillity, and if this grand object is accomplished without riots, it is the *intention* of the ministry to display a greater degree of vigour than heretofore. This indeed is the language of their friends. It is most desirable that they should gain strength, without which there can be no hopes of peace. The *war party* is becoming more numerous and clamorous in consequence of the recent events in Poland, and the government will find it absolutely necessary to get rid of an immense number of turbulent spirits, which can only be done by a commencement of hostilities.

The Minister of War is working like a slave to organize the army, and as soon as they can muster a couple of hundred thousand men together on one point, the experiment will probably be made. The internal state of the country is wretched, there is no trade, every day produces fresh bankruptcies and the Funds are gradually going lower and lower. The winter is only beginning and there are already thousands in this town who have no earthly means of getting their bread. Of course the discontent must encrease, and the position of the government become more difficult. The object of the *propagande* is to revolutionize every country, and you may see that they do not slumber at their posts. The system of concession will not avail, the revolutionary spirit must be crushed, or it will overturn every throne.

I do not like the appearance of things on your side of the water, and I confess I have little confidence in some of the new Ministers. They have given so much encouragement to the radicals, that they will find themselves in complete contradiction with former professions and must have recourse to measures, which will plunge the country into danger. Neither can I approve of any Minister making a public

eulogium of the late French revolution, in the present state of Europe.”

Paris, December 20th, 1830.

“ The trial of the Ministers is proceeding (hitherto tranquilly) and it is conjectured will not terminate before Thursday or perhaps Friday. The state however of the capital is alarming. There is a general feeling here that a conspiracy is likely to break out, the public mind is much agitated, and what tends to encrease our apprehensions, is the language of the Ministers, who talk openly of the critical situation of affairs. They have perhaps some object in view which it is difficult to comprehend, unless it be, that they are anxious to magnify the danger, in order to rally round them all the orderly and well disposed part of the community. I hope it may be exaggerated, but in the mean time measures of precaution have been taken, the national guards are on the alert, and all the authorities are at their posts. There was last night an attempt at insurrection in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and the national guards were called out, but nothing very serious occurred. The *Ecole polytechnique* is very restive, and the *Ecoles de droit et de medicine* are animated with the worst spirit. We have a melancholy prospect

before us. The people have learnt their power and it will be no easy matter in future to restrain them within proper bounds.

If the government had acted with promptitude and energy at the commencement of these factious movements, they might have been put down, but it had just received its power as a present from the people, and did not dare to exercise it against the donors. This shows at once the inconsistency of the revolutionary doctrines, and how little they are calculated to promote good order and tranquillity. The system of tolerance has been carried too far, it has been too much the fashion to yield to popular clamour, and we now see the consequences. Mankind has never been governed but by force, and I defy all the existing wiseacres to find out any other means."

Paris, December 24th, 1830.

"We are now quite again *jusqu' à nouvel ordre*. The trial is over. When I wrote last Monday, the agitators were hard at work, but after three days perseverance the admirable behaviour of the national guard triumphed over every attempt at insurrection. It was a most serious crisis.

Some changes will take place in the ministry

very soon, Odillon Barrot is talked of as Minister of the Interior in the room of Montalivet, who is to have another destination, and it is supposed that Soult will be the new President of the Council. Stability is out of the question here, nothing will last."

Paris, February 28th, 1831.

"The debates in the Chamber of Deputies for the last few days are the chief subject of conversation. Each party flatters itself that it shall gain an increase of strength by the dissolution, which appears inevitable; but the result of a general election is extremely doubtful. Here it is manifest that things are getting worse, and the admirers of the revolution of July are now opening their eyes to see, instead of our former peace and prosperity, distress in the present, and war in the perspective. The government gains no force, and the Chamber of Deputies is the scene of daily confusion, as to the Peers, no one seems to enquire, or care if that Chamber is still in existence. It was inferred from Laffitte's speech on Monday last, that the dissolution would take place immediately, though the government really wishes to retard it. I am assured that Laffitte will soon make way for Casimir Perier, and a little later the *parti*

du mouvement will probably take the lead. Already the Jacobins backed by the press are making an outcry against Austrian interference in the affairs of Italy, and are urging the government to resist it. The Piedmontese refugees, who have been assembling for some time past on the frontiers of Savoy, are said to have begun their movements on the 26th. It is clear that there has been connivance on the part of France, to say the least, for the project has been publicly announced here for a long time, and it is only two days ago that an order was sent from hence to disarm them. *Moutarde apres diné.* General Belliard is to go as Minister to Brussels, he can be useful in organizing their troops, &c., &c.

A propos de la Belgique, you perceive that they pay but little attention to the decrees of the London conference. Their advisers are here.

I met the King lately walking on the boulevard, in *vrai bourgeois*, he wore a round hat with a tricoloured cockade, and carried an umbrella in his hand, he was accosted at every step by dirty looking fellows, who seemed to think it a very good joke to offer him their hand in token of friendship, which he readily accepted. I could not help thinking that a crown was

dearly bought at such a price. Every evening the mob assembles under the windows of the Palais Royal, shouting 'Vive Louis Philippe!' His Majesty quits the dining table to show himself in the balcony to his subjects, and sometimes embraces Lafayette as the allegorical type of his attachment to the cause of liberty."

Paris, August 17th, 1831.

"There has been more fighting in the Chamber of Deputies here than in Belgium; and our Premier had nearly been turned, not out of office, but out of the tribune, by violent means. It was really an *emeute* within doors. However yesterday the house came to their senses, and thanks to a concession of no very great importance, Ministers had a very large majority on the address. This of course does not imply, what it might in England, as to future divisions upon other questions, but it has the effect of seating Perier pretty firmly for some time. The main point now is Belgium, and the retreat of the French army; respecting which perfect sincerity and good faith are of course professed here, and I *really believe* truly so, *en these generale*. Peace and friendship with England form the basis of the present cabinet. But they have rather a delicate game

to play—after making such a fuss it would not do quietly to *march down the hill* again. The opposition in the Chamber, the war party, and the national vanity, must in some degree be humoured and gratified. Accordingly a demand upon Holland for the war charges may probably be made, and the settlement of the question of the fortresses will previously be expected. Perhaps King Leopold too may be called upon to show his gratitude for the service rendered him by the cession of some trifling *enclave* on the frontiers, such as the two small places of Philippeville and Marienburg, which it is contended were unfairly taken from France, even under the grinding treaties of 1814 and 1815. In fact, without immediate views of ambition, they must, *dit on*, have something to show for their money, to be sure of remaining in office. It follows, that during negotiation, a partial occupation would naturally continue. Will the conference agree to this? and how will it be liked in England? I understood that the French engagement to retire was considered as immediately consequent upon the retreat of the Dutch. Will a liberal allowance now be made for the peculiar predicament of this Cabinet, whose existence *is so essential to the cause of general Peace?* Or

will the John Bull feeling of the country take the alarm, so as to endanger the existence of your own Whig government? I trust not. Besides I am not sure that King Leopold, if *he be consulted*, would quite like to be left at once without his present protectors? The Funds have risen, and things upon the whole wear an encouraging aspect just for the moment."

Paris, 20th August, 1831.

"Your view of things is, I am still willing to hope, rather too gloomy; and whatever may happen some time hence, I do not expect war now. Truth, as usual, will I trust be found between the horns of your dilemma. The French troops *will* retire so as to save Lord Grey's honour and place, without making that immediate and thorough retreat, that would probably turn out Casimir Perier. I understood last night at Lord G—'s that his Lordship had carried his point, or nearly so, and collected from his words and manner that he was *passablement content*. To his first very sharp remonstrance, I know it was replied that Leopold himself was anxious to keep part of his French friends near him; and I can vouch for M. L—, his minister here, having said the night before last, that in the present distressing state of the Belgian army, a protecting foreign

force was absolutely indispensable. Will not such a representation from Leopold himself to your Cabinet soften Lord Grey and Lord Bull a little? Compromise, temporary means, half measures, what Mr. Pitt called "mutual facilities," will, I think, still continue the order of the day. It is, as you say, an unnatural position, but we live in unnatural times. I really quite acquit the Cabinet here of double dealing. Sebastiani may have been holding forth and vapouring about national dignity, but depend upon it Casimir Perier is honest, and would not be guilty of a deliberate breach of faith, even if unrestrained by the fear of a rupture with England. But his ministerial situation is a very ticklish one. Remember this Dutch affair reseated him, when he was fairly out of his saddle, and the public feeling then brought into play, would rebound the other way, if now wounded by too stale and unprofitable a result. So much for his game with the *nation*; as to the *army*, of which some apprehensions have been expressed, I am *assured* there is no doubt of their *obeying orders*. You will observe that the budget, presented yesterday, is not upon the whole so very discouraging. The Cabinet here are now more absorbed by the question relating to the

Peerage, than even by the Belgian business. Would you credit, that when they engaged the other day to lay their plan before the house on *Monday or Tuesday next*, no plan, nor even the groundwork of a plan, was then fixed upon; and that to this hour they have not consulted with the leading authorities, their friends, &c., on the subject? There, again, compromise, delay, half measures, will be attempted. The idea, I understand, is to propose an adjournment of the question for five years, the hereditary right being meanwhile suspended — that is, no heir to the peerage taking his seat during that period.

Why is your evening paper, the *Courier*, constantly goading on France to go to war for Poland?"

Paris, August 27th, 1831.

"People here do not know what to make of the ultra violent article in the *Times* against France, and the *Morning Chronicle's* abuse of the Ministry and aristocracy of England is still less intelligible. The press has really become a perfect nuisance in both countries.

I understand, from high authority, whether sincere or not (*Dieu sait*,) that no serious disagreement prevails between the two governments about Belgium; that allowance has

been made for particular situations ; suspicion removed as to evil intentions, &c. ; in short, what I hinted at in my last. The upshot is, that the conference in London is the professed and acknowledged arbiter, but that Talleyrand, I believe, has instructions to strain every nerve to gain certain points, &c. Doubts, however, are entertained here of the stability of your Cabinet, in which case that system of tolerance and concession might, it is supposed, be in great jeopardy. I observe that you think them in danger from internal causes, which you state very clearly. But would they not, feeling themselves so weak, be rather inclined to take a high tone with France, to stand upon *honour* and *dignity*, as the means both of raising their character in the world a little, and of diverting John Bull's attention from the Reform bill? Were they once to come to the *pis aller*, a peremptory menace would, I am convinced, have the effect here of withdrawing the last French soldier from Belgium.

But here too, our ministry is again treading on the *tight rope*. The *projet de Loi* about the peerage, though officially announced for to-day, will, I believe, be again put off—a re-action of ministerial feeling having just taken

place, (if I am rightly informed.) The hereditary descent was to be sacrificed finally, but a delay will now, I hear, be proposed; that is, the principle to be suspended, but not disposed of for some years. Per contra, the unlimited right of creation is demanded for the king, in said *project*, which in the present unhappy temper of the country, I apprehend there is great doubt of the Chamber granting. In short, we are all uncertainty, anxiety, and confusion, in reference to that vital question, more especially as Perier is supposed to stake his official existence upon it; and if out once more, no King of Holland will probably march in the nick of time to drive him in again. This new Chamber is perfectly unmanageable, not from bad intentions, but from ignorance, prejudice, and narrow-minded notions. They profess, (the numerous new members,) a great dislike of a *Republic*, a great horror of *revolutionary tendencies*, a great desire to keep up a *Constitutional Monarchy*; and still, from want of information, reflexion, and range of intellect, they are disposed to support measures, destructive of monarchy, and calculated to produce republic and revolution. The funds are heavy, and will continue so, or be worse, till

this momentous crisis is passed. A change of Ministry would create great alarm, and is therefore to be deprecated most sincerely."

Paris, August 28th, 1831.

"At the hour when I wrote yesterday morning the Minister was still wavering and undecided whether he should carry his *project* to the Chamber. But having, I suppose, fortified himself with a strong cup of coffee, he determined to have the aching tooth out, and made an abrupt sally for the purpose of delivering the notable speech, which you have of course read, and the purport of which, it must have struck you, is nearly this. "Wisdom and experience, theory and practice proclaim the advantages of the hereditary principle. But we have in you, gentlemen, such a prejudiced, blind, passionate set to deal with, that we are obliged to act in defiance of reason, and to present you with a plan, which we most cordially disapprove, and which if voted, will we trust not last long. We hope a more rational Chamber may by and bye cancel your nonsense, and should the discussion give us an opportunity, we shall be glad ourselves to get rid of the question entirely." *Serieusement parlant*, I have a great regard for Perier and have a high opinion of his honesty, firmness,

and cleverness in debate. But he has here in my opinion sinned most sadly both against dignity and judgment in thus presenting a law or rather a fundamental article of the constitution against his own immediate conviction.

And after all why come forward at all? The article in the extempore charter of 1830, left the question open for this year, but did not saddle the executive with any such obligation. Had he proposed a suspension of the hereditary right for a few years, to give time for the present mania to cool, and at the same time slightly qualified the royal right of nomination, he perhaps might have succeeded, or at all events would have made an honourable exit. While the success of the present measure is equally uncertain, and should he fail in carrying it, he must retire, lowered in consequence and public respect, by this base concession to what he himself terms, an absurd popular outcry.

I see Lords Grey and Althorpe go even further than I expected with respect to the retreat from Belgium. Old Talleyrand must have been committing himself, and playing a bold game again.

Negotiations are certainly going on again

in Poland with some prospect of success. Nicholas is heartily tired of that frightful struggle."

Paris, September 3rd, 1831.

"I have received three notes from you since my last, that of the latest date is really of alarming import, but I suspect proceeding from some tory friend, whose wish was father to that thought. I cannot imagine what circumstance could have given that sudden hostile turn to the discussion about Belgium, and sudden it must be, for I can vouch for the Ministry here, feeling quite easy upon that subject as late as yesterday. I had a long interview with one of them, a friend, after a long sitting of the Council and he adverted pointedly to the question, as left in the hands of the conference, and proceeding in a friendly spirit. He said, strange as it might appear, that the King of Holland was still arming, which would of course facilitate an understanding as to the number of French troops to be left for the security of Leopold and of his Kingdom."

I hear from another well informed quarter, that 10 or 12,000 men may be about the mark. But at all events I am convinced that there is no *arriere pensée* lurking there now, and Lord

Grey's peremptory mandate as you describe it, would be ill timed, and ill judged in the highest degree.

That he could carry his point by so doing, I doubt not, but at the price of weakening Perier, and I think himself too, for he would of course be considered as having yielded to tory menace, &c. Upon the whole, things are working better here, that is, the tone of public feeling is rather improved. The movement party are losing ground, and should the peerage question (deplorable as it is) be got through tolerably well, there is a prospect of the funds rising a little, though most probably another negotiation of rents must soon be resorted to. I did not intend writing to day, and got your note just as I was mounting my horse; take this therefore as *le vin de l'etrier*.

Our friend is a sad alarmist, he has almost been the death of two or three members of our club by his gloomy prophecies.

Paris, September 7th, 1831.

The estafette has been slow, and yours of the 5th reaches me just before post time. I make you all reparation possible, and have every reason to believe your last information perfectly correct. I know nothing officially, but I hear from an undoubted source that a

peremptory message has been received, and is to be *immediately complied with*, by the complete retreat of the troops. Lord Grey, coupled this, I understand, with assurances of his personal unlimited confidence in the cabinet here, and of his regret that the feeling of the country, not quite agreeing with his own, he must conform to it, and act thus in his public character. In short it is exactly Casimir Perier's situation and course of proceeding respecting the Peerage Question. Now supposing the above correct, of which there appears little doubt, this concession to a public sentiment, which he (Lord Grey) does not share, I still consider as calculated to weaken him. Let but Portugal afford such another opportunity, and the Duke of Wellington has him *under his thumb*, *d'autant plus que*, the cabinet policy in this case is in my humble opinion decidedly bad. It may shake the cabinet here, it must disturb what there may be of kindly spirit between the two countries, and after all, *a quoi bon?* What difference does it make whether 12,000 or 24,000 French troops are a few leagues on that or on this side of the frontier? Partial temporary occupation is nothing; worth perhaps a days march or two; the real question

is the *animus*, the views and intentions entertained here on that point. And pray recollect, that if the circumstance of Leopold being thus left to himself should produce another ferment in Belgium, a large portion of it will at once throw itself into the arms of France; from whence all Lord Grey's ultimatums, and all the Duke of Wellington's eloquence will not again extricate it. The latter may doubtless have recourse with more success to other *arguments in his own line*, the *ultima ratio*; but is the object worth this extremity?—This is another blunder of the whigs depend upon it, and I may congratulate the tories on the occasion.

Au reste, public attention is now so completely engrossed here by the *boring* question of the peerage, which is a fair match for reform on your side of the water, that I do not think the retreat of the troops will for the present much effect M. Perier's situation. In the mean time it makes the bourse flat, and gives the grognards food for recrimination against the Ministry.

Paris, September 10th 1831.

I answered your note of the 5th off hand on Wednesday, but having since sought another interview with my official friend (as

you recommended) I am again obliged to qualify what I said about the retreat of the troops. He positively told me, they were not *all ordered*, or to be forthwith ordered home, at the same time disallowing the *absolute peremptory* tone of the demand made by England, adding that the matter was in the hands of the conference, from *whom no such intimation had as yet been received*, and hinting as I thought at some difference of feeling in the conference on this subject. As before he made very light of the whole affair, and on my *pretending great alarm* at the idea of war with England, he assured me there was no ground for any such apprehension, &c.

The fact is they are trying to manœuvre to gain time, &c. (a poor paltry policy I must confess,) but if driven into a corner, I am convinced they will withdraw the last musket from Belgium, rather than fire one at England. A disposition nearly similar seems to prevail on your side of the water. Both parties in short are fully determined not to fight, but go on trying to out-jockey and alarm each other, just as much as may be compatible with that determination, for the purpose of throwing a tub to the whale, the whale in this case being the ultra opposition with you, and the *mouvement*

opposition here, and the sticklers for national honour, glory, &c. in both countries. A further circumstance on this side should be mentioned, (what weight it may have with your Cabinet you can best judge,) namely, the King's (Louis Philippe) personal dread of the Orange party in Belgium, and of the possibility so lately evinced of their gaining the upper hand, if the country be left to itself.

To anything *smelling* of restoration, he naturally has a great aversion and I can pledge myself for the correctness of his words, which I quoted to you some time since, in accounting for the instantaneous move of his army. "Je ne pouvois pas permettre une restauration si près de ma frontiere."

The Portugal question too will I think be settled much in the same way and the ships given up on the same conditions. There is nothing in all this worth going to war about. I cannot understand why Perier will not take Talleyrand's advice, assume the foreign department himself, and turn out Sebastiani. Much of that bickering and ill blood would I am sure be spared. There must be some secret influence, some female support to account for his thus sticking to office, or rather office to him. There has been a little rioting

in the streets here again, but nothing of much consequence. The distress of the working classes during the ensuing winter is much to be dreaded. You see the funds keep up and unless some *untoward* event intervene, may be a little higher, but nothing seems on a stable footing. A committee is talked of, comprising three French and three English members to sit either here or in London, to consider of any commercial facilities that may be suggested for the benefit of those countries.

Paris, September 16th 1831.

Last night I heard of the surrender of Warsaw, on the 8th. Government got the account by telegraph. Here is another ample field for political conjecture. Will it further embroil or tend to clear up the situation of affairs? I trust the latter, as any thing checking or crushing revolution must be favorable to security, order, and peace. This is but a cold-blooded view of the subject, but it is I think the true one, though in this case it cannot be confessed without a sigh. The opposition too will be violent on this subject, and the public feeling somewhat excited. But Ministers have already made a fair defence, and will I hope again meet the attack success-

fully, with the advantage too of standing on the *same ground with England*. But if England is going to change her tone with France, things assume another aspect at once, and that no very cheering one. I allude you see to the surmise contained in yours of the 13th instant. By it I observe that you had very correct information of what was going on here. The *Moniteur* of Wednesday having *proclaimed to the world*, the retreat of the troops from Belgium, I did not write having nothing to notice, but the long faces produced by this piece of information, and the angry comments of the opposition prints both of which you fully anticipated. Still it was rather thought the funds would have risen, the fear of a rupture with England being thus removed; instead of which, they rather declined; the good sense of the public discovering at once, that this affair weakens the Ministry at home and abroad, exposing them to change of tone, and *exigeance*, as your friend suggested. Less confidence is therefore felt in their stability, &c.

But must not the effect be nearly similar on your whig administration? I cannot help still thinking their policy quite wrong and ill judged for they have obviously acted, not from a sense

of the intrinsic importance of the question, but in obedience to opposition clamour, and vulgar John Bull feeling. What will those two powers say to the regular French *etat Major* sent out to organise Leopold's army?

Lord G— seemed last night to be rather annoyed at this large French military Set going out to Belgium. But he talked of the question as quite settled and at rest. To a French personage too, who expressed some fear lest the triumph of Russia at Warsaw might make her more menacing towards France, he said, "Nicholas had quite enough to do at home, &c." adding, "*there will be no war except of your seeking.*" I remark with pleasure too, the expressions in the House of Lords, as very encouraging towards France and peace—for really your friend's notion of a change of tone *me trotte dans la tête*, and makes me quite nervous. The fact is, I consider harmony with England as their sheet-anchor here, not merely for ministry, but dynasty, and *toute la boutique*. Soult, of course, has knocked under to Perier in the Belgian business, and will knock under at any time when the alternative is resigning his *portefeuille*, but I fully believe that he might utter the sentiments and the words you

quote. The flaming speech he made at the time in the Chamber of Deputies, a main cause of all the mischief, was certainly unauthorized, at least to any thing like that extent, by his colleagues.

The funds have fallen considerably, owing to the Polish news, but will, I think, recover, if ministers get well out of the contest on Monday, unless something threatening should come from Russia, which I can scarcely admit, from all I hear of the internal state of that unwieldy empire — the distress, the exhaustion are excessive, and the machine in many parts seems quite unhinged and disorganized. What is your opinion of it? You know the country well, and are an authority.

I am surprised to find you continue so staunch as to the probable rejection of the Reform Bill by the Lords. Judging from public and a few private accounts, I thought there was rather a turn in opinion the other way. I wish myself it may be carried, as much turmoil may arise from rejection, while I really believe that the practical effects of the measure are *very, very* much overrated by its opponents, and that you will soon find the power of the Aristocracy no more curtailed by

the new system, than the Protestant interest is now endangered by that other long standing bugbear, Catholic emancipation.

I have heard nothing more as yet of the Commercial Committee, or of the intended loan—the latter, of course, is a little more certain than the former. I agree with you in thinking the funds high enough, considering our situation. Sebastiani got his windows broken last night, and a little further disturbance is expected this evening, but I apprehend nothing serious in that line; *emeutes* being rather out of fashion now.

Paris, September 24th, 1831.

“I got yours of the 20th very late on the 22d. I suppose they are at their old tricks again of looking into some of the letters, for those by the estafette are not delivered till three or four o'clock, while newspapers by the same conveyance come to hand early in the morning. I did not write in the course of the week, having nothing to notice, but the *fighting* in the *streets*, and in the Chambers. Both are now over, and you will observe ministers got triumphantly through their ordeal. The attack was poorly managed, and government was indebted to the *emeutes* for a few *alarmist* votes. I had some conversation with Casimir Perier

last night, and found him a good deal elated at the result, and anxious to know the effect it would produce in England, with whom a perfect understanding is of course the burthen of his song. Talking of Holland and Belgium, he allowed that no renewal of the armistice had as yet been agreed upon. But Pozzo de Borgo, to whom I afterwards made the same remark, answered me very significantly : — ‘ *Il sera prolongé, comment voulez vous qu’il ne soit pas prolongé ?*’ Which coming from him just now, I think, settles the point—as Prussia cannot stir up the King of Holland to another *coup de tête*, if unsupported by Russia. He, of course, lays great stress upon the Russian triumph in Poland, and added, that the immediate consequence would be a practical commencement of the plan of disarmament. Prussia and Austria being now enabled to send 60,000 men each back to their homes ; of which you may credit as much or as little as you may deem fit. You give me a curious, and I believe, a very true account, of the country he represents ; but under these circumstances, which is the more probable course for Nicholas to fix upon ? Will he watch affairs at home, and endeavour to allay the ferment prevailing there, or will foreign war appear the best way

of diverting the public feeling, and at the same time of crushing the spirit of innovation *at its source*? The latter is a tremendous experiment, when the danger is considered, (even in the event of success), of once more sending his armies to drink at the fountain of knowledge. The great mass, so uncivilized as you represent them, may not catch the infection, but experience has shown the young officers to be the formidable body, and with them of course the *progres de lumieres a beau jeu*. The political barometer is again at, *fair*; how long it may last God knows; as to its ever getting to the point of *settled fair*, that I fear is out of the question. The budget will now furnish the next field of battle, *en attendant* the peerage affair, which has been quite on the shelf for the last few days. It is reported that the accounts of the war department exhibit some awkward features, particularly some contracts for muskets, which Marshal Soult will perhaps find it difficult to explain to the satisfaction of the honourable House.

Guilleminot is arrived, and threatens some strange disclosures about Sebastiani, but means may probably be found of quieting him. I trust the rumour you allude to, of King Louis Philippe's probable abdication, is but a *weak*

invention of the enemy. Should he make his exit, there would not be much chance for his son in these times.

There is a report that the Portuguese ships are to be sent back, but I do not hear it from any authority. I wonder your cabinet did not insist upon that immediate restitution, instead of making such a fuss about 12,000 French troops marching a few leagues back a month sooner or later; but the Whigs can only maintain themselves by yielding to popular clamour; their force is the *vis inertiae*."

Paris, September 27th, 1831.

"I find the report about the Portuguese ships was incorrect. The following *au contraire* is the information I derive from an official source. "The vessels, which were taken at Lisbon, are in our ports, they have been dismantled, and will not be restored at present."

Is this assented to by your government? I conclude so. Every thing is supposed to be quite smooth between the two cabinets; and yet that eternal Belgian affair is again creating uneasiness, and depressing the political barometer. It certainly appears strange that the acknowledgment of Leopold by the three powers should still be withheld, while they are settling his concerns in London. I hear

from a friend of mine who saw a good deal of him in Brussels a few days since, that he appears excessively dissatisfied and out of spirits. But what do you think of a story I heard yesterday rather in a mysterious way, but from some sort of authority, that Talleyrand has made converts of all the members of the conference, and convinced them that Belgium cannot exist as an independent state; that all such experiments will only keep up feud and discord; and that, in fine, dividing the country is the only way of settling the question permanently; that, in consequence, the partition between Holland, Prussia, and France, is nearly agreed upon, and the limits settled. The share of Holland, and the arrangement respecting the Scheldt being such as to satisfy England; that the internal state of Belgium will of itself, or *will be made to*, call for that sweeping measure, &c. &c. It is added, what seems odd enough, that the King here was the opposing party to the plan, his wish being to marry his daughter to Leopold, and to establish French influence in that manner; that Perier, too, rather objected to this Machiavelian policy, but that the scruples of both had been got over; and, in short, that whatever ostensible protocols and decisions might

issue from the conference, they would be all *moonshine*, the real denouement being so resolved by the high contracting parties. If there* be any truth in this, (which pray observe I by no means pledge myself for), the late visit of one of our friends here, and his return to England just now, may be connected with it. You will easily find out whether it has the slightest foundation. The plan itself is worthy of the modern Machiavel who is said to have formed it.

Paris, October 19th, 1831.

I have not written lately, thinking you must attach little interest to our home politics while engrossed with your crisis in the Lords. But, just now, I ought to mention the vote on the Peerage Law yesterday in the Chamber of Deputies, by the immense and most unexpected majority of 386 to 40. How, after the various grounds of opposition taken to the measure, the minority was reduced to 40, remains a perfect riddle, like the whole of the affair

* This plan was really proposed by Talleyrand to the conference, and the English government in consequence pledged itself to the payment of the Russian Dutch Loan further than it was really bound by the original treaty, in order to detach Russia from favoring this scheme so contrary to our interests.

indeed, including the real wishes and feelings of the ministry. Some old stagers actually thought there was a chance of its being thrown out;—conjecture accordingly is equally needless as to the course likely to be taken by, or inflicted on the devoted martyr Peers. A large creation of 120 was much talked of yesterday, though how such a number, not too much unlike Falstaff's regiment, could be mustered, I know not. Will the threat of that overwhelming majority of 386 make the existing wreck more pliable? It is possible. In the event of a rejection, the Deputies are resolved, *dit on*, to act alone, and cut the Gordian Knot, by assuming *le pouvoir constituant*. How would the King act in that case? A pretty state of things we should arrive at. Meanwhile his Majesty is, I hear, extremely displeased at the checks laid upon his royal will, by the long list of cathegories, the discussion of which was a perfect burlesque on legislative debate.

I must also notice the sudden start of the bourse yesterday, occasioned, ostensibly at least, by the notice given of the affairs of Holland and Belgium being finally settled by the conference. Finally settled! More last words! How are they to be enforced? How are the Belgians to be compelled to live as an

independent state upon (as they contend) impossible terms? The report here is they will absolutely refuse to agree to them, and that Leopold may very probably abdicate. The real alternative, say well informed Belgians, is a restoration or a division of the country. Marshal Gerard went off last night, I believe, to argue them into compliance; but from the plot and counter-plot, and endless complication pervading the whole business, it is impossible to say what his real mission may be; except preventing a restoration at all hazards, for *that* I know, and naturally enough, is Banquo's ghost in a certain quarter.

Your prognostics of the fate of the reform bill were remarkably correct, and I beg to do full justice to your judgment and information. We hear of nothing but the proud bearing and lofty language of the Emperor Nicholas since the conclusion of the Polish war. In Prussia the note of preparation seems to sound louder and louder, though —— swears they are all peace at Berlin. He did not like his quarters there, and is not going back. I fear upon the whole la Royauté de Juillet, and its representatives, are rather at a discount all over Europe.

You will observe Perier speaks in strong

terms of his hobby, *le désarmement général devenu chaque jour plus probable et plus facile*, I cannot myself see the sky brightening up, but am most willing to hail an agreeable *disappointment*.

Such are the particulars of the revolution of July; its political effects will be detailed by the historian, but its moral influence on society in France and on the national character, may come within the province of the general observer. Within the last sixty years, that is within the duration of a man's life, this nation has undergone more extraordinary changes of government and of social position, than any other country ever witnessed during many succeeding generations, and what particularly marks this eventful period, and distinguishes it from the history of all her contemporaries in Europe is, that every successive change in the ruling power of the state brought in its train a corresponding alteration in the feelings, habits, and manners of society. To enumerate these various revolutionary phases, we must go back to the last years of the old monarchy, when the extreme refinement and polished exterior of the court, though coupled with great moral depravity was suddenly swept away by the desolating whirlwind which burst

forth in 1789. From thence to the reign of terror is the second epoch; then the Consulate, and the Empire; the restoration; and last the revolution of July; all of which have been characterised by the peculiar and varied tone which they impressed on the manners and social habits of private life, independent of the political bias which they gave to public affairs. Time was, and by some few may still be remembered when polished France gave the law to Europe in all points of taste, high breeding and dress. *L'habit à la française* was universally worn not only at court but in private circles; the sword was then an indispensable article of dress, and made at least some distinction between the gentleman and his valet. If the simple attire introduced in later days has occasionally proved how little superiority some masters could claim when divested of this external advantage, it is still not too much to assert that the social system generally speaking has been no gainer by these modern innovations.

Our intercourse with French society in those days was confined to the higher classes of both countries, who in the constant interchange of mutual civilities kept up a mutual feeling of cordiality and respect for each other. Lord

Chesterfield's letters and Horace Walpole's correspondence bear ample testimony to the friendships and intimacies, which in their times existed on both sides of the channel; and every one must read with pleasure the amiable intercourse which in spite of national prejudices, at times even during a period of hostilities still continued to exist between those who moved in the higher circles in England and France. As the contact of polished bodies will seldom produce friction, so the intimacies of well bred individuals will be unalloyed by the exhibition of those petty feelings, which engender national animosities; and notwithstanding the constant rivalry of France and England, a sentiment which must always exist between the two most powerful and civilized nations in the world, there is hardly a period in our history when the social intercourse between the two capitals was carried on with so much mutual good-will and cordiality as during the latter days of Chesterfield and Walpole. It is an agreeable sight even in a national point of view, to observe the open hospitality with which young Stanhope was received by his father's friends in Paris, while the position of Walpole in that capital, his long friendship for Madame du

Deffand, his great intimacy with all the leading characters of the day, prove that he felt himself as much at home in the faubourg St. Germain, as he did in his own house in Arlington Street. I may be allowed to cite these two well known individuals, as their posthumous works not only tend to establish these facts, but also give a general idea of the cordiality and harmony with which English visitors of both sexes were at that time readily admitted into the best society in France.

The English character was then universally respected on the continent, it had perhaps its peculiarities, but its sterling qualities were generally acknowledged, and though the turn for ridicule which is inherent in our more lively neighbours might point the shaft at an English *gaucherie*, or satirize the follies of a *jeune milord* in a *Quinzaine Anglaise*, the dart was never barbed with unqualified acrimony, and their candour would do ample justice to the liberality, honour and sincerity, which were then the real characteristics of a British nobleman. The era of steamboats was not arrived, the march of civilization had not yet levelled all ranks to the standard of money, the English shopkeepers remained at home to mind their business, and the streets of Paris did

not swarm with myriads of English caricatures from the city and the provinces, whose undisguised prejudices and vulgarity only excite disgust, while adventurers and characters of a more suspicious description follow in their train, who have since impressed the foreigner with very derogatory ideas of English honor and morality.

In tracing back the annals of French society we must turn to the age of Louis XIV. that primary school of gallantry and refinement, on which so many changes have since been grafted, but of which a few ineffaceable lines still remain extant even to the present day. It was the chivalry of former times blended with all the fascination of modern corruption; it was fostered and encouraged by the example of the master, who after devoting a long life to the pursuit of pleasure, and making his court the scene of unrestrained gallantry, suddenly became a bigotted devotee, and in the plenitude of his remorse for the past, flattered himself that his royal will could purify the morals of his subjects, with the same facility that his example had seduced them. The result was as might be expected; a scene of hypocrisy ensued, which disgraced the last years of his reign, and of his declining prosper-

ity ; the course of dissipation checked, but not corrected, only gained additional force from the prohibition, and like the waters of a copious stream suddenly dammed up for the moment, burst forth at his death in that torrent of filth and debauchery, which signalized the days of the Regent.

La Bruyere denounced this base hypocrisy of his time at the court of Louis XIV. and almost predicted beforehand the impious reprisals, to which the Regency would so soon give birth, by that memorable sentence. “ *Un dévot est celui, qui sous un roi athée, seroit athée.*” He then addressed to the King a counsel, which no despotic monarch should ever forget.

“ C’est une chose délicate à un prince religieux de réformer la cour et la rendre pieuse ; instruit jusques où le courtisan veut lui plaire, et au dépens de quoi il feroit sa fortune, il le ménage avec prudence ; il tolère, il dissimule, de peur de le jeter dans l’hypocrisie ou le sacrilège ; il attend plus de Dieu et du temps que de son zèle et de son industrie.”

Saint Simon and Dangeau have furnished us with ample details of the daily life at Versailles and Marly, that regular routine of formality

and magnificence which surrounded the *grand monarque*. The former indeed takes a wider field, his interesting memoirs are a clue to all the secret avenues of the Court and the Cabinet; his descriptions are animated, his numerous anecdotes highly amusing, and his characters in private life are painted with a spirit and perspicuity, which would carry with them a greater conviction of truth, if the arrogant vanity and caustic humour of the writer did not give too much reason to suspect that he was often influenced by private pique and the most inveterate prejudices.

His insolent conduct to the Duc de Noailles in council, detailed by himself with so much pertness and self-sufficiency, his pride and petulance in the affair of the Bonnet, and his rancorous animosity against the legitimated princes and other distinguished characters of the court, weaken his authority as a writer, and are convincing proofs that he must have been a very touchy and intractable gentleman in society. Those who write down at night their comments on the world under every species of momentary irritation, will not always give the most impartial account of their contemporaries.

His colours though dipped in gall are highly

expressive, his character of M. Le Duc may serve for an example. “ Il étoit d’un jaune livide, l’air presque toujours furieux, mais en tout tems si fier, si audacieux, qu’on avoit peine à s’accoutumer à lui. Il avoit de l’esprit, de la lecture, des restes d’une excellente éducation, de la politesse, des graces même quand il vouloit, mais il vouloit très rarement. Sa férocité étoit extrême, et se montrait en tout. C’étoit une meule toujours en l’air, qui faisoit fuir devant elle, et dont ses amis n’étoient jamais en sûreté, tantôt par des insultes extrêmes, tantôt par des plaisanteries cruelles en face.”

This picture can hardly be charged with exaggeration when the fate of the unfortunate Santeuil is brought to our recollection by the same writer. He was the bosom friend of the Prince, if such an appellation may be given to a dependant ; he was always at Chantilly, cherished by the whole family of Condé, whose parties of pleasure he constantly enlivened by his wit and talent for epigrams. In a convivial hour at supper when the champagne had freely circulated, and the reason of Santeuil began to falter, *his friend* the Prince took advantage of an unguarded moment to pour into his glass, unobserved, the contents of his

box, which was filled with Spanish snuff. The unsuspecting victim swallowed it, was seized with violent retchings, and died in the most horrible torments at the feet of his heartless patron.

These memoirs indeed describe the manners of the court with much accuracy, and not less do they transmit to posterity various instances of cold blooded selfishness and callous indifference to the feelings of others in the monarch which for the honor of his long and glorious reign, it would have been as well to have left in oblivion. A great King should have no private life. But for the spirit and feeling of that remarkable period where can we find a better guide than the letters of Madame de Sevigné. Her correspondence dates from the commencement of that Era in 1647. With what agreeable facility does she lead you through all the scurvy incidents of *La fronde*, *cette guerre de boue et de pots de chambre*, where a volley of cannon was followed by a volley of epigrams, and famine made more victims than the sword. It was indeed a curious medley of what Falstaff terms, "fighting a'days and foining o' nights," love and war blended together, billets doux and intrigues mingled with the toils and bustle of a camp; while the

futility of its origin could only be equalled by the ridicule of its termination. Louis XIV. then a youth was forced to fly on a sorry jade to St. Germain, pursued by the cavaliers of Bussy, and jeered by the sarcastic remarks of his prudish cousin, who little anticipated at that moment the rise of that stupendous power which ere long would doom the one to a miserable exile, and draw the other prostrate to his feet full of loyalty and admiration by the simple offer of his hand for a minuet. “ Il faut convenir,” said Madame de Sevigné on that occasion, “ que le roi est un grand Prince.” “ Cela doit être,” replied the mischievous Bussy, “ apres ce qu’il vient de faire pour vous.” How much animation and interest does she impart to her description of the splendid fête given by the Prince of Condé at Chantilly, and the tragic catastrophe which ensued.

“ Le Roi y doit aller le 25 de ce mois, il y sera un jour entier, jamais il ne s’est fait tant de dépenses au triomphe des Empereurs qu’il y’en aura là ; rien ne coûte ; on reçoit toutes les belles imaginations sans regarder à l’argent. On croit que M, la Prince n’en sera pas quitte pour quarante mille écus ; il faut quatre repas, il y’aura vingt cinq tables servies à cinq services, sans compter une infinité d’autres, qui

surviendront; nourrir tout, c'est nourrir la France et la loger; tout est meublé; de petits endroits qui ne servoient qu'à mettre des arrosoirs, deviennent des chambres de Courtisans. Il y aura pour mille écus de jonquilles, jugez à proportion. Voyez comme ce sera beau."

And then in a following letter.

"Le Roi arriva le jeudi au soir; la promenade, la collation dans un lieu tapissé de jonquilles, tout cela fut à souhait. On soupa, il y'eut quelques tables où le rôti manqua, à cause de plusieurs diners, à quoi l'on ne s'etoit point attendu; cela saisit Vatel, il dit plusieurs fois; je suis perdu d'honneur; voici un affront que je ne supporterai pas. Il dit à Gourville, la tête me tourne; il y a douze nuits que je n'ai dormi; aidez moi à donner les ordres. Gourville le soulagea en ce qu'il put. Le rôti qui avoit manqué, non pas à la table du Roi, mais aux vingt cinquièmes, lui revenoit toujours à l'esprit. Gourville le dit à M. le Prince; M. le Prince alla jusques dans la Chambre de Vatel, et lui dit. "Vatel, tout va bien, rien n'etoit si beau que le souper du Roi." Il répondit; Monseigneur, votre bonté m'achève, je sais que le rôti à manqué à deux tables.

Point du tout, dit M. le Prince, ne vous fachez point, tout va bien. Minuit vint ; le feu d'artifice ne réussit pas, il fut couvert d'un nuage ; il coutoit seize mille francs. A quatre heures du matin Vatel s'en va partout, il trouve tout endormi, il rencontre un petit pourvoyeur, qui lui apportoit seulement deux charges de marée ; il lui demande. Est-ce la tout ? Oui Monsieur. Il ne savoit pas que Vatel avoit envoyé à tous les ports de mer. Vatel attend quelque tems ; les autres pourvoyeurs ne vinrent point : sa tête s'échauffoit, il crut qu'il n'auroit point d'autre marée ; il trouva Gourville, il lui dit ; Monsieur, je ne survivrai point à cet affront ci ; Gourville se moqua de lui. Vatel monte à sa chambre, met son épée contre la porte, et se la passe au travers du cœur ; mais ce ne fut qu'au troisième coup car il s'en donna deux qui n'étoient point mortels ; il tombe mort. La marée cependant arrive de tous cotés ; on cherche Vatel pour la distribuer, on va à sa chambre, on heurte, on enfonce la porte, on le trouve noyé dans son sang, on court à M. le Prince, qui fut au désespoir. M. le Duc pleura, c'étoit sur Vatel que tournoit tout son voyage de Bourgogne. M. le Prince le dit au Roi fort tristement. On dit

que c'étoit à force d'avoir de l'honneur à sa manière ; on le loua fort, on loua et blama son courage."

The letters of Madame de Sevigné are invaluable as a record of the tone which existed in society at that period. They are worth all the anecdotes and memoirs which ever were written, to those who study human nature, and wish to trace the progress of manners and ideas among the higher classes. Madame de Sevigné not only transports you back to her own times, but she carries you to her home, admits you to her intimacy, and introduces you to her friends with a cordiality and frankness, which makes you feel almost as great an interest for them as for herself. She has more than any other author the talent of identifying the reader with her own pursuits, her feelings, and even with her inmost thoughts ; we almost imagine to have passed a life at the Hotel de Carnavalet, and at the Rochers. In the latter we know every nook and corner in the *labyrinth*, the *mail*, and the *parterre*, the fragrant orange trees, and *ces aimable allées*, where she loved to roam in the evening followed by a lacquey, who carried under his arm the books she had selected for her studies. " Un livre de dévotion et un livre d'histoire,

on va de l'un à l'autre, cela fait du divertissement ; un peut rêver à Dieu, à sa providence, posséder son ame, songer à l'avenir." The Grignans, the Coulanges, the Chaulnes, and Corbinelli seem to be old acquaintances, and as to the *cher Abbé, le bien bon*, her constant companion, we overlook all his peculiarities, and regard him in the light of a much valued friend. The delicacy and noble simplicity which pervades these letters is not less conspicuous in the descriptions of those events, which paint the manners of the age, than in these details of her solitude and retirement. The trial of Fouquet, the disgrace of M. de Pomponne are told with a feeling which does honour to her heart, and when she describes the marriage of Mademoiselle de Louvois, not a useless word is employed to give effect to the picture. " J'ai été à cette noce, que vous dirai-je ? magnificence, illumination, toute la France, habits rebattus et rebrochés d'or ; pierreries, brasier de feu et de fleurs, embarras de carrosses, cris dans la rue, flambeaux allumés, reculement, et gens roués. Enfin le tourbillon, la dissipation, les demandes sans réponses, les complimens sans savoir ce que l'on dit, les civilités sans savoir à qui on parle, les pieds entortillés dans les queues, &c.

The editor of the Morning Post would now-a-days give ten guineas a line to such a reporter.

When she relates the dreadful tale of La Voisin, and the arbitrary court established at the Arsenal, to examine individuals of the highest rank on the most frivolous imputations of being implicated in her guilt : how delightfully does she paint the offended dignity, and calm contempt of the beautiful Duchesse de Bouillon before her judges. “ Madame de Bouillon entra comme une petite reine, dans cette chambre : elle s’assit dans une chaise qu’on lui avoit préparée ; et au lieu de répondre à la première question, elle demanda qu’on écrivit ce qu’elle vouloit dire, c’étoit. “ Qu’elle ne venoit là que par le respect qu’elle avoit pour l’ordre du Roi, and nullement pour la chambre, qu’elle ne reconnoissoit point ; ne voulant point déroger au privilège des Ducs.”

Elle ne dit pas un mot que cela ne fut écrit ; et puis elle ôta son gant, et fit voir une très belle main ; elle répondit sincèrement jusqu’ à son age.

“ Connoissez vous La Vigoureux ?”

“ Non.”

“ Connoissez vous La Voisin ?”

“ *Oui.*”

“ Pourquoi voulez vous vous défaire, de votre mari ?”

“ *Moi, me défaire !*” vous n’avez qu’ à lui demander s’il en est persuadé ; il m’a donné la main jusqu’à cette porte.”

“ Mais pourquoi alliez vous si souvent chez La Voisin ?”

“ *C’est que je voulois voir les sybilles qu’elle m’avoit promises ; cette compagnie méritoit bien qu’on fit tous les pas.*”

“ N’avez-vous pas montré à cette femme un sac d’argent ?” Elle dit que non, par plus d’une raison et tout cela d’un air fort riant et fort dédaigneux.

“ *Hé bien, Messieurs, est ce là tout ce que vous avez à me dire ?*”

“ *Oui, Madame.*”

“ Elle se lève, et en sortant, elle dit tout haut ; *Vraiment, je n’eusse jamais crû que des hommes sages pussent demander tant de sottises.* Elle fut regue de tous ses parens, et amis avec adoration, tant elle étoit jolie, naïve, naturelle, hardie, et d’un bon air, et d’un esprit tranquille.”

Voltaire adds as a finishing touch, that La Reynie one of the presidents of this court was so incautious as to ask the Duchess if she

had seen the devil? who quickly replied, that she saw him at that moment, that he was very disgusting and very ugly, and that he wore the robe of a Conseiller d'état. Notwithstanding the sensation produced in society by this affair of the poison, it terminated with the execution of La Voisin, who was burnt to death on the Place de Grève, and the ill-judged accusations in the Court of the Arsenal, fell to the ground. The jovial M. de Coulanges attempted to dissipate the recollection of this horrid tragedy by the following gay couplet:—

Ne fréquentons plus le Devin,
Non plus que la Devine;
Allons où est le meilleur vin,
La meilleure cuisine.
Pour nous dégager du chagrin,
Qui souvent nous domine,
N'allons jamais chez La Voisin,
Allons chez La Voisine.

Bussy Rabutin, as a writer, descends to more infamous particulars; his pen was also dipped in gall, and however dissipated the court of Louis XIV. might have been at that time, no excuse can be made for his cynical details and gross exaggerations. He does not even spare his prudish cousin, Madame de Sévigné, to whom he appears to have been an unsuccessful suitor; but when he dared to

direct his satire against the great *Deodatus*, he signed the warrant for his own disgrace and ruin.

One anecdote of that period may give some idea of the morality which prevailed among both sexes at Versailles. The Duc de Roquelaure, celebrated for his wit and buffoonery, but ugly and deformed in person, was walking with some friends in the gardens near the Orangery, when he observed two lacqueys in the livery of Madame d' Olonne, whose fine manly figures excited general attention.—“*Tenez*,” said the Duke to his companions, “*regardez moi ces coquins là, voilà comme nous les faisons nous autres*,” and then pointing to his own humped back, he added, “*et voilà en revanche comme ils nous font*.”

But as it is allowed that the stage must show the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure, so we must look to Molière after all as the faithful delineator of the times of Louis XIV. The Cleytandres and Acestes in his comedies are the real type of the young French Nobility; the dandies of that day; his lively pen describes them in their real colours, profligate and frivolous, but well bred, chivalrous and brave. Molière too was a *bourgeois*, a man of the people, who in that age of exclu-

sive aristocracy, alone dared to attack the vices of the privileged castes, and contrast them with the humble virtues of his own class. The generality of his plays seem to have that tendency, he never deserts the cause of the *bourgeois*, and it is worthy of remark how admirably the distribution of his varied characters is arranged by him to further this his favorite object. To whom does he assign the odious parts, where meanness and want of principle are the leading features? To the Nobility, to the oppressors of the people. It is true that he also is lavish of his irony and ridicule on his good friends the bourgeois; but the lash is always applied with good humour to them, while their superiors are chastened with unremitting severity. The Bourgeois gentilhomme is a good sort of man, vain and absurd in the extreme; but the Count who takes advantage of his weakness to dupe and plunder him, is a contemptible rogue and a swindler. George Dandin commits an egregious folly in marrying Mademoiselle de Sottenville, he merits his fate, and we feel no commiseration for him, but this is no apology for the noble family of the Sottenville, whose character throughout is odious and immoral. The Tartuffe is a nobleman, he even makes a boast

of his family, but in no one instance has Molière introduced among his unennobled classes a personage so infamous and depraved as the Tartuffe. It must have been a curious scene when this latter play was represented by particular desire before the superb and magnificent Louis XIV. when his noble ears were to be engrossed with the important question of the marriage of Mademoiselle Marianne with Valère, or with M. Tartuffe ; and the demigod surrounded by gilding and incense was forced to admit the recollection, that such individuals as *bourgeois* still existed in his dominions. It was a hardy attempt in those days of high flown ideas, when Kings and Emperors were alone fit subjects for the stage, to regale the Monarch with the trivial domestic incidents of a private obscure family. The King took it in good part ; he did not indeed place himself at the door of the Theatre with his cane in his hand, to receive the tickets of admission, as he did at St. Cyr, on the representation of the Esther of Racine, but he listened with attention, honoured the play with his applause, and the author with his approbation. This was a recompence of no mean importance from such a sovereign.

Molière who in general had some original in

view, when he adapted his characters for the stage, is supposed on this occasion to have alluded to Gabriel de Roquette, Bishop of Autun, a crafty and disorderly priest, though living on terms of friendship with Madame de Sévigné, and well known in the courtly circles. It was on him that Boileau wrote the following epigram :—

On dit que l'Abbé Roquette,
Prêche les sermons d'autrui ;
Moi qui sais qu'il les achete,
Je soutiens qu'ils sont à lui.

Another has been made in later days on a distinguished character, who previous to the revolution was promoted to the same diocese.

Roquette dans son tems,
Talleyrand dans le nôtre,
Furent évêques d'Autun ;
Tartuffe fut le surnom de l'un ;
Ah ! si Molière eût connu l'autre.

This play of the *Tartuffe* met with great opposition from the court, and was universally decried by all classes of the nobility, while that of *Scaramouche Ermite*, which was of a far more mischievous tendency, was represented daily at the time without a comment. When the King asked the Prince of Condé, what was the cause of this apparent inconsistency, he replied. “ The play of *Scaramouche*

only turns religion and virtue into ridicule, while that of Molière satirizes themselves."

It may be remarked of this reign, that our national anthem of God save the King, composed in the time of George I., which has always been considered by us as of English origin, is in fact almost a literal translation of the *Cantique*, which was constantly sung by the Demoiselles de St. Cyr, when Louis XIV. entered the chapel of that establishment to hear the morning prayer.

The words were by M. de Brinon, and the music by the famous Lully.

Grand Dieu sauvez le Roi !

Grand Dieu vengez le Roi !

Vive le Roi !

Que toujours glorieux,

Louis victorieux,

Voye ses ennemis,

Toujours soumis !

Grand Dieu sauvez le Roi !

Grand Dieu vengez le Roi !

Vive le Roi !

It appears to have been translated and adapted to the house of Hanover, by Handel, the German composer.

To this generation succeeded the *roués* of the regent, whose presiding chief was the Duc de Richelieu. The immorality of the time was marked by the etymology of the name,

as all are aware that none but the most atrocious malefactors were broken on the wheel. In society however the most energetic expressions lose all their force in the exaggerated tone of modern conversation, which deals in hyperboles; thus the term of *roué* was in fact only used to designate a faithless lover, a systematic seducer, or what might by analogy be considered a *charmant scélérat*. The court and the city were infested with these debauchers of good society, who openly professed the most dissolute principles. Every species of luxury and expense was encouraged, while a general corruption of morals, a reckless spirit of gaming, and an undisguised contempt of all religious feeling or belief became the only titles to celebrity or consideration, in what is called the great world.

Crébillon *fils* and the Chevalier de Lamorlière give a fair picture in their novels of the vices of high society, in the time of Louis XV., whose profligate reign was marked by a corresponding depravity in those around him. The low debauchery of the Regency suffered but slight modification, the morals of all were equally corrupted, but the name of *roué* in time was exploded, not from any sense of virtuous propriety, but from the increased refinement of

manners, which rejected as vulgar so gross a denomination. The character survived, though the title was extinct. The Marquisses of Molière and the *Roués* of Crébillon found fresh representatives in the *petits maîtres* of the new school, who, true to the principles of the sect, still retained the term of *rouerie* for any act of perfidy towards the fair sex.

Virtue was decried as a bugbear; Voltaire and the Encyclopedists laboured in the path of infidelity to destroy all religious belief, and by a wonderful perversity, that nobility, which was already doomed to ruin by an approaching revolution, was most actively employed in accelerating the crisis.

The boundless profusion of Louis XIV. had left the finances of the country at his death in a state of the greatest disorder, and the reckless prodigality of his successor, whose selfish indulgence may be comprised in his own expression, "*Après moi le déluge,*" so much encreased the difficulties and embarrassments of the public exchequer, that a state of bankruptcy seemed nearly inevitable. The popularity of Louis XV. was of very short duration; the burthens laid upon the people to support his vicious extravagance, and his continued altercations with the parliaments, destroyed all

the promise of his early years. Amongst other arbitrary acts which excited the public indignation, he incurred the censure of all the magistracy by the contemptuous manner in which he treated the venerable ceremony of the *Lits de Justice*. In those days of despotic power an anonymous epigram was the only weapon left to a suffering people, and the following is cited on that occasion:—

Sais tu ce qu' on dit à Paris ?

Dame Justice est désolée ;

Le Roi sur son lit s'est assis,

On prétend qu'il l'a violée.

The monopoly of grain, established by the government in order to recruit the royal treasury, was a glaring act of oppression which proved the total indifference of this selfish monarch to the sufferings of his people. Although the existence of this infamous traffic could not long have remained a secret, it gained at once a public notoriety by the inconceivable blunder of those, who printed the *Almanach Royal*; in which they had the stupidity to insert, under the head of public functionaries, the name of M. Milavaux, as *trésorier des bleds pour le compte du Roi*. This ingenuous confession, notwithstanding the disgust which it excited in all ranks, was only stigmatized by another epigram.

Ce qu'on disait tout bas est maintenant public,
Des présens de Cérès le maître fait trafic ;
Et le bon Roi, loin qu'il s'en cache,
Pour que tout le monde le sache,
Dans son grand almanach sans façon nous apprend,
Quel est celui qui l'aide à voler notre argent.

The dissolute manners of this court were not confined to acts of profligacy ; encouraged by the conviction of impunity, they often bore the stamp of wanton cruelty. The Comte de Charolais, a degenerate descendant of the *grand Condé*, so illustrious under the late reign, devised for his amusement the inhuman sport of shooting the bricklayers and tilers, who were occupied in repairing the roof of his château in the country. Such a criminal defiance of all laws human and divine, became at last the subject of a formal complaint to the King in person. Louis XV., unwilling to deliver up a prince of the blood to be tried in a court of justice as a common murderer, replied to the mourning relatives of the victims, " that he would grant a free pardon to any man who should kill the Comte de Charolais."

But the Count escaped with impunity, as no one would venture to trust the word of a monarch, whose good faith had been so frequently called in question on former occasions.

In 1770 a respectable father of a family came in the utmost distress to M. de Sartines,

and told him, that on the preceeding evening his only daughter had been carried off from his residence, and that all his efforts to obtain any tidings of her or her ravishers had been entirely fruitless. M. de Sartines did not hesitate to promise an ample satisfaction to the afflicted parent, and appointed a future day when he might depend on receiving some certain tidings of the fate of his child. The minister gave orders that the strictest measures should be taken to investigate this open violation of the laws, and after some time spent in researches, his myrmidons discovered the real authors of the crime.

When the parent returned on the appointed day, M. de Sartines received him with tears in his eyes, "Alas," said he "you are indeed a most unfortunate man ; but I am almost as much an object of commiseration as yourself. I know where your daughter is concealed, and I have not the power to render you justice ; a higher authority interferes, and prevents me from moving in the business." The wretched girl was at the *Parc aux cerfs*, and had been forcibly carried off to increase the number of victims in that infamous establishment.

The courtiers were not backward in following the example of the monarch. Some months

after this melancholy event, the Duc de Fronsac became desperately in love with a young lady of great personal attractions, and the daughter of an officer on half pay. Having made fruitless attempts to secure her affections, and having tried in vain every means of corruption by money and presents to propitiate both her and her mother, he at last devised a stratagem worthy of the court of Louis XV. He disguised himself with some of his servants, and set fire to the house during the night; then availing himself of the confusion which ensued he forcibly carried off the young lady, placed her in a carriage stationed near the spot for that purpose, and conveyed her to his *petite maison*, where she fell a victim to his treachery. What more particularly characterises the immorality of the age, is, that this outrageous offence remained unpunished, notwithstanding its publicity, and the earnest complaints of M. de Sartines. The author found means to escape with the penalty of some money. The Duc de Richelieu, his father, represented the affair to the King as a *petite plaisanterie*, or youthful frolic; and the monarch contented himself with recommending to the son, *d'être un peu plus sage à l'avenir*.

Few of the nobility, at the court of France,

resisted this moral contagion, but the Maréchal de Brissac may be cited among that number. On one occasion when that nobleman was rallied on the austerity of his principles, and on the indignation which he expressed at any reflexions on the virtue of his wife, Louis XV. who was present and seemed amused with his anger, said to him, “ *Allons, M. de Brissac, ne vous fâchez pas, c’est un petit malheur, ayez bon courage.*”

“ Sire,” replied the indignant nobleman, “ *j’ai toutes les espèces de courage, excepté celui de la honte.*”

The death of Louis XV. afforded an awful lesson ; it was a wretched termination of a profligate life, and the public regret for his loss may be appreciated by a pasquinade, which was affixed to the gates of St. Denis after the funeral. “ *Cy git un Roi, qui nous apporta des dettes en naissant, la guerre en grandissant la famine en vieillissant, et la peste en mourant.*”

Under these unfortunate auspices did the ill fated Louis XVI. ascend the throne of France, and such was the fatality which marked his reign, that almost the first act of his foreign policy was doomed eventually to sap the foundation of his power at home. That

an absolute monarch under any pretext should hoist the standard of liberty in another quarter of the globe, is one of those political anomalies which no ulterior objects can justify or palliate. The American war declared by France to emancipate the English colonies from their dependance on the mother country, and to support them in their resistance to one solitary tax, while her own subjects at home were groaning under the *corvée*, the *gabelle*, and the tyranny of a feudal aristocracy, was a fatal mistake of which the consequences must inevitably recoil upon herself.

The tree bore its natural fruit. A brilliant army returned to France, flushed indeed with success, but glowing with ideas of liberty and independance, which they had asserted in behalf of strangers, while the prospect which awaited them on their native shores was a deadly contrast to all these generous sentiments. Lafayette and his associates in arms were not tardy in propagating at home those principles and opinions, which they had imbibed on the other side of the Atlantic; the writings of Rousseau and Voltaire not only inculcated the same doctrines, but unsettled the public mind as to all religious belief; while the *parti philosophe*, at the Hotel de

Holbeck, with Grimm, d'Alembert, and Diderot at their head, spread abroad the seeds of infidelity and revolution with a more lavish hand. A vicious and profligate nobility, whose senses were blunted by an unrestrained course of selfish indulgence, found a new and thrilling excitement in a system, which not only promised the restriction of monarchical rights, and the subversion of moral prejudices, but openly threatened the destruction of those few remaining shackles, which religion was still allowed to maintain in the country.

Men of this stamp were amply gratified with the hope of seeing the despotic power of the throne diminished, and a wider scope offered to the indulgence of their own passions, unchecked by those religious scruples, which, if they had already ceased to act on their own consciences, had still sufficient influence on the public mind to hold them up as objects of reproach and obloquy to the world. With that blindness to the future which characterized the age, they looked upon the new levelling principles as destined to act only on those above them; none thought of raising their inferiors to their own rank; and so inconsistent were their speculations, that while they predicted a total change of the social

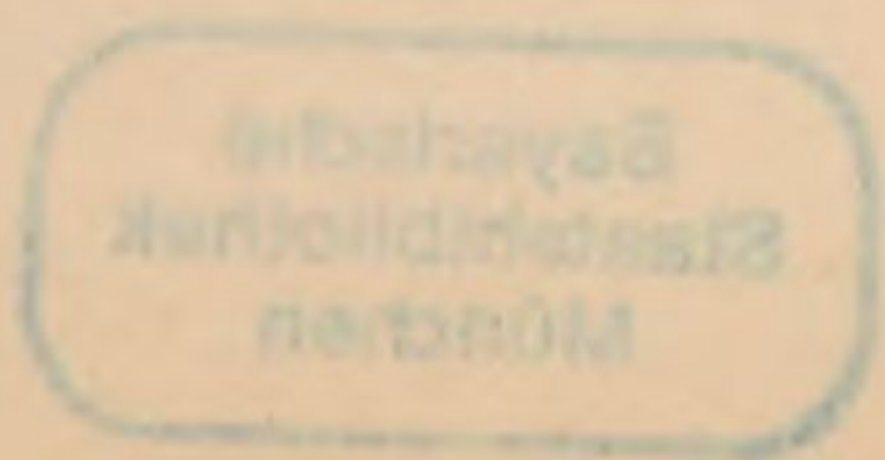
system, they never foresaw the impending storm of which they were doomed to be themselves the primary victims.

At the same time the chief promoters of these new ideas, well aware that all sudden change was impossible, and feeling that an abrupt departure from the despotic principle at home, to the crude republican system of their American allies, was incompatible with the ancient prejudices, which still remained rooted in the soil, openly proclaimed the British Constitution as the desired model to which their own regeneration should be assimilated. Thus the institutions of a country, which, according to the principles of the late war, had been denounced by the French as arbitrary and opposed to liberty, on the other side of the Atlantic, were now held up by them to general admiration, as comprising the very essence of a free and liberal constitution. The tone given to society by the introduction of these novel doctrines was of the most decided character; manners, conversation, and even dress underwent a rapid change. The Anglo mania pervaded all the higher classes, and British fashions, as well as British institutions became the object of general imitation in France. Another circumstance at this period

contributed very much to encourage this singular metamorphosis. The intimacy which had been formed between the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Orléans, the two finest men and the most frivolous Princes in Europe, produced in their respective courts a similarity of ideas and tastes, which were entirely of British origin. It occurred to our flighty neighbours, that the serious character and stern independence of John Bull, which had become the height of their ambition, were but ill personified by the silk coats and chapeaux bras, which distinguished their own aristocracy; the frivolous attire of a *petit maître* was no longer deemed consistent with the grave exterior of a political reasoner. Frock coats, leather breeches, boots, and round hats, were studiously adopted by the leaders of the mode in France, who deeming it necessary to imitate the language as well as the dress of the English *buck*, astonished the polite ears in the noble faubourg with dissertations on horses, jockeys, phætons, and liberty. The fair sex caught the infection, the current was so strong with the men that they were inevitably drawn into the eddy; and even the stately pride of that day proved no barrier against these boisterous innovations.

The great ladies of Versailles quitted their hoops and manteaux for the whip and the riding habit; they were seen daily galloping through the *allées* of the *Bois de Boulogne*, mounted on steeds from Newmarket, and followed by a thoughtless crew of equestrians, anxious to excel in the hairbrained feats of their rivals on the other side of the channel. Betting and horse racing became a fashionable amusement, but as this rage for imitation did not extend far beyond the vices and follies of their neighbours, the more solid qualities of the British character were either entirely overlooked, or made a theme of ridicule by these votaries of pleasure.

The splendid promenade of Longchamps, then so brilliant with its sumptuous equipages, was graced with gilded phaetons, beautiful amazones, and a magnificent train of royal carriages, which were often eclipsed by the unblushing luxury and pompous display of the Arnouxs, Duthes, and Guimards of the day. About this time occurred an event in the literary world, which produced such an electric effect on public feeling, that it has since obtained an almost historical importance. Beaumarchais presented to the *Théâtre Français* his *Mariage de Figaro*. Amidst the cabals



excited on this occasion the Queen appeared foremost in defence of the new piece ; and notwithstanding the formal opposition manifested by the King himself, it was through the means of her protection, not only put in rehearsal at that theatre, but the manuscript itself was privately laid on the table of Louis XVI. to obtain his approbation. The Queen took upon herself the office of reader on this occasion, and used all her influence to advocate the cause of the writer ; but the sound sense of the King was so strongly impressed with the dangerous import of the allusions in which the play abounded, that he in the most formal and positive manner interdicted the representation. Foiled in her attempt, she still remained firm in her purpose, and a private rehearsal under her Majesty's patronage took place at the *Menus plaisirs* ; this was followed by a fresh interdict on the part of the government, which was laughed to scorn by the insolent *Beaumarchais*, who had the audacity to proclaim, before the whole court, that no menaces or prohibition should prevent him from presenting his play to the public, even if it were acted in the choir of *Notre dame*.

A day at length was fixed for this thrilling representation, to witness which the audience

arrived in a state of breathless excitement ; long before the usual hours of admission every avenue of the theatre was crowded with a dense mass of people, far more numerous than the house could contain ; and the road from Versailles to Paris was thronged with a line of splendid equipages, which contained not only the most distinguished members of the court, but also the branches of the Royal Family.

Never did the *Théâtre Français* exhibit such a curious spectacle ; not a space in the whole circle was left unoccupied, and the boxes all around were absolutely crowded with men and women, covered with orders and diamonds, who entered as eagerly into the merits of the piece, and its sarcastic allusions, as the public itself who had come prepared to uphold and applaud it.

The play was received with unbounded enthusiasm, a mingled assemblage of *seigneurs and bourgeois* greeted with shouts of applause the “ *Et moi morbleu,*” and listened with ecstasy to all the severe and bitter sarcasms of Figaro on the Monarchy, the Church, and the Nobility. A thoughtless pastime it proved for some of these short sighted spectators, who were one day doomed to expiate dearly their

incautious approbation, and who numbered in their ranks on that memorable night, a Comte de Provence, a Condé, and a Conti, princes of the blood, followed by a long list of Vaudreuils, Villeguiers, Montesquious, Lamballes, and Polignacs.

The play was then acted without further opposition, not only to crowded houses as long as the novelty lasted, but even at the seventy-second representation the audience was as numerous as at the first. The general curiosity received perhaps an additional excitement by the following letter, which Beaumarchais wrote in reply to the Duc d'Aumont, when requested by the latter to lend his private box to some ladies of rank, who were anxious to witness the piece without being seen.

“Monsieur le Duc,

“ Je n'ai nulle considération pour des femmes qui se permettent de voir un spectacle qu'elles jugent malhonnête, pourvu qu'elles le voient en secret ; je ne me prête point à de pareilles fantaisies.

“ J'ai donné ma pièce au public pour l'amuser et non pour l'instruire, non pour offrir à des bégueules mitigées le plaisir d'en

penser du bien en petite loge, à condition d'en dire du mal en société. Les plaisirs du vice et les honneurs de la vertu, tel est la pruderie du siècle. Ma pièce n'est point un ouvrage équivoque ; il faut l'avouer ou le fuir.

“ Je vous salue Monsieur le Duc, et je garde ma loge.”

Beaumarchais with a certain degree of ingenuity had disarmed the criticisms of the Nobility, by putting into the mouth of Figaro this phrase, which ensured to him more protectors than enemies. “ *Qu'il n'y avait que les petits esprits qui craignissent les petits écrits.*” In France those who will receive the imputation of a vice with indifference, or even with complacency, will draw their sword to resent the slightest insinuation of ridicule.

It was indeed a *succès plus fou que la pièce*, as Beaumarchais himself aptly described it, when, after the first exultation at his triumph, he began to reason more calmly with himself, and feel some alarm at the mischief which he had so wantonly excited.

Such was the state of morals and society at that period, when the ground crumbled under the feet of these heedless votaries of pleasure, and suddenly swept them away in 1789.

The terrible whirlwind of the revolution, which though it might purify the atmosphere, tore up every thing by the roots, dispersed with one gust these birds of brilliant plumage, whose amorous warblings were drowned at once in the fell shout of the ignoble Carmagnole, and the frenzied chorus of *ça ira*.

Society was shaken to its foundations, the old and venerable title of nobility were sunk in the levelling term of *Citoyen*, the graceful language of the French court became a source of accusation in this reign of terror, and the vulgar *tutoiement*, even to the female sex, was deemed a proof of patriotism and honest independence. Proscriptions became general, the prisons were filled with victims, suspicion pervaded every breast, and each man saw in his neighbour an open enemy or a secret informer.

M. Fruot de Lanty, who for twenty years had not quitted his room, where he had never travelled further than from his bed to his arm-chair, being totally bereft of the sense of hearing, was accused before the revolutionary tribunal for conspiring against the safety of the Republic one and indivisible. He was brought into court, and as his complete deafness prevented his hearing the questions, or anything

that was going on, he was unable to make a single reply. After repeated interrogations, during which he remained constantly dumb before his judges, Coffinhal speaking as public accuser, said to the jury, "Il faut en finir, vous voyez bien qu'il conspire *sourdement*."

He was executed.

It has always been matter of surprise to those who admired and sought after the old curiosities of the time of Louis XIV. that so few traces have been left of the splendid and innumerable works of art, in furniture, statues, bronzes, buhl, and marquetry, which adorned the palace of Versailles up to the day of the revolution. No public sale of these valuables by order of the government is on record. All we know is that they did exist, and that they have since disappeared. Here and there, in a few brokers' shops, some specimens of these costly relics have been exhibited for sale to the curious, as forming a part of that collection, but the great mass thereof, seems to have followed their owners to the grave.

The memoirs of M. Berryer have now explained that the committee of public safety privately confiscated them for the service of the nation. During the first campaigns of Buonaparte in Italy, when the exhausted trea-

sury was unable to meet the demands of the various contractors, who had supplied the troops, every expedient of pledge or security was resorted to for that purpose. Among others Lanchère, a partner of the house of Cufbeer, one of the most importunate creditors, received in payment of his demands a large portion of the furniture and ornaments at Versailles. Furnished with an order from the state, he carried off in his waggons, clocks, carpets, lustres, commodes, and tables of the most exquisite workmanship. This man was already possessed of the Hôtel de Flamarens in the faubourg St. Germain, which he filled even to the court and offices with these splendid spoils of the proscribed royalty. When the scarcity of money at that time is considered, as well as the public indifference to such objects of luxury, it may well be concluded, how many of these objects were destroyed for the mere value of the materials.

A state of things so unnatural, in a country like France, which had been hitherto considered as the centre of civilization and refinement in Europe, could not be of long duration. In one sense the mischief was irreparable, all degrees of rank were abolished, fortunes had been scattered to the winds, and families had

been decimated by the axe of the guillotine, but no sooner had the ninth Thermidor overthrown the bloody reign of the decemvirate, than the principles of social intercourse began to bud again like the flowers of spring after a dreary winter. The Republic one and indivisible had levelled all hereditary distinctions, but the yearnings after public notoriety are not to be repressed. The Marquiss's, the Abbés, and the polygraphe Milords of the old Monarchy had vanished from the scene; but the uncultivated soil soon threw up a prurient crop of mushrooms, and *parvenus*, who infested the public walks, the theatres, the coffee houses, and by their *outré* dress, their overbearing manners, and their new fangled dialect, were emulous of obtaining an ephemeral preeminence in the revolutionary crowd. The boulevards and places of public resort swarmed with a new and upstart generation of *Exquisites*, *Incroyables*, and *Muscadins*, who, though tainted with all the vices of their predecessors, were only distinguished by that *cachet* of vulgarity and ill breeding, to which the revolution gave birth.

The *Muscadins* indeed, still retained some latent pretensions to gentility; they were for the most part young royalists, with a lofty

bearing, indignantly braving the republican forms, and affecting the uniform of Vendean chiefs. This dress consisted in a grey frock, with a collar of green or black velvet, breeches with large bows of ribbon at the knee, silk stockings, and the boots pushed down to the ankle ; their hair, in defiance of the Titus crops *à l'antique*, was allowed to grow in long tresses, which were plaited behind, and doubled up to the head with a comb, leaving the nape of the neck bare, like those who were doomed to suffer on the scaffold. This was called the *coiffure à la victime*.

The *Muscadins* took the lead in those assemblies, which a respite from the reign of terror soon began to revive in the societies of the capital ; they were the reigning favorites of the Aspasia's and Phryné's of that day, the constant gallants of those Grecian beauties in sandals and buskins, whose short waists and transparent tunics were the admiration and envy of all the female candidates for conquest and celebrity. Then might be read the following paragraph in the *Moniteur*, "Enfin le 9th Thermidor nous a purgés de la présence des tyrans, la joie française est revenue ; les bals se sont ouverts au profit des victimes." Each nation has its appropriate customs and taste,

the English celebrate their rejoicings with a dinner, the French proclaim their exultation with a ball.

The ambition of the Muscadins was not limited to the display of their charms in a ball room, or their morning promenades on the boulevards; they soared into the region of politics, and wished to overthrow the convention, then occupied in preparing the constitution of the year three. These humble imitators of Charrette and Stofflet took up arms at once, and marched against the Tuilleries; but a little general, then unknown to fame, watched their ill judged proceedings, and with a few cannon shot dispersed their flimsy host, and compelled them to quit their Vendean uniform.

Such was the state of society after the revolution, if we can give that name to a scene of chaos and confusion, in which the individuals themselves were shuffled like a pack of cards, and those who were yesterday at the top were to-day found at the bottom. It was a revolution, which advanced at first with calm and silent step, like a prowling beast of prey; which as it neared the object of its search began to howl; then gaining courage from the scent, grew furious, terrible, and revelled in

blood. There was a period when the two adverse ranks, the nobility and the people, seemed to have come to an understanding that certain changes should be quietly effected in the existing constitution ; professions were made of concession on one side, and moderation on the other ; while the former were only anxious to retract, and the latter to encroach ; thus was the game of deception mutually played, passions were excited, animosities increased, civil war ensued, the people gained the victory, and brought in the guillotine to settle the question. In the dreadful disorganization which then ensued, the first place in the state was taken from the King, and given to the Executioner. But even here the inconsistency of popular government was made apparent. It can never be supposed that the mild and inoffensive character of Louis XVI. could have rendered him individually obnoxious to the French people, who exulted in his death ; the revolutionary vengeance was hurled against the aristocracy of the land, and as the head of that aristocracy, the unoffending monarch was led to the scaffold. In the cabals of party spirit which agitated the country, individuals of the same family often embraced the most opposite opinions, and the short history

of two brothers, both men of rank and education, who lived at this period, may convey a fair idea of the political divisions which frequently separated the nearest connections, even among the higher classes. The Comte de B—— thoughtless and rash, but brave and loyal, had imbibed from his youth the most sovereign contempt for the lower orders; he knew in fact nothing of them; he treated their murmurs with derision, and attached no other sense to the word, *people*, than an inferior class of beings, who were born to till the earth, and be subservient to his will. He was the exact type of the feudal aristocracy, or rather of that portion of it, which passed its time in the gilded apartments of Versailles, and the little Trianon, wrapped up in the conviction that a monarchy, which had existed for fourteen centuries, was placed on a foundation, which no human efforts would be able to overturn. He saw the sun daily rise and set, he saw the seasons follow in regular succession, and he would sooner have believed that the course of nature itself might be inverted, than the stability of the French monarchy endangered. Like many others of that day he was blind to the signs of the times, he never imagined that the internal workings and heavings, which became

daily more menacing under the surface of society, must at last produce a violent explosion ; he had no fears or apprehensions of that power, which was secretly writhing under the fragments of loyalty, and the expiring influence of the clergy ; which by one sudden effort of strength burst forth and laid its enemies prostrate in the dust, like a broken idol, or a worn out garment. When the first acts of the constituent assembly proved to the world that there was a fixed resolution in the nation to change the form of government, he was one of those who viewed these first and awful demonstrations in the light of impertinent clamours ; and termed the unanimous rising of the people a miserable revolt. The Comte de B—— was an enthusiastic promoter of the famous dinner of the *Gardes du Corps*, at Versailles, and signalized himself by the most ardent professions of attachment to the Royal Family, and of insulting contempt for their enemies.

The Chevalier de B——, his brother, was devoted to literary pursuits ; despising the frivolous occupations of a court, he cultivated the society of those men, whose talents and acquirements had obtained an undeniable celebrity in France. The disciples of modern

philosophy had then begun to direct their views to liberal doctrines, and the perfection of the human race; in their zeal for social reform they were blindly working to accelerate that crisis, of which they did not even stoop to calculate the results.

The Chevalier entered with ardour into all the visionary schemes and projections of his friends; they figured to themselves a system of Utopian policy, to which nothing was wanting but the possibility of accomplishing it. Some of these individuals were recklessly intent on producing a scene of general confusion, but many of them, and the Chevalier was one of that number, glowed with real feelings of philanthropy, and warmly advocated plans of reform, not being themselves aware that such projects could only be realized by the entire destruction of all the political institutions then existing in France. Those evenings which the Comte de B—— devoted to the brilliant fêtes of la Muette, and Luciennes, or the crowded *focus* of the Opera, were passed by his brother in literary assemblies, where liberty and the rights of man were eloquently discussed, and where that immense volcano was silently prepared, which was shortly doomed to burst forth and destroy even those who had been its

most active authors and fomenters. When the revolution was declared, the Count de B—— awoke from his trance; he found means to emigrate, and shortly after died in poverty abroad. His brother had only time to regret the scenes of havoc to which he had so heedlessly contributed; he perished under the reign of terror, like many others, who in vain attempted to muzzle the lion, after they had freed him from his chain.

The revolution like Saturn devoured her own children.

There is a coachmaker named Billit, who lives opposite to the B. Embassy in the Fbg. St. Honoré, and who witnessed all the scenes of this dreadful period. He was in the national guard, and on duty at the executions of Louis XVI., of Marie Antoinette, and at the sacking of the Palace. The former was conducted along the Boulevard in the carriage of the Mayor, with four horses at full gallop, to the Place Louis quinze, where the guillotine was erected; and the whole ceremony did not occupy a space of more than ten minutes. It is not true that Louis XVI. attempted to address the people, as the drums never ceased from beating, and he had no opportunity of being heard. During the progress of the

carriage through the streets, not a soul was to be seen at the windows, as the military had received strict orders to fire at any one, whose curiosity should prompt him to look out. The Queen was brought to execution in a cart, and, as he says, looked much better than the accounts stated. Billit's trade was soon destroyed, he became a bankrupt, as at that time not a carriage was to be seen in the town; one hackney coach alone was reserved for the use of the municipality; but the laws of equality commanded every one to go on foot. When Philippe Egalité was conveyed to the scaffold, his dejection was not so great as has been represented; the mob detained him for some time on the road opposite to the Palais Royal, that he might take leave of his former residence; he remarked some alteration which had already been made by order of the nation, and approved of the style of the architecture.

Billit does not think that Robespierre attempted suicide when he was arrested; he is rather led to believe that the pistol was fired at the time by one of his adversaries, who, doubtful whether a rescue might not be attempted, wished to ensure at once his destruction. Robespierre was as vain as he was cruel, wearing always a dress remarkable for its

coquetry, generally a pea green coat, a white waiscoat, leather breeches and boots, with his hair studiously dressed and powdered; his presumption in taking precedence of all the deputies created much dislike, and caused his fall.

A fisherman in the department of the Seine and Marne, who during the time of the revolution was living in great penury, suddenly became possessed of considerable affluence; he purchased a property of three hundred acres near Morfontaine, part of the immense possessions which had belonged to the Abbey of Citeaux; and no one could account for his sudden prosperity.

This man is lately dead, and it appears that the purchase was originally made by the notorious St. Just, the colleague of Robespierre, who, notwithstanding the affected purity of his patriotism, had not been unmindful of his private interests; but fearing to expose his ill gotten wealth, while he was foremost in persecuting the rich, he caused the purchase to be registered in the name of the fisherman. It happened however that before the private assignment could be made over to himself, the 9th of Thermidor put an end to the life of the Terrorist, and left the lender of his name in

full possession of the property. The writings of this young republican, who surpassed in cruelty all his colleagues in the reign of terror, breathe the most exalted ideas of disinterested freedom, and form the general study of the democrats and regicides of the present day.

During the heat of the struggle, when the populace rushed into the Château of the Tuilleries, on the 20th of June, two individuals were observed walking arm in arm on the terrace near the river, engaged in deep conversation. One was dressed in the uniform of the Royal Artillery, rather the worse for wear, and the other was in plain clothes. The artillery man was heard to say to his companion, "Viens du côté des bassins et suivons les mouvemens de cette canaille." When they arrived in the midst of the garden, the officer appeared to be fired with indignation on seeing the disorders committed in the palace, and particularly when Louis XVI. was forced to appear at the window with a *bonnet rouge* on his head; he then exclaimed to his friend, "Che Coglioni! Comment a-t-on pu laisser entrer cette canaille! Il fallait en balayer quatre ou cinq cents avec du canon, le reste courrait bien vite." This indignant speaker was Napoleon Bonaparte; had he

been overheard by the mob at that moment, the future destinies of Europe would have been altered, and France would have been deprived of a remarkable name in her history.

When this extraordinary man laid the first stone of his political elevation, on the 18th Brumaire, he made a great step towards remodelling society in France. The *Moniteur* on this occasion observes, “ Le 18 Brumaire a sauvé la France, de l’ignoble despotisme de quelques proconsuls, la gaité française renaît de toutes parts. Déjà les bals s’organisent au profit des victimes.”

During the reign of the Directory, M. de Talleyrand, who was lately returned from America, and was mainly indebted to Madame de Staël for his subsistence at the time, was walking one morning in the garden of the Luxembourg, when he met an old friend, the Comte de R——, who had lost all his property by the revolution, but cautiously avoided any connection with it. Judging by himself that Monsieur de R—— was anxious to better his fortunes, under the new régime, M. de Talleyrand accosted him by saying, “ *Qu’est ce que vous comptez de faire pour le moment ?*”

“*Moi,*” said the other, “*Je vais comme toujours, où me conduit la Providence.*”

Talleyrand shrugged his shoulders, and said with a sarcastic smile. “*Je vous en fais mon compliment sincère, suivez la toujours ; c’est une bonne femme qui ne va pas vite, mais qui vous mènera loin. Bon jour. Bon jour !*” and without giving time for a reply he hurried into the court of the Luxembourg.

Two days afterwards, citizen Talleyrand was proclaimed Minister for Foreign Affairs, which was the first step to his future grandeur.

He employed the short time he remained in office, diligently in recruiting his shattered finances, but his wary prudence soon foresaw the brewing storm, and he took speedy care to make himself *disponible*, by resigning his situation shortly before the 18th Brumaire brought on the consular system.

In this interval of his apparent retirement from politics, he was again met by the same individual, who then retorted upon him his own question, “*Qu’est ce que vous comptez de faire ?*” He replied with his usual sang froid.

“*Moi ! je ne fais rien, j’attends.*”

This sentence comprised the whole conduct

of M. de Talleyrand, he has ever been *l'homme de la politique expectante*. In this case, as in many others, he had not long to wait, for Bonaparte Consul soon replaced him in his appointment, and Bonaparte Emperor in others and better.

The nation harrassed and oppressed by a succession of upstart tyrants began to sigh for repose and tranquillity. The pageant of the monarchy with its high titles and its proud exclusions was scattered to the winds. A new society was to be formed out of new materials ; all were then equal, no distinctions had as yet crept in, and the short period of the consulate comprises the only fleeting era of that highly prized equality, for which seas of blood had been shed, the institutions of ages demolished, and a flourishing country plunged in war and desolation.

Five short years sufficed for the experiment, when a successful soldier placed on his own head that imperial diadem, which was itself the severest satire on the French revolution. The riddle was now expounded ; the clamour for equality was explained ; no one had sought equality with their inferiors, but with those above them. “ I am the equal of the Montmorencys and the Crillons, but the chimney

sweeper in the street is not my equal." This is the real translation of that selfish cry, by which one half of civilized Europe had been convulsed. Scarcely was Napoleon seated on his throne than a new born race of courtiers flocked to his antichambers. Those who for the last ten years had raved against nobility and decorations, who had voted death and proscription to the former occupants, were now seen to come as humble suppliants for titles, stars, and ribbons. How many stern republicans have we seen at that time cringing at the feet of majesty in the embroidered court of a chamberlain, how many tribunes of the people seated in a house of peers, and gladly exchanging the title of citizen for that of Duke or Count. Such is human nature! The aristocracy of the sabre, as it had been called, can never blush at its origin; from time immemorial and in all countries, titles and honours have been the reward of valour; and the great victories of the empire ennobled many heroes, whose feats in arms might vie with the trophies of those great names, which were already bound up with the history of France. As much cannot be said of other promotions at this period, when vice and adulation gained their selfish ends; but these were

the inevitable consequences of a new order of things, which required a fusion of interests, and a soothing of party spirit, to procure a semblance of unanimity in favor of the new dynasty. Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which Napoleon laboured, in organizing this stupendous fabric, it must be allowed not only that he was well served, but that he evinced great judgment and sagacity in the selection of his adherents.

It must have been a singular scene to witness these offsprings of the revolution, these men of the people, installed in costly palaces, and acting the parts of that nobility, whom they had so lately proscribed and persecuted to the death.

The inexhaustible pen of Madame d'Abrantès has described the manners of the incipient court, with all the partiality of one, who was herself a principal actress. She naturally omits or slightly alludes to those breaches of etiquette, or awkward attempts at high-breeding, which were inevitable in this new fangled aristocracy, where every one, from the chief himself to the lowest satellite, was occupied like a schoolboy in conning over the novel part assigned to him.

Here was another important change in

French society and manners, republican rudeness was banished with as much zeal as it had been introduced, the wheel was going round, and, as the type of all human events, returned to its original point.

All the memoirs and archives of the old court, which had been so lately thrown aside as useless lumber, or treated with contempt as the records of past degradation, were now searched out from their dusty hiding place, and brought forward as models for the new code of imperial etiquette.

The formation of the household was an object of peculiar interest; all the new members were drilled to the duties of their post with as much regularity and attention as the raw recruits of a regiment. When they entered on their functions, after the coronation, the *Dames d'honneur* of the Empress arrived at the Tuileries, dressed in their new costume, to tender the oath of allegiance. Among them was Madame de M——, a young coquette, who in order to display a pretty foot and ankle, wore very short petticoats. While they were waiting in the anteroom, M. de Talleyrand made his appearance, and Madame de M—— wishing for a compliment, said to him, “M. de Talleyrand, comment trouvez vous mon

costume ?” He looked at her for two or three minutes, and said, “ Je dois vous dire, Madame, que pour prêter un serment de fidélité, vos jupes sont un petit peu trop courtes.”

Every new recollection of courtly forms was received with an approving smile by the Emperor, and when the page at St. Cloud presented a letter to his Majesty on the crown of his hat, that he might avoid touching it with his hand, the new mark of deference was publicly applauded. The amiable Joséphine, notwithstanding her graceful carriage, was often reprimanded by Napoleon, whenever she passed over the slightest infringement of her imperial dignity, a weakness which in him was inconsistent with his real character; as in candour it must be allowed that he had surrounded himself with glory of a far more imperishable description. If high birth was wanting at the Tuilleries, wealth and splendour were lavished to dazzle the public eye, and make up for the deficiency; but whenever a noble inhabitant of the faubourg St. Germain was induced to join the circles of the new court, he was sure to meet with a ready welcome. Napoleon affected to treat these overtures from the enemy with indifference or contempt; he would say of the old nobility

who entered his service, "I unfurled my standard, and they kept aloof; I opened my antichambers and they arrived in flocks," but he was secretly pleased and flattered with these new auxiliaries. He knew and felt himself the *prestige* attached to high descent; he wished to graft upon his own untutored followers the polished manners of the old court, and having once succeeded in founding a throne, it became a part of his ambition to see it surrounded by the proper attributes.

There is a lasting inherent value attached to those names, which are consecrated by history; which we have been taught in childhood to lisp as appertaining to the annals of our country; and which under no earthly circumstances can ever be forgotten. The frenzy of revolution may persecute them, the malice of fanatics may decree their extermination, but fame looks down and smiles at such puny efforts to annihilate those, whose memory she has protected through successive generations.

There is a power called public opinion which can defy the acts of a national convention, or the axe of the guillotine. None were more impressed with this conviction than Napoleon himself, he, the child of revolution, felt even

at the height of his grandeur, that the stamp of legitimacy was still wanting to his self-created throne. At a period when the Bourbon cause seemed utterly hopeless, when the proscribed family had sunk into the lowest abyss of adversity, when his throne had been acknowledged, and his power was dreaded by subservient Europe, he did not scruple to sue to the royal wanderer for a renunciation of rights, which the eloquent refusal of Louis XVIII. has handed down to posterity. While the sun of his glory dazzled the whole earth, one little speck in the horizon would still give cause for latent apprehension. His fortune seemed to know no bounds ; all Europe lay prostrate at his feet, but when from his sumptuous palace at the Tuilleries, he turned his eyes towards the desolute castle of Mittau, he might have exclaimed with the arrogant Haaman, " All this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting in the King's gate." The court of Napoleon and its new distinctions soon assumed an air of consistent dignity ; aristocracy became again the order of the day, and as the possession of wealth seldom fails to ensure respect, the great hotels were again crowded with liveried lacqueys, and the splendid *salons* in Paris

became the scenes of balls, fêtes, and magnificent entertainments. The luxury displayed in the days of the empire was boundless ; contributions and dotations from the conquered states created a vast influx of money into the capital, and the great officers of state vied with each other in their costly establishments. The Emperor also was lavish of his gifts, but these were always coupled with a strict injunction that they should be freely and liberally expended. His attention to this point was directed with a minuteness, hardly credible in one, whose time must have been engrossed by affairs of such overwhelming importance ; expence was not only encouraged but commanded, and it frequently occurred that the mode in which these donations of the sovereign should be employed, was pointed out to the receiver by the hand which conferred them.

Napoleon's object in this unusual interference was twofold. First, to enhance the splendor of the throne by the imposing magnificence of his courtiers, and secondly, to promote a rapid circulation of money in Paris, which would diffuse an air of prosperity, conciliate the trading community of the capital, and blind the nation at large to that distress

and privation, which his constant wars and conscriptions had produced throughout the country.

A curious question was tried on Friday, the 7th of March 1836, before the *Tribunal de Première Instance* in Paris, which involved considerable interests, and not only elucidates this assertion, but proves the rigour with which this dictation was enforced. The first document produced in court was the following letter, written by Napoleon to the Prince of Neufchatel, (Berthier) on the 23rd of September, 1807.

“ Mon Cousin,

“ Vous trouverez ci jointe une lettre au Ministre des Finances par laquelle je lui ordonne de mettre une somme de 11 millions à votre disposition, sur les fonds appartenants à la grande armée, et qui sont déposés à la Caisse d'Amortissement.

“ Vous garderez un million pour vous, que vous prendrez moitié en argent, et moitié en rentes sur l'état au cours de 85 francs. Vous donnerez 600,000f. moitié en argent, et moitié en rentes sur l'état au cours de 85f. aux Maréchaux Ney, Davoust, Soult, et Bessières ; et 400,000f. moitié en argent, moitié en rentes

sur l'état au cours de 85f. aux Maréchaux Masséna, Augereau, Bernadotte, Mortier, et Victor. Vous ferez connaître à chacun de ces Maréchaux, que les rentes sur l'état doivent être réunies aux autres biens, et faire partie du fief, que je vais établir en leur faveur, et qu'ainsi ils ne peuvent aliéner ces rentes ; que quant à la somme qui leur est donnée en argent, ils doivent l'employer à se procurer un Hôtel à Paris, qui doit être également compris dans le fief que nous érigerons en leur faveur ; étant nécessaire que les possesseurs de grands fiefs aient un Hôtel à Paris : il faudra donc qu'ils vous fassent connaître l'hôtel qu'ils auront acheté, et dès ce moment ils ne pourront ni le vendre ni l'aliéner.—Vous ferez connaître au Maréchal Lannes, qu'il est nécessaire que sur les fonds de la grande armée que je lui ai donnés, il se procure un hôtel à Paris, qu'il ne pourra plus aliéner.

“ Vous donnerez 200,000f. a chacun des Généraux dont la liste est ci jointe, cette somme leur sera donnée moitié en argent, et moitié en rentes sur l'état au cours de 85f. et il faut qu'ils aient un hôtel à Paris, ou dans un chef lieu de département, cette maison sera inaliénable, et fera partie du fief, que je vais ériger en leur faveur. Il faudra que vous vous

arrangiez avec le Ministre des Finances pour prendre à la Caisse d'Amortissement, partie de ces 11 millions en argent, et partie en rentes au cours de 85f.

“ Cette lettre n'étant pas à autre fin, je prie Dieu qu'il vous ait en sa sainte et digne garde.”

(Signé) NAPOLEON.

Fontainebleau, 23 Septembre, 1807.

The mandates in this letter were duly executed, and the General Belliard who was comprised in this list of generals received for his share of 200,000f. a sum of 5,882f. Rental on the great book, and a sum of 100,000f. in ready money to be employed as above.

On the 12th January, 1812, the Emperor directed the Intendant General to verify the employment made of these different donations ; who in consequence addressed a circular to that effect to all those who had partaken of the eleven millions. The following was the reply of General Belliard.

“ The 100,000f. which H. I. M. had the goodness to give me, not being sufficient for the purchase of a hôtel at Paris, I employed them in part payment of a small estate in Poitou ; I have given orders for the sale of

this property, and as soon as the money is realized, I will deposit the 100,000f. with my agent in Paris, till such time as I can invest that sum conformably to the wishes of the Emperor."

This investment never took place, the disasters of 1814, which involved the ruin of Napoleon, suspended also the execution of the threats contained in the circular, (which were no less than forfeiture,) and the restored government seemed disinclined to exact the penalty, till a royal ordinance in August 1819, renewing the injunction, gave to the *donataires* the option of complying with the original order to purchase the hôtels, but in the mean time to give security for the performance, by a mortgage on their own property.

Thirteen years elapsed, and the General Belliard died at Brussels, in 1832, without heirs male, and without having fulfilled his contract.

The administration of the public domains then proceeded against the estate, as a claimant for the 100,000f., forfeited by the non fulfilment of the conditions. After long pleadings between the counsel, the tribunal at length decreed that the 100,000f. should be restored to the government out of the proceeds of the

general's estate, in common with the other creditors.

Dépensez de l'argent, faites travailler, were the general injunctions given by Napoleon to those whom he loaded with favors, and he was admirably seconded in this respect by all the young officers in the army, who, fully impressed with the uncertainty of life amidst these endless campaigns, thought only of living *au jour la journée*, and squandered their money with a prodigal hand, whenever a momentary peace or leave of absence permitted them to indulge in the enjoyments of this luxurious capital.

During the reign of the empire, arms might be called the only profession of youth in France, society had been purged of the *petits maîtres*, the *muscadins*, and the *incroyables*. All were driven into the path of military glory in search of preferment or death, and a warlike spirit was infused into the nation, which if it tinged the character with a certain degree of ferocity, at any rate never allowed them to degenerate into the frivolous coxcombs and effeminate idlers of former days.

A manly tone was given to the rising generation, little time was allowed for education or

study, but the life of camps imparted a knowledge of the world and of human nature, which in some degree supplied the want of more refined accomplishments. Scarce had the young soldier returned from a long campaign to cheer the longing eyes of an affectionate family, when the sound of the bugle again thinned the *salons* of Paris, and many a tender farewell in those days was only the prelude to an eternal separation.

Napoleon in private life had many good qualities, he was a kind master, and a sincere friend, but he would indulge in fits of humour at times, to which he could not endure a retort even from the fairer sex. The young Madame de L——, was a handsome woman with very red hair, which she was accustomed to disguise under a brown wig. One day at the Tuilleries Napoleon approached her and said, “Madame, on dit que vous êtes rousse.”

She replied with spirit, “Sire, c’est la première fois que j’ai rencontré un homme qui fut assez malhonnête pour me le dire.” He turned away in anger, and the next day she was banished from Paris.

The following curious memorandum made at the Ecole militaire of Brienne by M. de

Keralio, the inspector of that establishment in 1784, on the character of the *Elève Bonaparte* is still extant on the books.

“ M. de Bonaparte, (Napoléon) né le 15 Août 1769, taille de 4 pieds dix pouces, dix lignes, a fait sa quatrième; de bonne constitution, santé excellente, caractère soumis, honnête, reconnaissant; conduite très régulière; s’est toujours distingué par son application aux mathématiques. Il sait très passablement son histoire et sa géographie. Il est assez faible pour les exercices d’agrément, et pour le Latin, où il n’a fait que sa quatrième. Ce sera un excellent marin. Il mérite de passer à l’école militaire de Paris.”

This certificate of a sound constitution seems to contradict the general assertion that Napoleon was subject to a family internal complaint, which proved ultimately the cause of his death.

The following is given as an unpublished letter written by Napoleon to Talma, after the siege of Toulon, when he was still struggling against adverse fortune.

“ I have fought like a lion for the Republic, but, my good friend Talma, as my reward I am left to die with hunger. I am at the bottom of all my resources, that miserable fellow, Aubry, (then Minister of War,) leaves me in

the mire, when he might do something for me. I feel that I have the power of doing more than Generals Santerre and Rossignol, and yet they cannot find a corner for me in La Vendée, or elsewhere, to give me employment.

“ You are happy, your reputation depends on yourself alone. Two hours passed on the boards bring you before the public, from whence all glory emanates ; but for us soldiers we are forced to pay dearly for fame upon an extensive stage, and after all we are not allowed to attain it. Therefore do not regret the path you have chosen, remain upon your theatre. Who knows if I shall ever appear again on mine ! I have seen Monvel, (a distinguished actor,) he is a true friend ; Barras, President of the Directory makes fine promises, but will he keep them ? I doubt it. In the mean time I am reduced to my last sou. Have you a few crowns to spare me ? I will not refuse them, and promise to repay you out of the first kingdom I may win by my sword. How happy were the heroes of Ariosto, they had not to depend upon a Minister of War.

“ Adieu, Yours

“ BONAPARTE.”

At a time when suicide had become frequent

in the French army during the consulate, Napoleon stigmatised this crime by a public order to the army of which the following is a copy.

“ Ordre du jour, 22 floreal, an 10 de la République. Le grenadier Groblin s'est suicidé pour raisons d'amour. C'était d'ailleurs un bon sujet. C'est le second événement de ce genre qui arrive au corps depuis un mois. Le premier consul ordonne qu'il soit mis à l'ordre du jour de la garde : Qu'un soldat doit savoir vaincre la douleur et la méancolie des passions ; qu'il y a autant de vrai courage à souffrir avec constance les peines de l'âme, qu' à rester fixé sous la mitraille d'une batterie. S'abandonner au chagrin sans résister ; se tuer, pour s'y soustraire, c'est abandonner le champ de bataille avant d'avoir vaincu.”

(Signé) BONAPARTE,

(Contresigné) BESSIERES.

This document is said to have had great effect at the time, and the language in which it was couched, so calculated to affect the soldier's feelings, is a striking proof of that knowledge of the human heart, which characterised the writer.

When Napoleon returned from Egypt he found the whole state in confusion. One of his first objects was to remodel the whole system of taxation in France. With this view he assembled a committee of fifteen individuals, who had made the theory of this branch their peculiar study, and to these he added a certain political economist, who enjoyed a high reputation in Paris. The deliberations commenced in the following manner. "I wish to ask one question," said Napoleon, "is there any class of citizens who ought not to be amenable to the payment of taxes?"

"Without doubt," replied the economist, "the poor owe nothing to the state."

"What do you mean by the poor?" said Napoleon.

"I call those the poor," said the economist, "who having no property of their own, live by their daily labour, and are not more rich at the end of the year than they were at the beginning."

"But, Sir," said Napoleon, "that is one half of the population of France."

"That is of no importance," rejoined the economist, "the state is not called upon to protect the property of those, who have no

property at all; and that is the reason why they ought not to be called upon to contribute to the taxes."

"It is your opinion then," said Napoleon, "that a government is only to protect a citizen in his fortune. Well, on my part I view the functions of a government in a much higher light. I consider it as bound to protect the citizen in his very existence, *in his skin*, and above all in his honour. For instance I maintain that if your son should violate the daughter of your cowkeeper at Vaugirard, where you have a country house, your son should be hung."

"That is but just," said the economist.

"That he should be hung," added Napoleon, "and for that purpose we must have courts of justice."

Having once allowed the necessity of maintaining courts of justice to avenge the honour of the indigent labourer, every objection to his paying taxes must fall to the ground.

The economist gave up the argument; he appeared rather out of humour, and the discussion was continued without his uttering another word.

It being thus understood that the life and the honour of a poor man were as precious in

the eye of the law, as the life and honour of a rich man, it was decided that taxation, without which there could be neither police, magistrates, nor tribunals, should be extended to all classes of the state.

In the course of the debate it was asserted in favor of the indirect taxes, that being collected from the consumer either daily in the shape of price, or by small and gradual payments, the burthen of this charge was sensibly diminished.

“That advantage I deny,” said M. B——, one of the committee, “what difference can it make to the people, whether they pay in one instalment or a hundred, as long as the sum exacted remains the same?”

“Are you a good walker, sir?” asked Napoleon.

“Yes, General, (it was in 1800,) and I could with ease walk fifteen leagues in a day.”

“Well,” said Napoleon, “I should like to see you do it to-morrow morning before breakfast.”

“I could do it much more conveniently,” said M. B——, “if you gave me the whole day.”

“That is the very case in point,” said

Napoleon, "you have decided the question at once."

One most important benefit to society which must claim the nation's eternal gratitude to Napoleon, is the compilation of that code of laws, which he accomplished in his *Conseil d'Etat*, and which justly bears his name.

That assembly was instituted in 1800, at a time when the ordinances of the old parliaments, the common law, the public rights and the decrees of the convention, formed an incoherent mass of jurisprudence, which was daily cited before the tribunals to the great embarrassment and hindrance of an evenhanded justice. It was out of this labyrinth of laws and customs that under his inspection was prepared that simple but luminous and well digested collection of statutes, which not only dispensed equal justice, but rendered it nearly intelligible to all. The lawgiver himself is gone, the fruits of his victories have faded away, his conquests are restored, but the light of his master mind still shines abroad in a code of laws, which not only France, but even Italy, Holland, and Belgium still preserve with gratitude as the most valuable gift of the author. Surrounded by men of capacity and talent, Napoleon, always presided over this

Council of State, where even in the height of his imperial dignity he listened with deference to the opinions of others, and was even often outvoted by a majority of those who differed from him.

In the commencement of these sittings, and during the consulate, the language of that period breathed a spirit of liberty and equality analogous to the times; the discussions were carried on in the unceremonious tone of a general conversation, without form or premeditation; but though every one spoke his mind freely and forcibly, according to his own convictions, none ever thought of departing from that respect which was due to the chief magistrate of the republic, though he was confessedly in years the youngest of that assembly.

It may also be supposed that Napoleon, who was only thirty-two years of age, could hardly have adopted that magisterial gravity, which had become habitual to those around him, men advanced in life, and broken into the solemn forms of deliberative assemblies. It was quite natural that the young conqueror of Italy and of Egypt might occasionally forget, that choice of expressions and that dignified demeanour, which in later times the Emperor

never failed to preserve during these discussions in the Council. These discussions had a very peculiar character during the consulate, when contrasted with those, which took place under the empire; they were animated, lively, and original, in their progress and in their results; while the latter were cold, formal, and tardy in their accomplishment. It was not that Napoleon was scrupulous on the point of etiquette; on the contrary he did his utmost to banish it from the assembly, asserting himself, that it *paralysed the tongue*; but all was in vain, the members could not forget that they were in the presence of the Emperor, and the word Majesty is not calculated to render a discussion lively or unceremonious.

On these occasions Napoleon was always one of the principal speakers, and it must be allowed that all his remarks bore the stamp of that genius and talent, which enabled him to seize and comprehend every subject with such amazing facility. The great part of these speeches are preserved in the registers of the Council, but it may not be uninteresting to give a few unpublished details of those private conversations, which at times were accidentally mixed up with the grave and serious deliberations of that body.

It was in the year 11, that the Council of State was particularly occupied in digesting and consolidating those laws, which had reference to marriage and divorce. On the 22 Germinal, the first subject was brought under discussion, and after various points had been decided, it became the order of the day to determine at what age marriage should be permitted in France. "Is it desirable," said Napoleon, "that people should marry at fifteen and at thirteen years?" Some members replied in the affirmative, others in the negative. A proposition was then made of eighteen years for the men, and fourteen years for the women.

"This difference of age between the man and the woman is not sufficient," said the First Consul, "and still I should see less inconvenience in fixing the age at fifteen years for the men, than at thirteen years for the women. What good indeed can be expected from a *petite morveuse* of that age, who would have nine months of pregnancy to support into the bargain. You are perhaps ready to cite the example of the Jews! but we are not in those times, when, at Jerusalem a girl was marriageable at nine years; old at fifteen; and a grandmother at eighteen. You deny to children of

fifteen the capability of entering into any ordinary contract, how then can you permit them to form this most solemn of all engagements? And then nature! do you think she is to be counted for nothing? She it is, nevertheless, who ought to be the ground work of all human laws. It is my firm opinion that the man should not marry before he is twenty-one, nor the woman before she is sixteen." Without this provision we shall never have a hale and proper race in France. Upon the question of nullity of marriage from mistake as to the individual, he further said, "This mistake can have no reference to the physical attributes of the person, it must relate solely to the quality. A contract founded upon error or upon fraud is null. For example:— I wish to marry my cousin whom I have never seen, and who is just arrived from India; by some underhand scheme I am induced to marry a street walker. After having had a family of children by her, I discover that she is not my cousin, is this marriage valid? I have no hesitation in answering, yes; because there has been a reciprocity of feelings and sentiment in the connection.

"In marriage there are other considerations besides the union of name and fortune. A

legislator can never admit the idea that a man will marry a woman simply and solely on account of her personal beauty, or to speak more plainly from sensual motives. No! a thousand times, no! It is the moral qualities, of the woman, her mildness, her feeling, the order and economy which she is likely to introduce into a family, which alone should decide our choice. If these qualities then are the fundamental principles of marriage, would it not be shocking to annul it on the plea of some previous indiscretion, or of some secret personal deformity.

The beauty of a Venus de Medeci is only an adventitious quality in the marriage state. As for myself, I would have married a hump-back if I had found her gifted with that character and those sentiments, which were calculated to ensure my happiness. Men are not dogs."

Réal having read out a new proposition as to the nullity of marriage, the deliberations were resumed on that question, and Napoleon continued thus, "You make use of a wrong term in saying, the first marriage, because you have just asserted that in that case there was no marriage; I will now make a distinction of two separate cases—1st. It is no marriage,

without a consent given before the municipal officer ; and if it appears by the register that the woman has said, yes, when she has said, no !—2nd. If the woman having said, yes, shall afterwards prove that she acted under constraint or fear, it is still a marriage, but then it may be annulled. The same may be maintained with respect to the error of persons. If when I wished to marry a fair woman with black eyes, I was to find I had married a dark woman with blue eyes, would it then be no marriage ? If there was no error except in the colour of the hair and eyes, it is to all intents a marriage, but it may be null. Your manner of wording the clause, Citizen Réal, does not maintain this distinction.”

“ Nevertheless, Citizen Consul,” said the other, “ I have endeavoured to follow your ideas ; there is no consent when violence is used.”

“ Yes ! there may be consent, if it is only for a minute, but the consent has not been free.” Napoleon then added, “ As we have now no privileged castes, the act of marriage ought to be the most solemn of all our social institutions. Suppose for instance that I have married a woman whom I had known well for a long time ; in process of time I discover that

she is not the daughter of the person whom I had all along supposed to be her father : here is an error of the individual, but it is not the less a marriage ; otherwise it would be a joke, a positive mystification. There has been an interchange of feelings. Is not it so ? Well ! then so much the worse for me, who have formed a disadvantageous connection on false grounds. It would be a desireable thing to prevent people from marrying who had not known each other for six months at least ; but your article is not the less immoral on that account ; you look on marriage as a fishing party ; a legislator ought not to be guided by such considerations, he should always take for granted that a marriage is founded between the parties on a perfect knowledge of each other. I only make an exception where the woman is an accomplice in the fraud, but those cases are extremely rare."

"But the law ought not to be framed for cases which are extremely rare," said Cambaceres, in a very pointed manner, but rather aside.

"Well then, these cases are very common, Citizen Cambaceres," replied Napoleon, hastily, and giving the second Consul a look, which the other could not remark, as his eyes re-

mained fixed on his desk, "During the revolution, names were proscribed and abandoned. We have had an emigration; every day we see instances of children being found that were lost; you regard as essential to marriage that which I only regard as an accessory. Supposing a marriage is consummated, can you afterwards restore to her parents a child in the state in which she was before the marriage. What inconsistency! At a theatre the public would hiss a drama which was contrary to my system."

"I will suppose the fact of a soldier, who returns from the army after a ten years' absence," said the second Consul bridling up, "he wishes to marry his cousin."

"And he marries his uncle, perhaps," interrupted Napoleon with a bantering smile.

"Allow me, it is neither his uncle nor his aunt. The guardian has substituted his own daughter; here is no consent."

"You treat the matter like a man of business," cried Napoleon. "The marriage is valid, because, once more I repeat, the fortune is only an accessory; the union of the persons is the great point. Once for all then be convinced, Citizen Cambaceres, that alone is the real bond."

“Be it so,” replied the second Consul, evidently piqued by the interruption and the tone of the remark, “but I state another hypothesis; the soldier wishes to marry a woman who was ugly and poor, the guardian palms upon him one who is handsome and rich; he will not hear of it.”

“Your soldier is a fool,” interrupted Napoleon again, making at the same time a motion with his shoulder, which was the reverse of approbation.

“The soldier is a fool, I allow it, Citizen First Consul, but allow also that your reasoning falls to the ground.”

“By no means,” said Napoleon, with increased warmth, “your system dates from the time when marriages were made by procuration; in the present day people are married in their own persons.”

The following article was read aloud:—

“The marriage shall be celebrated in presence of the municipal officer in the neighbourhood of the parties.”

“Is it not your intention that the wife shall promise obedience,” said Napoleon, after having listened to several speakers who preceded him.

“There should be a regular set form, com-

prising the oath of fidelity and obedience from the woman, because it is right that she should clearly understand, that on quitting the protection of her own family she is placed immediately under that of her husband. The civil officer marries without any solemnity, this is a dry mode of proceeding. It is requisite to introduce something of a moral tendency. We must have recourse to the priests. There will be a sermon at church ; if it does not edify the new married couple, who are generally thinking of something else, the assistants must listen to it, and they may profit by it if they please. At all events it precludes that vulgar gossip which is but too frequent on such occasions."

The next article was :—" *The husband owes protection to his wife ; the wife owes obedience to her husband.*"

At the word *obedience*, a member said, " Did the laws of the ancients make this stipulation ?"

" What a question !" cried Napoleon, turning sharply round to the person who made the remark, " Are you not aware the Angel enjoined it to Adam and Eve ? In former times this covenant was pronounced in Latin at the moment of the celebration ; that is doubtless

the reason why the women never understood it. This clause is excellent, particularly for Paris, where the women think they have a right to do every thing that they please. I do not mean to say that it will have a beneficial effect on all, but it will influence some. Women have no other occupation than dress and amusement. If we were not all doomed to grow old, I would not have a wife. Ought we not to add likewise that the wife is not at liberty to frequent the society of those, who are displeasing to her husband? The women have always these words in their mouth. 'You want to prevent me from seeing my own acquaintance.' Then they begin to sob, and cry out, 'She is my only friend,' or what is still worse, 'He is my only friend,' and the tears flow in still greater abundance."

At these words of Napoleon which he accompanied with the most comical gestures, all the Counsellors of State burst out into a most immoderate fit of laughter; Cambaceres twisted himself about in his arm chair; Napoleon himself joined in the general hilarity; and when some degree of composure was reestablished around him, assuming a serious air, and taking a large pinch of snuff, he added, "Ah, ah! that is the real fact. Then,

as there is nothing so annoying as to see one's wife shed tears, one yields from mere weakness; she overpowers you with caresses and endearments from instinct; you permit her to see whom she pleases; and then, and then, you finish by being convinced, like many other husbands of the danger that arises from talking Latin to women. Yes, certainly the wife owes obedience to her husband in every thing and for every thing; the morality of all peoples has written this commandment in every language, and more particularly ought it to be written in French in our code."

Towards the close of this sitting, which was fertile in incidents, the council came to establish the principle that children were bound to provide a subsistence for their father and mother. Napoleon demanded that the obligation should be made reciprocal. It was proposed to trust entirely to the sentiments which nature has implanted in the breast of parents, maintaining that in all cases, a son who was of age, had no right to claim an alimony. Napoleon then took up the question.

"Are you then of opinion," said he, with the accent of a strong conviction, "that a father is authorised to drive from his house a daughter of fifteen years of age, who, if a real sense of

modesty prevents her from going on the town, must see herself reduced to steal, in order to procure the means of existence, or at any rate seek protection at the expense of her virtue. Ah, citizens, under the robe of a senator there beats the heart of a father, and to that do I now appeal! A child may be infirm, an idiot, or deaf and dumb, and a father who had a hundred thousand francs a year may say to that son, 'It is true I have a hundred thousand francs a year, but I keep them for myself, they are mine by right, and you shall not have a liard.' He might thus abandon, repudiate his offspring, and leave to immediate destitution him, who is one day to succeed him. Ah, citizens, you can never have reflected on this? Are we then a nation of savages?"

"It is for the tribunals to judge if the son is valid or not," said Berlier.

"I must stop you there," replied Napoleon, "what do you mean by the word valid? Can a rich father, actuated by mere caprice, suddenly drive his son, who has been bred up in affluence, to beg his bread in the streets. In such a case the father should be compelled to furnish him with a maintenance as long as he has the means; if he is ruined, that is a different thing; still I would bet that of the

two the ruined man would make the most sacrifices?"

"I am of the opinion of Citizen Berlier," said Tronchet, "we must leave that to the tribunals?" The question was then adjourned.

The discussion on the law of divorce took place at a later day.

One very extraordinary particularity in Napoleon, was the marked repugnance which he evinced during his consulate at the slightest allusion made in his presence to the term divorce. He seemed to dread least any one should dive into his thoughts, and guess the use which he meant to make eight years later of this measure, in order to perpetuate his dynasty. But no sooner were steps adopted in the Council of State, to prepare the organization of this law than he instantly appeared to take a great interest in it; he exaggerated the advantages, diminished the inconveniences, and in a word showed himself to be the warmest partizan of the measure. He himself long time previously named the day for this great legal discussion, which took place on the 14 Vendémiaire of the year 11. Every member appeared in his place at this sitting, which was known to be one of great interest, as the First Consul, to use his own expression, had *prepared* it;

that is, he had previously invited to dinner in rotation, and separately, the most influential speakers, that he might try to convince them, and bring them over to his opinion.

At last the day arrived, the hour of twelve was fixed for the meeting, but at half past eleven Napoleon was already in his place before his desk, surrounded by a number of the auditors, who seemed anxious to hear his preliminary remarks, before the graver discussions commenced. He first said to Thibaudeau who was nearly opposite to him, "The virtue of women has always been, and always will be, an object of suspicion in France."

"That has only been since the commencement of the regency," replied one of the members.

"Since the beginning of the world," said Bonaparte. "Both ancient and modern history, all our literature, particularly that of the stage, seem to rest on no other subject than adultery."

"Oh! oh! Citizen First Consul," cried out Thibaudeau.

"There is not the slightest doubt, and if you choose to be convinced, you have only to read the *Paradise Lost* of Milton. What do you think of Eve and the Serpent? Is it any-

thing but a pretty little symbol of adultery. The Iliad of Homer, *that eternal dotard*, runs entirely upon the infidelity of Helen, who conducts herself like one of our kept ladies in the Chaussée d'Antin. King David, that Louis XIV. of the Hebrews, was the victim of a most disreputable attachment, which even appears in his poetry. Andromache, Œdipus, Phedra, Mithridates, Orestes, which are all masterpieces in our language, represent adultery as the principal incident in their story; sometimes even the plot is of a more monstrous and horrible nature. Read Beaumarchais, his Figaro for instance; the history of France, of Rome; that of the middle ages; Jean Jaques Rousseau, even Voltaire; every where you find nothing but instances of illegal passions, of women who are loved in contravention of the laws. After all, who can be astonished that the crime of adultery should have entwined itself into our literature, when it has spread such deep roots into our history and our society.

“This is the reason, Citizen Portalis, why I lately told you, that in declaring myself as I now do, a warm advocate for the divorce, I espouse the cause of the injured husbands.”

“In my position as a magistrate,” said

Portalis, "I have had the opportunity of seeing various unfortunate husbands, and I can take upon myself to certify, Citizen First Consul, that in that number I have found some, whose conduct and demeanour were by no means deficient in dignity, energy, or sound sense."

"I readily believe it, nay more, I am convinced that when the crisis arrived, you must have found some, who, to use an expression of Citizen Lemer cier, knew how to *dramatize* their position. As for myself, I have never looked upon these ill used husbands as objects of ridicule: on the contrary I have felt an affection for them."

At these words the greater part of those who surrounded the First Consul began to laugh; Napoleon resumed.

"And I am going to plead for them; come Citizen Cambaceres, let us begin."

At this moment every one hastened to take his place, and when a general silence was proclaimed, Cambaceres rose and said with his southern accent, "The sitting is opened!"

After a long discussion, which afforded little interest, the divorce being admitted as a principle, it only remained to determine the causes; Portalis wished to render them extremely difficult, and stated his reasons.

“But, citizen Portalis,” interrupted the First Consul, “according to your system you strive to render the divorce incompatible with good morals. If you were the master I am persuaded that you would not admit the question at all, because you can never be said to advocate divorce if you render it dishonourable to all applicants, except those whose brazen foreheads are inaccessible to shame. Let us come to the point at once, explain yourself, are you for the divorce, or are you not?”

“Well then, Citizen First Consul,” replied Portalis, with some hesitation, “if we had to do with a new people, I would not admit it.”

“Stop there,” cried Napoleon, “that is precisely the point where I am prepared to meet you. Permit me, Citizen Raderer,” he added, making a sign with his hand to that counsellor, who had risen to speak, “I demand the permission to reply, sit down and listen to me.—An individual shall have married young, and as a matter of course imprudently. I will suppose a Parisian; it will not be long before he discovers that he has committed a great mistake, and that he does not find in the object of his choice those qualities which he had reason to expect. Both man and wife have tastes

of the most opposite description ; each from a spirit of contradiction persists in doing that which is most disagreeable to the other ; their home becomes a sort of hell upon earth. According to your system, Citizen Portalis, this unfortunate husband will have no power to dissolve his marriage, without accusing his wife of misconduct or profligacy, that is to say in other words, without ruining her character, and by the same implication dishonouring himself. You state that a divorce grounded on incompatibility of tempers is fatal to the married people, to their children, and to their families. In my opinion nothing can be more fatal after a bad marriage than a disgraceful divorce. I well know that formerly there were more separations than divorces. But these separations, which I will call artificial, were the worst of all, they brought with them in their train a host of deplorable circumstances, one more distressing than the other. For instance, do you look upon it as nothing, that a woman, who has already outstepped the bounds of virtue, should have the opportunity of continuing an irregular course of life, under the protection of the name of her husband, which she uses for her own purposes like a *parachute* ; and at the present time do we not

every day see instances of a husband, who has thought fit to consent to an amicable separation, being exposed to hear in society the most distressing remarks. How often does it happen to him to be accosted by one of those powdered coxcombs, with his chin hid in a cravat, who go chattering about in every corner of a *Salon*, ‘Have not you heard?’ ‘What?’ ‘Mrs. So and So was seen the other day with Mr. So and So.’ ‘Poh!’ replies the husband affecting a surprise. ‘Oh, but that is not all, she had already been in another place with Mr. Such a one.’ ‘Really!’ says the poor husband, who would willingly have pounded the jackanapes in a mortar, ‘I could not have believed it!’ ‘Oh it is perfectly true, I give you my sacred word of honour.’ ”

“Well then, citizens,” continued Bonaparte under great excitement, and striking violently with the palm of his hand the enormous bundle of papers before him, “is not that the most outrageous insult, which can be offered to a man of honour? But what is to be done? I am ready to admit the corporeal separation, but I will not support it at the expense of the divorce; the remedy would be worse than the evil. At present I return to the clause, which enumerates the various causes of divorce.

Who is there among us, who, like that ancient sage, would wish that his house was made of glass, that every one might see the interior, and even his most secret actions? No one!—And yet it would be desirable that such were the case. As for myself, and it is not out of vanity that I say it, I could live in a lantern, but unfortunately every one does not view things in the same light with myself. But if the separation has the same effects as the divorce, without possessing its advantages, why not incline to the latter?

“Another objection you make is the respect due to our religion, but if the husband should be a Protestant?

“The second article of the projected law specifies, it is true, the causes for which a divorce shall be admissible, but here again, what misfortune can equal that of being obliged in open court, to reveal before a crowd of spectators, who are eager for every sort of scandal, the most secret details of your private domestic life. That mitigated plea of incompatibility of temper, which I propose, gets rid at once of all their hateful embarrassments, in as much as it comprises facts, and proofs, but of a less dishonourable nature than those which you require.

“The proof of adultery is always very difficult to establish, and yet the husband who shall be unable to bring forward these proofs *de visu*, as the lawyer’s term it, is not the less obliged to live with a woman, whom he abhors, whom he despises, and who under his very nose has brought into his family children, with whom he has no affinity. If a union is unfortunate, it belongs to the civil law, (which is totally independent of the Sacramental law,) to remedy the evil, by endeavouring to provide if not for the happiness, at least for the tranquillity of man and wife, when driven to the extremity of a formal separation.”

“The law has done every thing that is feasible to protect those who are married, and prevent separations,” said Portalis, as soon as the First Consul had ceased to speak. “Man is the creature of nature; society is founded upon that principle, because man is a social being, and above all marriage is founded in nature.”

“That I deny, Citizen Portalis,” replied Napoleon with considerable warmth, “marriage, as you comprehend it, is not derived from nature, but from society and morals. The eastern family differs widely from the western. The first is composed of several

wives, and a great number of concubines ; that appears immoral in our eyes, but the system is not the less practised, and the laws have made provision for it. I do not adopt the opinion that marriage originates in the civil law, and that the civil law dates from the natural law. The Romans viewed this subject in a different light. Citizen Portalis, allow me to tell you, that you have in no way replied to my objections ; marriage is not always the result of love. A young person of good family, well brought up, gives her consent to marry, because it is the custom, because she wishes to become independent, and have an establishment ; she accepts as her husband a man, whose age is disproportioned to her's, whose taste and way of thinking have no resemblance or sympathy with her own. It is for the law then to provide her a retreat for that moment, when her illusions being dissipated, she acknowledges that she has been trepanned into an uncongenial marriage, to which she had been seduced into giving her consent."

"There is no seduction, allow me to remark in my turn, Citizen First Consul," interrupted Portalis ; "from the moment that the law requires the consent of parents to the mar-

riage of their children, it may be inferred that this law has provided against the possibility of a surprise. There may be some difficulties, I grant, on both sides, but marriage is not instituted solely for the two contracting parties. It is not merely a contract, as you asserted the other day, Citizen First Consul, marriage is a fact."

"Well, let it be so," said Napoleon smiling, "I own that I was mistaken, but if such is the case, proscribe the divorce after a certain time, after ten years for instance, that is not too much. I shall then understand your reasons. A man ought not to send away a wife by whom he has had children, except for cause of adultery, but then it becomes a criminal case. I should likewise not permit any one to be divorced twice; otherwise a man might take as many wives as Bluebeard, who found out a very short mode of parrying the difficulties of a divorce. I would also prohibit those, who were once divorced, from marrying again unless after a delay of five years at least, in order that they may not be actuated by any inducement of a second fortune, or the more culpable indulgence of passion, like this same Bluebeard."

At these words, which were delivered in a

very facetious tone, an extraordinary whispering was suddenly heard in various parts of the council room; all eyes were turned towards one of the members, who for some time past had been suing before the tribunals for a divorce, in order, as it was said, that he might marry a young orphan with whom he was deeply in love, and whom he wished to endow with all his fortune, although he had already two children by his present wife. These remarks of Bonaparte were more peculiarly applicable to this magistrate, as there really did exist between him and the haughty Castellan, as described by Perrault, a certain similarity of position, of character, and even of feature. Every one felt convinced that the First Consul had wished to seize this opportunity of giving him, if not a lesson, at least a useful hint: more particularly, as during the debate, he had strongly inveighed against the deplorable mania which existed at the time in suing for divorces, and stigmatised it as an abuse, which had taken deep root in all classes of society. The whisperings and private communications became at last so audible that the sitting was suspended. Napoleon had readily divined the cause of this interruption, and whether he had or had not intended any

malicious allusion to the individual, he at once wished to relieve him from the embarrassment, under which he laboured.

While the unfortunate Counsellor remained with a downcast head, and pallid cheek, unable to lift his eyes from the ground, Napoleon rose, and having several times struck the edge of the table with the ivory paper knife in his hand, to command attention, he said with a voice full of dignity and emotion, "I must declare upon my soul and upon my conscience that I had no intention to make the slightest unbecoming allusion to any one in this place; much less to wound the feelings of an honourable colleague, whom we all respect, and for whose character and talents I individually retain a particular esteem. Such an intention on my part would have been worse than an impropriety, it would have been an act of cowardice."

"Oh! oh!" resounded from all sides.

"Yes! an act of cowardice," repeated the First Consul, "and you know *me*, Citizen Legislators! I feel therefore at this moment extremely anxious to believe, that you are all ready to render me that justice, which I now claim from you; the conviction that I am incapable of ever departing from that strict

line of propriety, which the gravity of our debates, and the importance of our labours render so strictly imperative on my part."

The cries of "Bravo! bravo!" mixed with unanimous applauses, were almost immediately repressed by "*Hist! hist!*" from those who were near the confused magistrate, and soon restored order and silence. As for him, who was the cause of this incident, these words of the First Consul, so particularly addressed to him in the frank explanation which had just been made, affected him so sensibly, that he was seen several times to pass his hand before his eyes. He did not quit his place, but that very evening a sincere reconciliation was effected between him and his wife, through the mediation of mutual friends, and from that time they continued to live in perfect harmony.

As soon as the calm was reestablished, Napoleon, who had only replied by a gentle inclination of the head, to the flattering marks of approbation which had been lavished on his profession of faith, rose, and with a composure which would have given no idea that any thing extraordinary had just taken place, said, "I continue, as I have not finished. If Citizen Legislators you succeed in overcoming

the inconveniences which I have pointed out to you, you will have done every thing that the cause of good morals requires ; but you will not have shut your eyes to the vices of your own system without a proper warning. We will however return to this question, because I do not as yet consider myself as defeated."

Having said these words, Bonaparte leant towards the second Consul, and whispered something in his ear. Cambaceres took out his watch, appeared to consult a moment with Napoleon, who made a sign of assent, then pushing back his arm-chair said—

"The sitting is finished, and adjourned to the day after to-morrow."

"Agreed," added the First Consul, and taking his hat and gloves, he made a gracious inclination of the head, accompanied with a smile, and disappeared. At that moment the castle clock of the Tuilleries struck six.

There is a raciness of ideas and a freshness of character in these casual remarks, uttered by Bonaparte the legislator, which place him in a very favorable point of view as a moral, as well as an intellectual being. They throw a new light upon his real character and genius ; instead of the ambitious hero intent on war and

conquest, we see a good citizen exerting the powers of a superior understanding to improve the moral and social position of his countrymen, with an honest warmth and an indefatigable spirit, which demands the highest praise. It is much to be regretted that no member of this council has ever yet made public a compilation of all the speeches and observations which fell from Napoleon during these debates, (some must undoubtedly have taken notes at the time, or they might probably be found in the public archives of the court) they would be of the highest interest to all, and of more value to the philanthropist, than the pompous recital of all his warlike campaigns. It is fair to suppose that such new sources of information would raise this extraordinary man still higher in public estimation ; as it is well known that Cambaceres, on one occasion, when Napoleon had electrified the council by the perspicuity of his ideas, and the depth of his arguments, was no longer able to restrain the enthusiasm of his admiration, and suddenly exclaimed :—
“ *Cet homme est à lui seul la législation incarnée.* ”

After the 18th Brumaire, M. Andrieux was elected one of the Tribunes, and acted as President of that assembly, during the space of three months. The first clause of the projected

Civil Code had just been rejected, and it was notorious that M. Andrieux had mainly contributed to its defeat. When Bonaparte complained to him of the opposition which he had experienced from the Tribunat on that occasion, "Citoyen Premier Consul," said he, "on ne s'appuye que sur ce qui resiste." An expression as remarkable for its wit as for its depth of reasoning, but not in general very palatable to kings and rulers.

When Mademoiselle Rose de Montferrier, niece to M. Cambaceres, a young and beautiful girl, was married to M. Basterreche, a banker at Bayonne, and established in Paris with an immense fortune, but a monster of ugliness, every one was astonished that the young lady should have shown so little repugnance to the match. The *corbeille de mariage*, the pearls and the diamonds were the subject of general admiration, and mentioned in the presence of Bonaparte, who smiling observed. "*Le present fait oublier le futur.*"

Notwithstanding the vast projects with which his mind was unceasingly occupied, Napoleon would often indulge in mirthful sallies, even at moments when the solemnity of the occasion had little prepared his hearers for such an unexpected vein of pleasantry. When the Ameri-

can Minister, M. Livingston was first presented at the levée of the First Consul, he had then made but little proficiency in the French language, and was easily embarrassed with any sudden interpellation. After the usual ceremony of introduction, Bonaparte wishing to commence the conversation with some complimentary allusion to the United States, said in his usual blunt manner: “ *Le vieux monde est corrompù, il n’y a plus maintenant que le nouveau monde.*” The minister not exactly comprehending the import of the phrase, looked embarrassed and made no reply. Napoleon who at first began to grow impatient, soon conjectured the real cause of his silence, but unable himself to explain his meaning in English, he turned round to seek among those who were near his person, some one who was conversant in that language. The first person who met his eye was Cambaceres, whom he immediately beckoned to him, and said with a malicious smile, “ *Dites lui que le vieux monde est corrompù, vous en savez quelque chose, vous !*”

Napoleon founded at Paris four principal colleges for the education of youth, under the name of Lyceums ; he thus laid the first stone for the revival of letters in France, after the dark age of the revolution.

These institutions were called the Imperial Lyceum, that of Napoleon, of Bonaparte, and of Charlemagne. His expression on this occasion was, "All these little boys are so many seeds of officers, which I plant for the harvest," and though they were left to their choice, if any of them showed a predilection for a civil profession, it was not the way to pay their court to the Emperor. On the birth of the King of Rome, prizes were offered by the Academy then called the *Institut*, for the best productions in verse on that joyous occasion. One of the first class was gained by M. Casimir Delavigne, at the age of sixteen, a pupil of the Napoleon Lyceum, who has since given such ample proofs of his poetical genius to the French public. When the Emperor learnt the success of the young Laureat on his first visit to the Lyceum, he sent for him, and asked what favor he could confer upon him. The young poet who had no fortune, and felt that he must one day become the support of his family, said with some hesitation, "Sire, I would entreat your Majesty to exempt me from the conscription." Napoleon gave a slight frown, and shaking his head, laconically replied "It is granted," but the interview was immediately closed.

The Emperor, with all his great talents and unprecedented success, was little calculated to be a pattern of good manners to his court; his temper was hasty and violent, at times impatient of controul, and would break out at the slightest opposition; it was a common expression with those about him to say, “*Son sourcil annonçait l’orage,*” and the result seldom failed to realise the prediction. It is asserted that one day Napoleon treated M. de Talleyrand in such an extraordinary manner, that the irritated minister was unable to contain his disgust, and that he afterwards said to a foreign ambassador, “*Quel dommage, Monsieur, qu’ un si grand homme soit si mal élevé !*”

Another act of Napoleon more immediately directed towards the remodelling of society in France, was the Institution at Ecouen, placed under the management of Madame Campan, where the daughters, sisters and nieces of those who had been decorated with the Legion of Honour were educated at the expense of the State. The Comte Lacepede, the pupil and friend of Buffon, was then Grand Chancellor of the Legion; he was commissioned to concur with Madame Campan in laying down the regulations of this valuable institution. The precautions for health, the hours of instruction

and even of relaxation from study, the religious principles, the methodical distribution of time during the twenty-four hours, were all submitted to the Emperor himself, whose mind seemed fitted to embrace every idea from the highest political questions to the minutest details of private life; he could inspect a seminary of young ladies with as much attention as he would review the grenadiers of his old guard. When the circumstantial report was made to him on this subject by Madame Campan, it was proposed that the pupils should attend *Mass* every *Sunday* and *Thursday*, Napoleon erased the last words, and inserted in the margin, *every day*.

According to the rules of this institution, each of the elder pupils took a younger one under her care, and protected her with the assiduity of a mother. They were not admissible after twelve years, and at eighteen they were restored to their families. They were only permitted to write to fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts; and they received no letters except through the medium of the governess. At seven in winter, at six in summer the bell summoned them to chapel, and thence to breakfast; time was then allowed for recreation till ten o'clock, when they entered their

classes. At twelve an intermission of study was allowed for the second breakfast, which consisted only of dry bread, and it was then resumed till three o'clock. At that hour came dinner, and then recreation till five, then needlework till seven, recreation again till eight, after which supper, and evening prayer. At nine all the pupils retired to rest. They were never left alone or abandoned to themselves for a moment day or night. The teachers were always present, slept near them in the dormitories, and took it by turns to go the rounds every hour to maintain order and silence.

Each pupil marked her own clothes, and made her own linen; they commenced the day by making their own beds, arranging their desks, and the necessary preparations for their daily studies. The pupils were divided into sections, each section comprised two classes, each class was designated by the colour of the sash. There were general inspections every three months, but only twice a year was held the *grand concours*.

This meeting was presided over by the Grand Chancellor, the directress, the head governess, and other ladies of the establishment; all were assembled in the great hall, called, *Salle Hor-*

tense, after the Queen of Holland, who was named Patroness by Napoleon, and there the prizes and the new sashes were distributed. This was an awful day for the orphans of the Legion of Honour ; each was to be rewarded according to her conduct, and if many a little heart beat high with hope and expectation that she should be proclaimed *une des biens*, and change her green sash for one of violet, there were others, who dreaded the mortifying appellation of *sujettes insoumises*, and the penalty of wearing a grey sash.

The morning was ushered in by a distribution of white stockings, which was a source of great exultation, as on ordinary days the pupils wore blue.

At the signal of the bell they were all conducted by the superintendents and teachers into the hall of inspection, where seats were placed around, one above the other, in form of an amphitheatre. This circular hall had previously been decorated with those samples of writing and drawing, which were deemed worthy of a public exhibition. In front of this amphitheatre stood the arm-chair reserved for the Grand Chancellor, before which was a desk ; and on each side were seated the head governess and the inspectress ; chairs were

placed here and there for the *Dames dignitaires* and the superintendents ; no person a stranger to the institution was permitted to attend the ceremony, not even a mother to witness the success of her child.

“ Hush, hush ! young ladies,” cried the teachers, “ the Marshal is coming,” and the Grand Chancellor, accompanied by the dignified ladies, entered the hall. All rose in an instant, and the cry of *Vive le Maréchal*, at once resounded from their gentle voices. When a little order was restored, the Marshal made a short prefatory speech in a low tone, which was little heard and less attended to. The two first sections now descend from their *gradins*, and form a circle round the desk of the sovereign judge, who asks certain questions in history, geography, and arithmetic, which sometimes neither redounded much to the credit of the examiner or the pupil. The great object of interest and ambition was the dance. At a signal from the Mistress, those young ladies who from their proficiency were singled out on this occasion, executed to the sound of the piano a country dance of their own composition. Here a spectator might judge of their excellence, less by watching the feet of the dancers, than by consulting the features of the

dancing mistress, whose countenance was painfully distorted whenever a pupil failed in performing her task. This operation finished, the concert began, which lasted an hour, every variation was performed from the *sonatine* to the *fantaisie* of Kalkbrenner, from the plaintive romance of Plantade to the noisy finale of Spontini.

These exercises were followed by the distribution of the *cachets* for merit, which were the only prizes. Unlike those rewards given to the young students at college, those classical crowns, those volumes richly bound and gilt, the poor orphans of the Legion received only square cards, on which were written the name of the gainer, and the line of study in which she had excelled. These modest little tokens, very white, very transparent, and surrounded with a simple vignette, caused to the fortunate little possessor a joy which no words could describe.

This distribution was followed by another, that of the bread for the second breakfast, but this time it was not to be eaten dry, thanks to the sweetmeats and sticks of chocolate, which the parents had been allowed to send on the preceding evening for this innocent banquet.

After a short respite, silence was again pro-

claimed, when the head governess produced a long register, in which were inscribed the names of those who were deemed worthy of advancement to a higher class; these received the sashes appropriated to those classes, beginning with the youngest. The inspectress proceeded to name those pupils of each section who had deserved the medal, which was conferred upon them by the Maréchal, who complimented them in a speech replete with paternal kindness. Last of all came a more melancholy list; it contained the names of those unfortunates, to whom the grey sash was decreed. For six long months were they doomed to wear this badge of transgression, which was the heaviest punishment that the rules of the house ever inflicted.

During a visit which Napoleon made to the young ladies of Ecouen, he found them in their classes occupied with needle-work; after some preliminary remarks as to their progress, and occupations, he suddenly turned to Mademoiselle Brouard, one of the pupils, and in the same way in which he would put an embarrassing question to a Préfet, or to a Minister, he asked her, "How many needlefuls of thread she would require to make a shirt?"

"Sire," she replied, "I would only require

one, provided I could find that one long enough."

This clever and appropriate answer was rewarded on the spot by a gold chain from the Emperor, which she wore round her neck to the end of her life.

While education had been so sadly neglected during the first years of the revolution, it may be well imagined that this liberal institution not only produced inestimable advantages to its own members, but likewise promoted a spirit of emulation in all the female seminaries, and boarding schools throughout the country. The women in France are generally better educated than the men, but more particularly in the middling and trading classes, where the writing and accounts are constantly entrusted to the wives and daughters of the establishment, while the husband is employed in the more laborious occupations of his business.

In other countries the tradesman's wife is banished to her kitchen and her nursery, or employed in the drudgery of the household; in France the sex not only asserts its equality of

rights with men, but often takes the lead in promoting the welfare of the common establishment. Who has not observed with pleasure the neatness and intelligence of the French housewife, seated at her writing desk, dressed with a degree of taste not unbefitting her situation, but which even her superiors might envy; she seems with her pen in her hand, and her intelligent eye, to be the master spirit, which maintains order and regularity through all the branches of the little republic. It may be allowed that the women in France are of a superior *caste* to their equals in any other country, their manners are more refined, and their taste beyond comparison better. From the *grande dame* down to the *grisette*, there is a stamp of ease and calm self possession, which enhances the dignity of high bred manners in the one, and gives a natural charm to the more simple attributes of the other. At any rate the equality which women possess in common with their husbands here, and which is allowed them both in society and in domestic life, tends to elevate and strengthen their minds. It may give them a feeling of independence, which will never tempt a generous mind to swerve from the path of duty, and at the same

time divests their manners of that awkward embarrassment, which is often confounded with vulgarity.

When Pope Pius VII. was detained at Fontainebleau in 1812 by Napoleon whose object was to extort from him his assent to the Concordat, his calmness and presence of mind never once deserted him, he felt deeply the unjust restraint to which he was subjected; but never lost sight of his own dignity, and at times, even treated his tyrannical host with contempt. At one of their first interviews after his arrival, Napoleon opened the subject which he had so much at heart, in a very elaborate speech, but the quicksighted Italian at once saw through all the finesse of his arguments, and the wiles which were laid to entrap him. He sat tranquil and composed in his arm-chair, listened patiently to all that was said, without making a single comment, or betraying the slightest emotion. When Bonaparte had concluded his exordium, and seemed to wait for a reply, the Pope without changing a muscle of his features, merely said in a low tone, as if communing with himself, "Comediante! Comediante!" This

was too much for the irritable temper of the Emperor, he saw that his rhetoric was of no avail, and his passion was roused at the insult, he clenched his fist in a menacing manner, and with a countenance full of indignation, he said to the Pope, "What! do you dare to call me a Comedian?" and then launched into a string of invectives against his Holiness. Pius VII. listened calmly as before, and when a pause at last ensued, he merely said in the same impassible tone and manner as before, "Tragediante! Tragediante!" which terminated the conversation for that day. But Napoleon was not so easily disconcerted, he knew his power, and returned so often to the charge, that at last he gained his point.

Pius VII. was kept as a state prisoner at Fontainebleau for nearly two years; a splendid suite of apartments was appropriated to his use; he was attended by sixteen Cardinals, and served by his own attendants, but a large establishment of servants and equipages were placed at his disposal, of which he declined to avail himself. He never once during his stay crossed the threshold of the Palace. Not so the Cardinals, particularly Ruffo, who went to the *chasse* and beguiled the time as well as circumstances would permit. Mass was daily

celebrated in the great drawing-room allotted to the Pope, which was hung with tapestry representing the feats and banquets of the Heathen Gods, no very appropriate decoration for a Catholic chapel.

Under that very roof, where the persecuted Pontiff, worn out by the threats and importunities of his designing host, signed that famous Concordat, the recollection of which embittered the few remaining years of his existence, did Napoleon himself, fallen from his dreams of grandeur, in two short years afterwards sign that act of abdication which sealed the fate of his power and his dynasty. Perhaps the same table served the double purpose of oppression to the one and humiliation to the other. In the private apartments of Napoleon at Fontainebleau is still shown to the curious a small round mahogany table, which bears a brass plate, reciting this last act of his Imperial grandeur, while an autograph copy of the following document framed and glazed, is exhibited on the opposite console.

“ Les puissances alliées ayant proclamé que l'Empereur Napoléon était le seul obstacle au rétablissement de la paix en Europe, L'Empereur Napoléon, fidèle à son serment, déclare, qu'il renonce pour lui et pour ses héritiers aux

trônes de France et d'Italie, et qu'il n'est aucun sacrifice qu'il ne fasse, même celui de la vie, pour l'intérêt de la France."—11 Avril, 1814.

Such are the vicissitudes of human life.

The most concise panegyric on the fame of Napoleon was made by the late Earl Dudley, whose wit and classical acquirements will long be remembered with regret by those who knew him. It was at Vienna in the year 1817, when he was still Mr. Ward, that he dined one day with a large party at the house of Prince Metternich. The conversation at table turned on the merits of Napoleon, as a great general. Every one present gave his opinion according to his own impressions, except Mr. Ward, who remained silent. The Prince then addressed him, and asked whether he was not of opinion that the hero was more indebted to circumstances than to his own individual merits for his extraordinary career. Ward, curling up his lip, as was his usual habit when he said anything emphatic, made the following pointed reply, which was received with much approbation.

"Mon Prince, je ne suis pas militaire, mais il me semble que Napoléon a rendu la gloire passée douteuse, et la gloire future impossible."

The *Æra* of the Empire has left its lasting trace of military glory, of public monuments, and grand designs; but few vestiges of taste and refinement in private life. Notwithstanding the influx of wealth and luxury, the manners of that day were rough, and untinctured with the wit and gallantry of former times. It was a society formed by chance, a court dropped from the clouds, where many of the individuals when they looked back on their humble origin, and the lowness of their early prospects in life, must almost have doubted the reality of that new born splendour and prosperity, which the caprice of fortune had showered upon them. Pastrycooks had become princes; lawyers' clerks had become generals and marshals; but bravery supplied the place of genealogy, and where all had equally risen from a plebeian race, one species of pride at least was necessarily excluded. Amidst all the splendour of that period in vain do we look for any traces of that good taste which had characterized the latter days of the old monarchy. Without derogating from the merits and achievements of Napoleon and his followers it may be asserted, that in the decorations of their houses, their furniture and what may be called the refinements of

social life, they were far from vying with those whose places they had usurped; neither was it to be expected that men, whose early habits had been formed under such very different circumstances should have been able at once to appreciate those nicer distinctions of taste and manners, which are only to be acquired by a liberal education, and a faithful study of the arts. “*Ingenuas, didicisse fideliter artes. Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.*”

While the graceful designs of the age of Louis XIV. are revived and copied by the artists of the present day, the cumbersome ornaments of the Empire, the Sphynx's heads, the Egyptian forms, and the Roman curule chairs, which were then universally adopted, are now consigned to the broker's shop, or converted to the use of firewood. The Emperor himself encouraged the arts with a fostering hand, but the scenes of confusion, which preceded his reign, had checked the growth of genius, and where talent had been so long neglected, it was vain to suppose that it should at once shoot forth again with undiminished vigour at the bidding of a master. Compared with the designs in sculpture and bronze of the age of Louis XIV. how feeble and frivolous are those which remain of the

time of the Empire, the ornaments in *or moulu* are ill executed and devoid of grace, the carvings in wood seem traced by the hand of a common carpenter, and while the costly works of Buhl and Reissner, or the splendid services of old Sèvres china were consigned to the lumber rooms of this new aristocracy, as unworthy of their notice, millions were expended in the purchase of those clumsy and tasteless decorations, which had no other recommendation than novelty, and the contrast which they offered to all the taste and recollections of the old *régime*.

M. de Talleyrand has often related with a smile, that when, after his return from America, he was made Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Directory, he was installed in a grand hôtel, where the servants were in the habit of using fine old Sèvres china, taken from the *Garde Meuble*, for all the common purposes of the kitchen and offices, instead of earthenware, which these children of the revolution considered more valuable, in all probability, because it was new.

Dress, equipage, and manners also bore the rough stamp peculiar to the empire, a mixture of crude splendour and awkward magnificence; some ridicules and eccentricities were not

wanting in society to replace those of former times, but they were of a different character, less positively frivolous than the last, and the national glory shone with so much lustre, that they were thrown into the shade, or at most considered as bad counterfeits of the brilliant qualities by which they were surrounded.

The *Æra* of the empire passed away in its turn, and made way for that period which has been called the Restoration. Louis the 18th was placed on the throne, and the nation tired of wars and conscriptions accepted him as a pledge of tranquillity and of peace with Europe. The consistent *Moniteur* sounded its usual note of rejoicing in the following paragraph: “*L’ogre Corse est terrassé, les Bourbons sont remontés sur le trône de leurs pères; que les cœurs respirent la joie! on dansera demain à Tivoli, au profit des victimes.*” With the monarchy came the revival of a host of old recollections; the hôtels in the Faubourg St. Germain opened awide their ponderous gates to receive their long absent owners, who had grown old in banishment abroad. Many had died in foreign lands under the ban of proscription, and their children were now seen coming to claim the rights of Frenchmen, and that inheritance from which they had so long been unjustly debarred.

Amidst this confusion of claims how many were doomed to sue for their rights in vain ; the holders of national property, which was the term given to those estates confiscated by the convention, were ready to defend their new acquisitions, and a government so lately established could not pretend to interpose its authority where an attempt to render justice on one side would still be a manifest injustice on the other. These discussions created a general feeling of alarm in the country, and tended to keep alive that settled rancour and ill will against the returned families, which a clashing of interests never fails to engender. It was chiefly from this cause, and not so much from their opposite political opinions, that may be dated that lasting antipathy which has existed between the old nobility and the men of the revolution, who could only class each other as usurpers on the one side, and as intruders on the other. Though no contravention of existing rights was ever put in force or even attempted, the very idea was sufficient to create much doubt and anxiety, many overtures were made at that time to the former possessors, by those who held property of that description, to obtain some cession of their original title for a certain consideration, and in particular cases

where sales were meditated, few purchasers were to be found, who did not require some accessory guarantee of that nature, for their own security. This wound was at last healed by the grant of indemnities awarded to the emigrants.

The Restoration changed at once the surface of Parisian society; in deference to the prejudices of all, an attempt was made from the throne to blend the two discordant castes of the old and new nobility into some degree of harmony, but the pretensions on both sides were too overt and too irreconcilable to admit of such a fusion. In one point both were agreed, all sought for honours and distinctions at court with equal avidity, and Louis XVIII, who understood his own delicate position better than his immediate followers, attempted to dispense his favors with some degree of impartiality. It was natural that he should attach to his person those who had been his faithful friends in exile. but in the management of state affairs he was always ready to employ the old servants of Napoleon when their characters and talents might prove beneficial to the public service. Among those who were the most anxious to obtain employment at the court of Louis XVIII, none showed more servility and

assiduity to accomplish his purpose than Fouché Duc d'Otrante. He at last had a private interview with the King, when he formally expressed his desire to dedicate his life to his service. Louis replied, "You have occupied under Bonaparte a situation of great trust, which must have given you opportunities of knowing every thing that passed, and of gaining an insight into the characters of men in public life, which could not easily occur to others. Were I to decide on attaching you to my person, I should previously expect that you would frankly inform me what were the measures, and who were the men that you employed in those days to obtain your information. I do not allude to my stay at Verona or at Mittau, I was then surrounded by numerous adherents; but at Hartwell for instance, were you then well acquainted with what passed under my roof?"

"Yes, Sire, every day the motions of your Majesty were made known to me."

"Eh, what! surrounded as I was by intimate friends, who could have betrayed me? What wretch could thus have abused my confidence, I insist on your naming him immediately."

“Sire, you urge me to say that which must wound your Majesty’s heart very deeply.”

“Speak sir, Kings are but too subject to be deceived in their fondest hopes.”

“You command it, Sire; well then I must own that I was in correspondence with the Duc d’Aumont.”

“What! that wretched De Pienne, who possessed my entire confidence,” said the King with visible emotion, and at the same time continuing with a malicious smile: “to be sure, I must say he was very poor, and he had many expenses to defray, and living is very dear in England; well then, M. Fouché, it was I, sir, who dictated to him those letters which you received every week, and I gave up to him the 12000f. out of the 48000f. which you so regularly remitted to obtain an exact account of all that was passing in my family.”

These words terminated the audience, and the Duke retired in confusion.

If the two adverse parties in the state viewed each other with little cordiality and good will, there was still one connecting point between them, on which both were able to profess a certain degree of unanimity. The national pride had suffered a severe blow by the late

foreign invasion, and it was natural that the Imperialists who had so lately seen their arms proudly triumphant all over Europe, should feel a galling indignation at their present reverses, and the occupation of France by the allied troops ; but it was hardly to be supposed that the Royalists, who owed not only their dawning prosperity, but their very political existence to this intervention, should have eagerly joined in the clamour against their benefactors. They were well contented to take advantage of the new order of things to return to France, they flocked round a throne which had been established by foreign bayonets, but wishing to identify themselves at once with the general feeling of the country, they forgot their own relative position, and were guilty at least of a glaring inconsistency. Louis XVIII himself, who had twice been reinstated on his throne during the space of a twelvemonth by the allied powers, lost no opportunity afterwards of expressing his discontent at their troops remaining in France, although he must still have felt that their presence was necessary to his own preservation. Duels were then of daily occurrence ; the French military indignant at the sight of foreign armies in their capital frequented the public streets and coffee

houses out of uniform, in order to insult the objects of their hatred, and many an unoffending victim paid the penalty of his life in a private quarrel which had no other grounds than public animosity.

Time, which mellows the most inveterate feelings, at length succeeded in pacifying these excitements. The monarchy began to take root in France, the Royalists gradually gained the ascendancy, and the Republican party, finding no echo to their discontents in the voice of the nation, who were satisfied with the growing prosperity and wished for peace and tranquillity at home, deemed it most prudent to stifle their complaints and wait the course of future events in silence.

The faubourg St. Germain once more became the rallying point of fashion, and the manners of the old court, which had been preserved, like a *sacred relic*, pure and unsullied amidst the past innovations in a few chosen families of high descent, were again attempted to be held up as the standard of good breeding. But the formality of their ancestors was little suited to the unceremonious habits of the rising generation, they were easily led to adopt the pride and pretensions of their noble relatives, but they did not possess that urbanity

of manners, and that indiscriminate politeness which renders the assumption of superiority not only tolerable but often imperceptible. In old France there were only in fact two classes, and the real distinction between the *noble* and the *roturier* was so immense, and so generally acknowledged, that it became an object with the higher ranks rather to hide and soften, than to assert it. Where there is no resistance there can be no arrogance. The small coin of complaisance became the current coin of the realm, it had perhaps little intrinsic value, but it promoted ease and harmony, for the moment, and gave that civilized aspect to society, which revolutions have since so fiercely deranged. So was it not in the present moment, the Restoration revived the dormant pretensions of birth, but during its long sleep other pretensions had arisen, which denied its value; the collision became general, acrimony ensued, and society became a field of pride where each endeavoured to establish its own rights and its own exclusiveness. The distinctions of the *Château* and the *Chaumière* were terms in common use, though the liberal feeling of Louis XVIII. did every thing that was possible to reconcile the discordant spirits around him. That he secretly maintained a bias towards the old nobility was

so natural and so justifiable, that he must deserve double praise for the energy with which he repressed the ill judged attempts of certain courtiers *plus royalistes que le Roi*, to revive those aristocratical privileges which the revolution had abolished, and which were no longer within the spirit of the charter. He constantly checked the ardent aspirations of those old emigrants, *qui n'avaient rien oublié ni rien appris*, and for whom the history of the last forty years seemed to have been written in vain. He felt less difficulty and certainly less repugnance in restraining the encroachments of the clergy, who during his reign never attempted to obtain that influence in the country, which they afterwards so arrogantly asserted under his successor.

The attempt to introduce the manners of the old school, though only partially successful, had still a beneficial effect on general society; the blunt manners of the revolution were gradually exploded; the rough and supercilious bearing of the heroes of the Empire was stigmatised as a *ton de garnison*, and in proportion as peace shed her mild blessings over the land, its national character became more softened and refined. To this result the influence of the fair sex, which is paramount in

France, very mainly contributed. No longer dazzled by the meteor of military glory, or taught to consider it as the only road to honour and public estimation, the women in France, who are naturally gifted with the nicest perceptions, quickly turned their ideas to the encouragement of those qualities and attainments in the men, which form the principal charm and agrément of social intercourse. Endowed themselves with a superior education, and a natural elegance, which even the revolutionary storms could never impair, they imperceptibly gave a new tone to the manners of the age. What was called the *Esprit de Salon* was revived, *coteries* were established, intellectual conversation was cultivated ; it was not perhaps the pungent wit and the *finesse de mots*, which graced the suppers of Madame du Deffand, or imparted a charm to the more unassuming invitations of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, but it was a great point gained over the rough and uncultivated school, to which the revolution had given birth. In the first place it paved the way to the revival of that purity of language, which of late years had become completely forgotten ; the revolutionary jargon had introduced a mode of expression so foreign to all

grammatical rules, and so replete with vulgarisms, that even Madame de Genlis on her return to France professed her inability to comprehend it.

In former times conversation in France was considered an art, a talent, in which only a chosen few were allowed to excel; every well educated man was supposed to speak his own language with fluency and precision, but in those days there existed a refinement of expression, an elegance of idiom, and a quickness of repartee, which were only to be acquired by a peculiar taste and long habits of frequenting the most polished and well bred circles. Some faint idea of this language might still be traced in the courtly diction of M. de Narbonne, and the pointed sallies of M. de Talleyrand, the two only remaining types of the old nobility at the court of Napoleon.

Some eccentricities were produced by these strainings to revive old recollections, which were no longer compatible with the ideas of the day. The *Chevaliers de la fidélité*, and the frequenters of the *Boulevard de Gand*, though glowing with loyalty, were often made the objects of public derision; and the heroes of Montausier intoxicated with the tide of return-

ing prosperity, gave a loose to their ideas of aristocratical pretensions and religious bigotry, which the nation at large treated with ridicule and contempt. Then came a crusade in favour of legitimacy, the war in Spain was decreed to crush revolution and reestablish a tottering throne; the army took the field for the first time under the white standard, and the experiment was crowned with success. It was an anxious moment when the advanced guard crossed the Bidassoa, and the first object which offered itself to their view, was a band of French refugees, who hoisted the tricoloured flag, and attempted by their cries of *Vive l'Empereur*, to awaken ideas of past glory; but the rash appeal was made in vain, the troops remained true to their duty, and at the first word of command a few cannon shot dispersed the undisciplined stragglers. From that moment the cause of the Bourbons was firmly established.

Louis XVIII. persisted in a calm and liberal system during his whole reign; he abstained from all vindictive recollections of past misfortunes, he never gave the nation reason to suspect that he was biassed by those prejudices, which influenced so many of his adherents, and his great object seems to have

been to impress on the mind of his successor, the necessity of following his example. He was at one time very anxious to obtain some explicit information as to the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, and as Talleyrand was always considered to have been deeply implicated in that transaction, he commanded him to explain how far he had participated in it. The Prince presented to the King a memorial commencing with these words, "Sire, your Majesty will learn nothing new from me," and he rigidly kept his word, for after reading the whole document which consisted of several pages, not a particle of information could the King collect from it.

Impressed with a conviction of the difficulties with which the weakness of his successor would soon be doomed to struggle, Louis the XVIII. shortly before his death issued an ordinance to abolish the liberty of the press in France, which passed without resistance through the Chambers. His speech on that occasion is well remembered. "Un Roi qui touche à sa mort peut oser faire ce qu'un Roi à son avènement ne pourrait même contempler." Perhaps he had some view to the popularity which Charles X. might afterwards obtain by revoking this law on his accession.

Louis XVIII. died with great fortitude ; even when sensible of his approaching end he could not repress that talent for making *des jeux de mots*, for which he had always been celebrated during his life. On the Sunday which preceded his death, the officer of the guard at the Tuilleries came in the evening as usual, to receive from his Majesty's mouth the watchword and the countersign for the night. It is customary on these occasions to give the name of a saint and of a fortified town. Louis with a significant look gave St. Denis, et Givet. (J'y vais.)

Though never supposed to have had any settled opinions on religion, he underwent all the ceremonies of the church at his last moments with much submission and resignation ; he received the *viaticum* and with such composure, that in one or two instances where the priest made some trifling mistake in reciting the prayers, he immediately corrected him, and repeated the whole verse himself.

A short time previous to the death of the Duc de Berri in 1820, it is credibly asserted of that Prince that he had the following curious dream, which he related at the time to those about him, who vouched for the truth of it.

It appeared to him in his sleep that he was looking out of the window in his apartment at the Tuilleries, which commanded a view of the gardens, when his attention was drawn to a splendid funeral, attended by several private carriages, which slowly proceeded along the Rue de Rivoli, as if just emerging from the gates of the Palace. On making enquiry to whom this funeral belonged, the answer was made, that it was that of M. de Greffulhe. After a short interval had elapsed, the Prince perceived another funeral procession following in the same track, much more numerous and magnificent than the last, and with the remarkable distinction that the equipages and servants were evidently those of the Royal Family. The same voice then informed him that this funeral was that of the Duc de Berri.

The Prince soon after attended a grand ball given by M. de Greffulhe in the Rue d'Artois ; the weather was at the time remarkably severe, and on his departure that gentleman attended his Royal Highness to the door bareheaded, where he caught a violent inflammatory cold, which in a few days carried him to the grave. The assassination by Louvel took place at the Opera-house not long after this event.

The Duc de Berri was well aware of the

hostility which the republican party bore to his race ; and knowing that all the hopes of a future heir to the throne centered in himself, he always felt a strong conviction that he should one day be singled out as the object of their malice.

This melancholy foreboding he had often privately imparted to others, and it is natural to suppose, that if such ideas haunted his waking hours, they might easily be transferred to those of sleep.

During the reign of Charles X. the monarchical feeling not only gained ground, but introduced with it a new and preponderating influence of the clergy, which created much discontent in the country. However strong might be the antipathy which the revolution had fostered in France against the encroachments of the old nobility, it was far surpassed by the jealous animosity which had gained ground of late years against those of the priesthood ; and the intolerant spirit which became daily more manifest during this reign, encouraged by the known protection and example of the sovereign himself, tended more and more to embitter that hatred which the repub-

lican party had never ceased to cherish against the race of the Bourbons. In the meantime luxury encreased, and commerce flourished, a great influx of foreigners came to reside in the Capital, and colonies of English, induced by the comparative cheapness of living in France, established themselves in various provinces, thus encreasing the circulation of capital, and the demand for consumption throughout the country.

The public funds not only rose in price, but were considered the most eligible investment in Europe ; the hotels swarmed with guests, house rent became exorbitant, and the building speculations were so extensive that the cost of land in Paris was nearly doubled.

The throne which had resumed all the dignity and splendour of former times was again surrounded by those noble families, whose ancestors had graced the courts of former Kings, the vote of indemnity had made compensation to those who had suffered in the general wreck, and if the immense rentals of the old feudal time no longer existed, a general air of ease and affluence was diffused among the higher classes of society, which the new habits of economy taught by adversity render-

ed adequate to the proper maintenance of their rank in the world.

While the distinctions of high birth were thus openly acknowledged at court, the monied aristocracy, whose importance had never been questioned in the time of the Empire, began to writhe under the slights and neglect which they frequently experienced from those who looked down upon their untitled pretensions. Fully impressed with the idea of their own consequence, and mortified by the line of demarcation which excluded them from the hôtels of the old nobility, they readily joined that party of malcontents, who were unceasingly occupied in decrying every act of the existing monarchy. Even the slightest expressions of the monarch himself were exaggerated or misconstrued by his adversaries, with a view to undermine his popularity in the country. Charles X. was immoderately addicted to the pleasures of the chase; on one occasion when a celebrated armourer in Paris offered to his notice the model of a new invented fowling piece, which had been judged worthy of a patent, he viewed it with little attention, and incautiously replied, "That he himself never used any but those which were made in England." This speech was at once

magnified into an anti-national spirit, and a wish to discourage the improvement of French manufactures. The famous speech which was attributed to the Comte d'Artois, on his first reception at the Tuilleries in 1814, "Messieurs, il n'y a rien de changè, il n'y a qu'un Français de plus," was never made by that Prince, it was the offspring of M. de Talleyrand's invention. When a discussion took place at his house in the evening how the events of the day should be represented in the public papers, some one suggested the propriety of seasoning the Prince's reply to the deputation with some pointed sally, which never fails to produce its effect with a French audience. M. de Talleyrand then proposed to add this clever exclamation, for which the Prince obtained such undoubted credit, that in after time, when his popularity was on the wane, the sentence was parodied at his expence, on the arrival of the Giraffe at Paris. The portrait of that animal was exhibited in the print shops, with the following device:—

"Messieurs, il n'y a rien de changè, il n'y a qu'une bête de plus."

From ridicule to rebellion the transition is never difficult.

Another act in this eventful drama was now accomplished, the curtain fell upon the exiled monarchy of the Bourbons, and when it drew up again the stage was crowded with a new set of actors. There were no prescriptions, no emigrations, all remained to watch the passing events; but three days had sufficed to overturn the whole social system in France. There was lamentation in the noble faubourg and its loyal inhabitants kept aloof in dignified retirement. The ladder of preferment was open to all, and those who were most alert or most clamorous gained the highest places. Nothing seemed then to be durable; mistrust of the foreigner abroad, and dread of revolution at home, were the paramount feelings with all, and few men of independent spirit, who had property to lose, were willing to embark in such a sea of troubles. The course was left clear to those who had nothing to risk and every thing to gain by the new order of things. First and foremost of these were the editors of the public press, the men who had sounded the tocsin of revolution for the last five years, and now came forward to claim their share of recompense, amidst the scenes of confusion which they had so perseveringly excited. Here the consistency of those, who declaim in favor

of liberty and public rights, was forcibly exemplified : the contributors to the National had by their brilliant talents and eloquent language attracted general attention. Their inveterate hostility to the late monarchy, and their patriotic appeals to the nation, had infused new life and spirit into the disaffected party, and mainly contributed to the late revolution. The country had a right to expect that the future career of such men, when called into public life, should be studiously dedicated to the fostering and establishment of those principles, which they had hitherto advocated with so much energy and ability. A noble path was open to them, their adherence to the throne which they had almost forced on the Duke of Orleans was natural and just ; but the real test of their patriotism should have been exhibited in the senate, and not in the antichambers of the monarch. It was the bounden duty of such men to decline power for themselves, in order that they might check the encroachments of it in others, and watch for the welfare of the people. It was theirs to form a salutary opposition, which would have been so much the more powerful, as it never could be an object of suspicion to the new government. The purity of their intentions would have been

proved to the world, and placed in the proud situation of mediators between the government and the nation, they might have consolidated the work of the new constitution on a basis, which would have ensured to them the gratitude of posterity. But such were not the objects of their ambition. Places in the ministry, Spanish decorations, aristocratic dinners, and access to foreign ambassadors were baits more tempting to the new men of July, than the dry labour of advocating those principles, which had brought them into notice. Some succeeded in their pursuits of grandeur, and others failed, but if we may judge by two great precedents, the candid avowal of two well known public characters of the day, the cause of liberty was only a secondary consideration with all.

In 1836, M. Thiers from his new and exalted position declared in the chambers, that the ministry of which he formed a part, would hear of no allusions to the revolution of 1789*, and M. Laffitte in the same place publicly asked pardon of God and his country for the

* 16 May 40. M. Thiers in the name of his Cabinet made an absolute declaration against all reform, he said that he acknowledged no national sovereignty but that of the King and the two Chambers, he would hear of no alteration in the law of elections. Why did not M. Thiers discover this fine theory when he was editor of the National under the Restoration.

part he had acted in the revolution of July. The one abjured his former principles because he had risen from obscurity to dignity and affluence; the other bemoaned his exertions in a cause which he once gloried in supporting, because they had ended in ruin and disappointment to himself.

Thus in the present age may the actions of public men be traced with very few exceptions to a feeling of self interest. Set no bounds to their ambition, place them in power, give them the *loaves and fishes*, who are then so anxious for order and tranquillity, as the restless promoters of revolution? Foil their views, check their ambition, deprive them of place, and they then will declare that the work of reform is incomplete and must be acted over again. In the mean time the cause of the people, which has been put forth, merely as a stalking horse to cover their projects, is as far removed from their contemplations in the one case, as it is in the other. The state of parties so early as in 1832, when the nullity of the revolution and the objects of the actors in this drama were beginning to unfold themselves, was rather ludicrously described by the *Corsaire*, who wished to spare its friends the liberals. “*Fécondée par le Coq Gaulois la*

révolution de Juillet couvait des œufs de la liberté, la doctrine les a brisés, le juste milieu les a brouillés, et en y mêlant Monsieur Persil, on en a fait une omelette aux fines herbes."

If any one had quitted Paris in 1828, and after an absence of eight or ten years had returned to this capital at the present time, he would see at one glance that a great revolution had furrowed the soil of France, and a new throne had replaced that of the Bourbons. Let him frequent at once the theatres, the boulevards, and the places of public resort; let him calmly observe the new population that swarms around him, and then let him try to guess of whom this motley group is composed.

In vain may he look for the well known faces of those, who from their rank, their character, or their affluence, were formerly the objects of general remark; they are no longer to be seen; their places are occupied by the upstart rich of the day, the stock-brokers, the editors of newspapers, directors of theatres, or the writers of melodrames; speculators in the funds, in railroads, and in literature; birds of passage in quest of notoriety, who yesterday were unknown and to-morrow will be forgotten. These he may meet at

every corner, mounted on thorough bred horses, or reclined on the silk cushions of a calèche, mistaking the exhibition of vanity and affectation, for an air of high breeding or noble dignity. With them are indiscriminately mixed that numerous class of young men, whose means and existence are a problem, whose intimate friends hardly know their names, and who seem to have no other residence than the steps of Tortonis. What must be his astonishment when he surveys this heterogeneous, indescribable mixture of beings, whose origin no one can ascertain. Must not the conviction strike him that their intrusive figures have usurped an improper place in the world, and that such a motley crew could only rise to the surface of society, where the whole system was thoroughly disjointed and disorganised. This barefaced ostentation of luxury and wealth, from such a source, is no proof of prosperity in a country, it has no trace of durability about it; the tinsel has only been borrowed for a day, and a breath of wind will disperse it to-morrow. If at the restoration of the Bourbons there were two rival powers in society, the Monarchical and the Republican, the revolution of July, which professed to restrain the preten-

sions of the one, and the insubordination of the other, has introduced a third power, that of money, which is of all others the most contemptible. A charter may decree the equality of all ranks in the state, but as the equality of fortunes cannot be controlled by law, a new door is now opened to vulgar pretensions and upstart pride, which are as ridiculous as they are disgusting.

Goldsmith has said in his Essays, "The pride of poverty is almost to be admired, the pride of learning is ridiculous, but the pride of wealth is absolutely detestable."

The assumptions of high birth are acknowledged and even viewed with a partial eye; they are in general accompanied with the conventional forms of politeness and good breeding, the individuals themselves have for the most part received a liberal education, have lived much in the great world, and the tone of their society will even soften and palliate an assumed superiority. To use an expression of M. de Voltaire, "*Les gens de bon sens ne se glorifient de rien*," but the arrogance of wealth which in itself implies vulgarity of mind and manners, is a plague spot in society, which corrodes all high and generous feeling. To the political dissensions which of late years

have distracted this country must be traced the source of this monstrous innovation. The real aristocracy of France, those distinguished families, who formerly gave the tone of high breeding to all Europe, now live in comparative privacy, surrounded by those whose sentiments and ideas are in unison with their own. The place which they have vacated is eagerly seized by the monied classes, the *nouveaux riches* of the day ; their gilded salons are thrown open to the world, and the followers of pleasure who are seldom scrupulous as to the means by which it is obtained, are often doomed to endure the capricious exactions and susceptibilities of their new entertainers. Time it may be hoped will gradually dispel this evil, which in fact is only a natural consequence of the general disorder and confusion produced by late events, where the wheel of fortune has taken such jerks, that dirt has been flung up in the same proportion that dignity has been flung down. Feelings nevertheless will soften, and prejudices will subside, there is in fact much real good sense, among the higher orders in France, and they will hardly allow this unnatural order of things to prevail much longer. The period indeed seems approaching when they will resume

their proper station in society, and for the honor of the nation revive that tone of polished ease and refinement, which the new revolutionary school has so much tended to impair.

It is in vain that the new men of the revolution affect to treat the pretensions of the old nobility with ridicule, and under the plea of equality assimilate all ranks to their own level; there is even in the present day a tacit deference paid to those names, which may be called the types of the French aristocracy. It is not the weight of the medal, but the purity of the legend and the antiquity of the coinage which stamps its real value.

In Paris, but more particularly in the provinces, this sentiment is gradually becoming more prominent; and in proportion as the nobility reside on their estates, will it acquire greater development. The *droits du Seigneur* are abolished, the terms of vassal and serf are exploded for the more endearing appellation of farmer and tenant, and however modern phraseology may preach up liberty and independence, the unsophisticated ignorant rustic will always look up with hope and confidence to the protection of those landlords, who seem to take an interest in his welfare. There are points too in the character

of the old French noble, which must command respect even from his enemies. His misfortunes, his constancy, and his unalterable loyalty, his attachment to his principles, and his high sense of honor, when they are contrasted with the selfish pursuits of the successful speculators in politics and commerce of the present day, those jobbers in revolution, who now engross the scene, must give to the former all the majesty of a noble ruin. We may boast of the march of intellect and the progress of industry which has changed the face of Europe, but who will deny that the avenging hand, which has corrected many enormous abuses, has likewise swept away a mass of high and honorable feeling, which may never revive again.

The principle of equality to which the late revolution has given birth, if it served to chasten and subdue the higher orders, has had a very contrary effect on the lower classes. It has engendered a spirit of independence bordering on rudeness, a contempt for their superiors, an envy of the rich, and a sullen incivility to all, which formerly never characterised the French people. The vice of drunkenness has made rapid strides, and the calendar of crime is proportionably encreased,

there is hardly a case of murder out of the many detailed in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, where the culprit does not alledge this plea in extenuation of his crime, and often with much truth. The price of wages in Paris is very high, and the working classes earn so much, that in many instances, those who are prone to idleness will not work more than four days in the week, the rest are passed in amusement.

The victories of July are still fresh in their remembrance ; all seemed impressed with a latent conviction of their own strength, and a readiness to exert it if the occasion should ever occur again. The faubourg St. Antoine has given frequent proofs of this turbulent disposition, and the immense garrison still maintained within the walls of Paris, independent of the national guard, evinces the anxiety as well as energy with which the present government watches over the tranquillity of the Capital. At Lyons, which has been the scene of frightful disorder among these classes, an army of 10,000 men occupies the barracks, and forts are now erected on the surrounding heights, which at the first intimation of tumult and riot could sweep with their cannon the principal streets, and lay a great part of the town in

ashes. In the first months which followed the revolution of July 60,000 of the working classes, all in a state of excitement, were left without any employment in Paris at the charge of the city, who very naturally feared that such a mass of individuals would be capable of committing the most serious excesses. Public works of charity were instantly set on foot, by the authorities. These idle hands were employed in the Champ de Mars to remove the earth in barrows, with no other useful result than to afford them daily food and occupation. In many cases they refused to work at all, but it still was necessary to give them bread, lest they should return to those acts of violence and aggression, which they had so lately been urged to commit.

This class of men, though for the most part rude and uneducated, are gifted by nature with strong intellectual powers; they have an independent way of thinking on all subjects, and seldom want words to enforce their arguments; a stranger will often be astonished by the depth of thought, and quickness of reply which they at times display in common conversation. They are hasty and irritable on the slightest provocation, but not deficient in feeling when treated with kindness; if to this we

add a courage bordering on ferocity, when instigated by the evil passions, or worked upon by designing men, it may be easily supposed what fearful instruments they become in times of carnage and revolution.

The following fact, as borrowed from one of the French periodicals, and supposed to proceed from the pen of a celebrated dramatist, offers a striking picture of the stern resolution which may be found in the character of this people. It is written in a peculiar style, not devoid of interest, though the commiseration felt for the culprit almost induces the writer to try to palliate the crime.

About seven or eight years ago, a man named Claude Gueux, one of the working classes, resided in Paris. His family consisted of a woman who lived with him as his mistress, and their only child. I state the facts broadly as they were, leaving the reader to glean his moral from the incidents which I am about to relate.

This man was gifted with capacity and intelligence, education had done little for him, but nature had done much; he knew not how to read, but he knew how to think. One winter there was a great scarcity of work, and the

means of procuring either bread or fuel failed in their humble garret.

The man, the woman, and the child were hungry and cold. The man committed a theft. I know not what he stole, or from whom, or where; all I know is, that the produce of this theft was bread and fuel for three days to the woman and child, and imprisonment for five years to the man.

Claude Gueux was sent to work out his time at the Central House of Correction at Clairvaux. Clairvaux is an Abbey, which has been turned into a Bastille, where the monks have been replaced by convicts, and where the pillory has usurped the site of the altar. When we talk of the march of intellect this is the way in which certain people comprehend and realize it. This is the construction they put on the term of civilization. To continue:—as soon as he arrived at Clairvaux, he was confined in a dungeon during the night and in a workshop during the day.

It is not the workshop of which I complain.

Claude Gueux, lately an honest mechanic, but henceforward a reputed thief, was of a grave and respectable appearance: he had a high forehead, perhaps a little wrinkled, though

still young, a mild but penetrating eye, shaded by a bushy and arched eyebrow, here and there a few grey hairs were twined with his black locks, his nostrils were distended, his chin prominent, and his lip disdainful.

It was altogether a fine head ; we shall see what our social system made of it. He was slow of speech, earnest in his gesture ; there was an air of command in his whole person which exacted deference ; he had a pensive mien which indicated thought rather than suffering. He had however suffered much.

In the dépôt where Claude Gueux was confined, there was a director of the workshops, a species of official attendant on prisons, half gaoler, half manufacturer, who at the same time issues his commands to the workman, and his threats to the prisoner ; who places the tool in his hands and the irons on his feet. This man was himself a variety of the species to which he belonged. He was laconic, tyrannical, self-conceited, and very jealous of his authority ; in other respects, and at times, a good sort of man, condescending, jovial, and given to raillery ; harsh rather than firm, never reasoning with any one, not even with himself ; a good father perhaps and a good husband, all which comes rather under the head of duty

than of virtue : in a word, he was not really bad or mischievous. He was one of those men who have no elasticity about them, who are composed of sluggish materials which are never roused by any vibrating ideas or sentiments ; who are phlegmatic in their wrath, solemn in their hate, who are excited without emotion, and take fire without warmth : who are like a piece of stick which flames at one end, and is cool at the other. The leading feature in this man's character was obstinacy, he was even proud of this stubborn feeling, and compared himself in this respect to Napoleon. It was indeed a mere mental delusion, but there are many men who deceive themselves in the same manner, and at a certain distance mistake obstinacy for resolution, and a candle for a star.

When this man had once formed a decision, let the object be ever so absurd, he held up his head in self-complacency, and would hear of no remonstrance, no difficulties, till his absurdity was accomplished. To be headstrong without judgment is to graft folly upon stupidity, and the consequences are in general very dangerous. In most instances when we find ourselves overwhelmed by some public or private calamity, and attempt to scrutinise the

combinations which have brought on this catastrophe, we shall generally find that it has originated in obstinacy and self-conceit. There are many little people in the world who fancy their own wrong-headed convictions are real inspirations of providence.

Of this description of character was the director of the workshop in the prison at Clairvaux, and such was the *steel* employed by the government to extract some sparks of industry from the unfortunate prisoners. The sparks which such steel may enforce from such flints, will often produce a flame not very easily extinguished. We have already mentioned that on his arrival at Clairvaux, Claude Gueux was numbered to a particular frame, and rivetted to his daily task. The director made acquaintance with him, found he was a good workman, and treated him with kindness.

It appears that one day being in high good humour, and remarking that Claude Gueux was out of spirits, for the man was constantly fretting about the woman whom he called his wife, he informed him perhaps out of joke, or with a view of consoling him for her loss, that the unfortunate woman had since gone upon the town. Claude enquired coldly what was become of the child? no one knew.

At the expiration of a few months, Claude became accustomed to the atmosphere of a prison, and seemed no longer thoughtful. A certain reserved calmness, which was natural to his character resumed its wonted influence.

About this period also Claude had obtained a singular ascendancy over his companions. As if by a sort of tacit agreement, and for which no one, not even himself could account, all the other prisoners looked up to him for advice, admired him and even imitated him, which is the last test of allowed superiority. It was no small glory to be obeyed by this disobedient crew. This influence was quite unsolicited on his part. It could only be imputed to the magic of his eye. The eye of a man is the window through which his inmost thoughts may be observed.

Place a man of ideas, with a crowd of others who have none ; in a given time you will find, as if by an irresistible attraction, that they will all form a circle of satellites around the master mind. There are some men who are all iron, there are others who are magnets—Claude was a magnet. In this short space of time Claude had become the soul and the law of this assemblage. They were merely needles on the dial, subject to his attraction. He might at

times himself have doubted whether he was a chief or a prisoner. He was a sort of Pope in captivity, surrounded by his Cardinals. But by a natural effect which prevails in all classes, in proportion as he was liked by the prisoners, so was he detested by the gaolers. This is always the case; general popularity engenders private dislike. The attachment of the slaves is always accompanied by the hatred of the masters.

Claude Gueux had a voracious appetite, it was in his natural formation. His stomach was so capacious, that the nourishment of two ordinary men was barely sufficient for his daily support. M. de Cotadilla had one of those inordinate appetites, and used to make a joke of it; but that which may be a source of gaiety to a duke, and a grandee of Spain, who possesses five hundred thousand sheep, is a serious charge to a working man, and a positive misfortune to a poor prisoner.

Claude Gueux when at liberty in his garret worked through the whole day, earned his four pound loaf of bread, and ate it. Claude Gueux in prison worked through his day and invariably received his pound and a half of bread, and four ounces of meat. There was no appeal from the ration. Claude was therefore con-

stantly a prey to hunger in the prison of Clairvaux. He was hungry, that was all. He never complained, it was not in his nature.

One day Claude had just devoured his meagre pittance, he had settled himself at his frame in hopes that occupation might relieve the craving of his stomach—the other prisoners were still enjoying their meal.

A young man of fair complexion, pale and sickly, drew near to him; he held in his hand his ration which he had not touched, and a knife. He remained standing by the side of Claude, apparently wishing to speak, without having the courage to begin. This man with his bread and his meat seemed to vex Claude.

“What do you want?” said he at length sharply.

“I want you to render me a service,” replied the young man timidly.

“What is it?” said Claude.

“I want you to assist me in eating this. I have too much.”

A tear stood in the haughty eye of Claude. He took the knife, he divided the ration of the young man in two equal shares, took one himself and began to eat it.

“Thanks,” said the young man, “if you will permit it, we will share in like manner every day.”

“What is your name?” said Claude Gueux.

“Albin.”

“Why are you confined here?” asked Claude.

“I have committed theft.”

“And I also,” said Claude.

In this manner the ration was divided every day. Claude Gueux was thirty six, at times he might have passed for fifty, from the serious gravity of his deportment. Albin was only twenty years old, but he hardly looked to be seventeen, so youthful and innocent was the appearance of this *robber*. A sincere friendship sprung up between these two men, more that of a father and son, than of two brothers. Albin was still a boy, Claude almost an old man. They worked at the same trade, they slept in the same cell, they walked on the same grass plot, they gnawed the same crust. Each was all in all to the other. It appears that they were even happy.

We have already mentioned the Director of the workshops; this man who was cordially hated by the prisoners, was frequently obliged to have recourse to Claude Gueux, whom they adored, in order to procure obedience to his commands. In many instances even of riot and rebellion the unauthorised influence of Claude Gueux had proved more efficacious

than the official authority of the Director ; ten words from him would have more effect than ten gendarmes in restoring order among the exasperated convicts. Claude had frequently rendered this service to the Director, and as a natural consequence became the object of his hatred. He was jealous of him. He cherished at the bottom of his heart a secret, an envious, an implacable hatred against Claude, the hatred of a monarch *de jure* to a monarch *de facto*, the hatred of a temporal power to a spiritual power. These hatreds are the most bitter of all. Claude's affections were centered in Albin, he gave no thought to the Director.

One day, one morning, when the Turnkeys were conducting the prisoners two and two from the dormitories to the workshops as usual, a gaoler called Albin, who was by the side of Claude, and told him that the Director wished to see him.

"What do they want with you?" said Claude.

"I know not," said Albin.

The gaoler led away Albin. The morning passed away, Albin did not return ; when the dinner hour came, Claude expected to find Albin at their daily meeting in the cloister walk ; Albin was not there. On his return to the workroom he still sought him in vain. At

night when the prisoners were conducted to the dormitory, Claude impatiently looked round, but still no Albin was to be seen. It appears that he was now worked up to a great pitch of anxiety and vexation, as contrary to his usual custom, he entered into conversation with the gaoler. "Is Albin unwell?" said he.

"No," replied the man.

"Why then has he not made his appearance all day?"

"Because his quarters have been changed," said the Turnkey in a careless manner.

The witnesses who afterwards were examined as to all these circumstances remarked that on this reply of the Turnkey, the hand of Claude, in which was a lighted candle, appeared to tremble. He then calmly enquired, "Who gave that order?"

The gaoler replied, "Monsieur D——."

The Director of the work-room was named D——.

The following day passed off like the preceding without Albin.

In the evening, at the hour when the labours of the day were terminated, the Director, Monsieur D——, made his appearance to go his usual rounds through the workshops. From

the instant that Claude perceived him at a distance he buttoned up his grey jacket, (the wretched livery of Clairvaux) as in prison discipline is always considered to be most respectful, and stood up with his cap in his hand at the corner of his form, waiting the arrival of the Director.

The Director passed by.

“Sir,” said Claude.

The Director stopped, and half turned round.

“Sir,” continued he, “is it true that Albin’s quarters are changed?”

“Yes,” replied the Director.

“Sir,” said Claude, “Albin is necessary to my existence ; you are aware that the prison allowance is not sufficient for my support, and that Albin always shares his ration with me.”

“That is his affair,” said the Director.

“Sir, are there no means of replacing Albin in the same ward with myself?”

“Impossible, it has been decided otherwise.”

“By whom?”

“By me.”

“Monsieur D——,” cried Claude, “it is a case of life and death with me, and all depends upon your sole will.”

"I never alter my decisions."

"Sir, have I done anything to displease you?"

"Nothing."

"In that case," said Claude, "why separate me from Albin?"

"Because" said the Director.

Having given this explanation the Director passed on. Claude held down his head, and made no reply. It was the poor lion in the cage deprived of his dog.

We are forced here to confess that this painful separation did not by any means diminish the craving appetite of the prisoner, there appeared indeed no visible alteration in him. He never mentioned Albin's name to any of his associates. He would walk alone in the small enclosure at the hours of recreation, and he was hungry. Nothing more. Still those who knew him well could remark something gloomy and inauspicious brooding in his countenance, though he was more than usually mild in his manner to all.

Many of them offered to share their allowance with him; he refused them with a smile. Every evening after the explanation he had had with the Director, he constantly repeated a foolish scene, which for a man of his serious

character seemed very incomprehensible to the bystanders. At the moment when the Director, according to his regular custom each night, passed by the frame where Claude was at work, Claude raised up his eyes, and looked earnestly at him, he then in a tone of anguish mixed with anger, which savoured partly of supplication and partly of threat, addressed to him only these two words, "And Albin!" The Director either affected not to hear them, or passed on, shrugging up his shoulders. The man was in the wrong to shrug up his shoulders, for it was quite clear to all the spectators of this curious scene, that Claude Gueux had inwardly made up his mind to some decided line of conduct. The whole prison waited with anxiety to see the result of this contest between obstinacy and resolution.

It has been proved that one day Claude said to the Director, "Listen to me, Sir, restore me my comrade, you will do well I assure you, mark my words that I tell you so."

Another time, it was on a Sunday, he had taken his position on a stone in the public walk, he had remained several hours in the same posture, his elbows resting on his knees, and his forehead covered with his hands; a

convict of the name of Faillette came up to him and said jokingly, "What the devil are you about, Claude?" The other solemnly raised his head and replied, "I am judging some one." Latterly one evening the 25th October 1831, at the time when the Director was going his rounds, Claude stamped under his feet with a considerable crash, the glass of a watch, which he had that morning found in the passage. The Director enquired what was that noise?

"It is nothing," said Claude, "it is me, Monsieur D——. Sir, restore me my comrade."

"Impossible," said the master.

"But you must," said Claude, in a low, but firm tone of voice, and looking the Director full in the face, he added, "Consider well, we are now at the 25th of October, I will give you till the 4th of November."

One of the gaolers remarked to Monsieur D——, that Claude had threatened him, and deserved to be put in solitary confinement.

"No, no confinement," said the Director, with a smile of contempt, "we must treat those fellows mildly."

The next day a convict of the name of Pernot, accosted Claude, who was walking

alone in a thoughtful attitude, while the other prisoners were basking in the sun at the other end of the court, "Well Claude, what are you thinking of? You appear to be melancholy."

"I am afraid," said Claude, "that some misfortune or other will shortly happen to that worthy Monsieur D——. There are full nine days from the 25th of October to the 4th of November."

During this interval Claude never allowed one day to pass without making a serious appeal to the Director on the cruelty of his own privation from the absence of Albin. The Director on one occasion lost his patience, and inflicted on Claude the penalty of confinement for twenty-four hours, because his supplication was couched in too peremptory language. That was all the redress which Claude could obtain.

The 4th of November arrived. On that day Claude arose from his bed more calm and unruffled than he had ever appeared to be since the fatal determination of Monsieur D—— to separate him from his friend. As soon as he was dressed, he turned over the contents of a white deal box, which laid at the foot of his bed, and contained various rags and remnants.

He took out of it a pair of scissors such as are generally used by sempstresses. These and an odd volume of Emile, were the only remembrances left of the woman, whom he had loved, of the mother of his child, in fine of his former humble but happy home. Two articles indeed of little use to Claude; the scissors could only be of service to a woman, the book only to a reader. Claude could neither sew nor read.

When passing through the old cloister, now so dishonoured, which is used as a walk for the convicts in winter, he drew near to Ferrari, a fellow prisoner, who was attentively observing the enormous iron bars of a window. Claude held in his hand the little scissors, and showing them to Ferrari, he said, "This very evening I shall cut through those massive iron bars with this pair of scissors."

The incredulous Ferrari began to laugh, and Claude also.

On that morning he worked with more than usual zeal; never had he performed so much, or in so short a time. It appears that he was very anxious to finish off a straw hat, which had been ordered by M. Bressier, an inhabitant of Troyes, who out of charity had paid for it in advance.

A little after twelve o'clock he went under some pretext or other into the workshop of the carpenters, which is on the ground floor, under the room in which he used to work. Claude was a favourite there, as well as every where else, but he seldom paid them a visit. It was therefore a sudden exclamation from all, of, "Halloo, here is Claude," they quitted their work to greet him, and seemed happy to see him. Claude gave a cursory glance around the room, and satisfied himself that none of the superintendents were there.

"Who has a small axe to lend me?" said he.

"For what purpose?" they asked.

"It is to kill the Director of the workshops," he replied.

They offered him several, out of which to take his choice. He took the smallest, which appeared to be very sharp; he secreted it in his trowser, and went out. In that ward were twenty-seven convicts, he had never enjoined them to keep the secret, but not one betrayed it.

They did not even utter a syllable about it among themselves. Each waited in silence the result. The act in itself was terrible, but straitforward and simple. There could be no

accomplice. Claude neither needed counsel, or risked betrayal.

In an hour afterwards he accosted a young prisoner of sixteen, who was yawning in the cloister, and advised him to learn to read. At this moment the convict Faillette came up to him and asked, "What the devil he had got hid in his trowser."

Claude replied, "It is an axe to kill Monsieur D—— to-night, is it likely to be observed?"

"Rather so," said Faillette.

The rest of the day was spent as usual.

At seven in the evening the prisoners are locked up in their respective workrooms; and the superintendents leave them alone, according to a regular custom, till the hour when the Director arrives to go the rounds. Claude Gueux was then locked up like the others in his workroom with his fellow labourers.

It was then that a scene took place of the most extraordinary nature; a scene not devoid of majesty or terror, but such perhaps as has never been recounted in any history.

There were shut up in that one room according to the judicial reports, which were afterwards collected on the premises, eighty-two convicts including Claude. As soon as the

superintendents had left them alone, Claude stood up on a bench, and announced to the whole assembly in an audible voice, that he had something to communicate to them. Silence was proclaimed. Claude then addressed them in the following words :—

“ You all know that Albin was my brother. The allowance of the gaol is not sufficient for my nourishment ; even the bread that I can buy with my small earnings will not suffice. Albin divided his ration with me. I loved him at first because he supported me, afterwards because he loved me. The Director, Monsieur D——, has separated us ; our living together could do him no harm, but he is a bad man, and takes pleasure in tormenting others. I have again and again implored him to restore Albin to me. He has thrown me in a dungeon for making the request. But during that interval I have judged him, and condemned him to death. In two hours he will be here to go his rounds ; I give you all due notice that I mean to kill him. Have any of you ought to say to this ?”

Claude continued ; he spoke, as it appears, with peculiar eloquence, which indeed was natural to him. He said that he was quite aware that he was about to commit an act of

great violence, but he did not feel that he was to blame. He appealed to the consciences of eighty one robbers who surrounded him ; that he found himself placed in a dire extremity ; that the necessity of taking justice into one's own hands was, though awful in itself, sometimes the prescriptive right of man. That in good truth he could not take the life of the Director without offering up his own in return ; but he was satisfied to give up his own life for a just cause. That he had maturely reflected, and on that subject only for the last two months. That he firmly believed he was not influenced by any motives of resentment, but should that appear to be the case, he begged them to warn him of it. That he honestly and frankly submitted his case to the good men who surrounded him. That his mind was made up to kill Monsieur D——, but if any one had the slightest objection to make, he was ready to hear it.

One voice alone was raised to say that previously to killing the Director, Claude ought to make one last trial to change his determination.

“ 'Tis but just,” said Claude, “ and I will do it.”

The great clock struck eight. The Director

was to come at nine. When this extraordinary court of appeal had once in some sort ratified the sentence which he had passed, Claude resumed his usual calmness. He placed on the table every thing he possessed in linen and clothes, the poor wreck of a prisoner, and calling one by one, those of his associates whom he liked the best after Albin, he distributed all amongst them. He reserved nothing but the little pair of scissors.

He then embraced them all, some shed tears, on them he smiled. He exhibited in this last hour so much tranquillity, and at some moments in talking so much cheerfulness, that many of his comrades, as they have since declared, encouraged a hope that he would abandon his fatal design. He at one time went so far as to amuse himself with blowing out the scanty number of candles in the workroom, with the breath of his nostrils; for his defective education had made him contract various low habits, which contrasted sadly at times with the natural dignity of his manner. The vulgarity of the low Parisian would too often get the better of him.

He remarked a young prisoner, who pale and nervous looked at him wildly, and seemed to tremble, probably at the idea of what was

going to take place. "Come, my lad, courage," said he, "it will only be the affair of a moment." When he had distributed his clothes, bid adieu to all, and shaken their hands, he interrupted some private and earnest discussions which were going on here and there in the darker recesses of the room, by ordering all to seat themselves again at their work.

Every one obeyed in silence. The room in which this scene had taken place was of oblong dimensions, with a range of windows on each of the sides, and two doors opposite to each other at the further extremities.

The work frames were ranged on each side opposite to the windows, the benches were next the wall, and the space which remained unoccupied in the middle formed a sort of long passage or communication from one door to the other. It was along this passage that the Director had to walk on going his round of inspection every night. He came in by the south door, and after giving a cursory glance on each side at the workmen during his progress he went out by that on the north.

His general practice was to hurry through the room without stopping.

Claude had reseated himself on his form,

and resumed his work, as naturally as Jaques Clement would have resumed his prayers.

A deep attention prevailed around. The moment was drawing near. Suddenly the Abbey clock struck. "It is the three quarters," said Claude. He then rose from his seat, and with an air of solemnity, crossing over to the other side, he placed himself near the southern door, resting his elbow on the corner of the frame nearest to his left. His countenance at this moment was calm and composed.

The clock struck nine.—The door opened. The Director walked into the room.

There was a chilling and motionless silence among the men, as if they had been transformed to statues. The Director as usual was alone. He entered with his accustomed ease; the same cheerful, self-satisfied, stubborn expression was depicted in his reckless face; he did not observe Claude, who was standing on the left of the door, with his right hand concealed in his trowser; but he passed on quickly in front of the frames, shaking his head, muttering his words, looking at one piece of work, then at another, in a careless manner, without remarking that the eyes of all seemed intensely fixed on some terribly absorbing object.

Suddenly he turned round, surprised at hearing a footstep behind him.

It was Claude who followed him, without uttering a word.

“What are you doing there,” said the Director, “Why are you not in your place?”

Claude Gueux answered respectfully, “Because I wish to speak to you, Sir.”

“About what?”

“About Albin, Sir.”

“What again!” said the Director.

“Again,” said Claude.

“What then,” replied the Director, moving onwards, “have you forgot the four and twenty hours you passed in the dungeon?”

Claude replied, still following him, “M. Director, restore me my comrade.”

“It is impossible.”

“M. Director,” said Claude, in a tone which would have moved a demon, “I beseech you, restore Albin to me;—you shall see with what ardour I will work. You, who are at liberty, it makes no difference to you, you know not what it is to lose a friend. But I, I have nothing but these four walls. You can go and come, you;—I have no friend but Albin.—Oh! restore him to me.—Albin fed me, gave me bread.—You know it.—Think,

Sir, it is only the trouble of saying, yes! What object can it be to you, whether a man named Claude Gueux and another named Albin, are together in the same cell or not. For the whole question is comprised in that one sentence. M. Director, my good Monsieur D——, I beseech you humbly in the name of heaven!"

Claude had perhaps never before in his life said so much to a gaoler.

Exhausted with the effort he paused.

The Director replied with a gesture of impatience, "Impossible! I have said it once for all. Moreover I insist that you never speak of it again. You weary me."

And as he was in a hurry, he increased his pace. Claude followed. After this parley, they had both reached the opposite door.

The eighty robbers looked on in breathless silence and listened.

Claude gently touched the arm of the Director, "But at least let me know why I am thus condemned to death?—Tell me the reason why you separate him from me?"

"I have already told you," said the Director, "Because"

And turning his back on Claude, he placed his hand on the lock of the door to go out.

At this last reply of the Director, Claude had receded one short step. The eighty statues, who still remained immoveable, now saw his right hand, armed with the axe, appear from under his trowser. That hand was raised on high, and before the Director could cry out, three stokes of that axe, frightful to relate, all aimed into the same deadly gash, had split his skull from ear to ear. As he fell backwards, a fourth stroke inflicted another wound in his face, and as if the fury of rage once roused by blood could never be satiated, Claude Gueux dealt him on the thigh a violent cut, which was needless. The Director had ceased to live.

Claude then threw aside his axe, and cried, "Now for the other!"—That other was himself. They saw him draw from underneath his jacket the small pair of scissors, which had belonged to his wife, and without any one thinking of preventing it, he plunged them into his breast. The blade was short, the breast was deep. He stabbed for a long time, in at least twenty places, exclaiming, "Cursed heart! can I then not reach you?" till at last he fell bathed in his blood, and swooned away on the body of his victim. But which of these two was really the victim of the other?

When Claude recovered his senses, he found himself in bed, covered with linen bandages, and carefully attended.

Around his bed were the kind *Sœurs de Charité*, and also a *Juge d'Instruction*, who was collecting evidence, and asked him every now and then with great seeming interest, "*How do you find yourself ?*"

He had lost a great quantity of blood, but the scissors which from a superstitious feeling he had selected for his fatal purpose, had not answered their end, none of the wounds had proved mortal. Those only were mortal for him which he had inflicted on Monsieur D——.

The interrogatories were begun. They asked him "if it was him, who had murdered the Director of the workmen at the prison of Clairvaux." He answered, "Yes!"

They asked him "why he had done it?" He answered, "Because"

At one time the wounds began to fester, and he was seized with an attack of fever, of which he nearly died.

November, December, January, and February were occupied in attentions to his health, and in preparations for his trial. Claude was surrounded by physicians and lawyers, the one anxious to preserve his life, the others preparing to deprive him of it.

To shorten my story: On the 16 March 1832, Claude being completely recovered, appeared before the Court of Assize at Troyes, where nearly the whole town was assembled.

Claude presented himself with great decency before the Court. He had been carefully shaved, and made his appearance bare headed, in that *sombre* livery of the prisoners at Clairvaux, composed of dark and light grey cloth. The Attorney General had crowded the Court with all the bayonets of the *Arrondissement*, in order, as he explained to the spectators, to overawe those villains, who were to appear as witnesses in this cause.

As soon as the trial commenced, a fresh and unexpected difficulty occurred. None of those who had been present at, and were to give their evidence concerning the transactions of the 4th of November, could be prevailed upon to testify against Claude. The President of the Court threatened them with his discretionary power: all was in vain. Claude then exerted his influence over them, and commanded them to say all they knew. Their tongues were loosened, and they gave their evidence.

Claude listened with the most profound attention. When any one through forgetfulness, or from affection to Claude, omitted any cir-

cumstance which might aggravate the charge against the prisoner at the bar, he himself reminded them of it.

By the chain of evidence thus established, all the facts which have been already stated were brought before the cognizance of the Court. There was a moment, when all the women present were dissolved in tears. The public crier called up the convict Albin. It was his turn to make his deposition. He entered with a faltering step, and sobbing audibly. The gendarms could not prevent him from throwing himself into the arms of Claude, who supported him, and with a smile said to the Attorney General, "Here is a villain, who shares his bread with the hungry! He then kissed the hand of Albin.

The list of the witnesses being terminated, the Attorney General rose and addressed the court in the following terms.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, society would be shaken to its veriest foundation, if public vengeance did not reach atrocious malefactors like him whom"

After this *memorable* speech, the counsel for the defence was called upon to speak, after which the pleading on both sides was carried on with those customary evolutions, which

characterize what is called a criminal process.

Claude conceived that sufficient had not been said. He rose in his turn, and spoke with so much point, that a very intelligent person, who sat through the whole trial, was astonished at his quickness and talent. It appears after all, that there were more of the elements of an orator, than of an assassin, in this humble individual. He spoke with a persuasive, well modulated voice, with a sparkling eye, a civil but resolute manner, an action not perhaps much varied, but full of dignity. He stated the facts as they really were, with gravity and simplicity, nothing extenuating or aggravating; he allowed every thing; and looking stedfastly at the Article 296 of the code, he bowed his head in submission. He had certain moments of lofty eloquence, which quite electrified the crowd, and you might have heard them in a whisper repeat the sentence to each other with approbation. It would even cause a murmur of applause, during which time Claude would pause, take breath, and cast a haughty glance around him. At another time, this man, who could not even read, would put on the mild and polished manners of a man of education; would be modest, considerate, and attentive;

preserving his temper on those points most calculated to excite his feelings, and singularly respectful towards his judges. On one occasion he betrayed a momentary irritation. The Attorney General had asserted in his speech, to which I have alluded, that Claude Gueux had assassinated the Director of the works at Clairvaux, without any assault or violence on the part of the Director; consequently *without provocation*.

“What!” cried Claude, “have I not received provocation? Oh yes! it is true I understand you!—A drunken man strikes me a blow, I kill him, I have received provocation, you consider it in your sentence, and only send me to the galleys. But a man, who is not drunk, who is in the full possession of his reason and of his senses, puts me to the torture; wrings my heart for four long years; humbles and degrades me for four years: pricks me to death with pins, every day, every hour, every minute in these four years; and yet there is no provocation. I had a wife for whose support I committed theft; he tortures me with that wife! I had a child for whom I committed theft; he tortures me with that child. I had not sufficient bread to eat, a friend supplied me; he takes away both friend

and bread. I supplicate him for my friend, he throws me into a dungeon. I tell him that I am starving; he tells me, that I weary him. What then would you have me do? I kill him! Well! I am a monster, I have killed this man without provocation. You cut off my head. Be it so!"

"Sublime definition! which at once stepping over the system of physical provocations, allowed by our ill formed code in extenuation of crime, proclaims the theory of moral provocations, which the law has overlooked.

The proceedings being closed, the President summed up the case in a very impartial and luminous manner. The result was as follows: An abandoned course of life. A monster in fact. Claude Gueux had commenced by living in a state of concubinage with a loose woman; he had then robbed; he had then committed murder. And all this was true.

Just before the Jury retired to their room, the President asked the prisoner at the bar, if he had any remark to make, as to the form in which the questions had been submitted to them. "Very little," said Claude, "except this: I am a robber, and an assassin. I have robbed and murdered. But why have I rob-

bed? and why have I murdered? Gentlemen of the Jury, do you place these two questions by the side of the others."

After a quarter of an hour's deliberation, upon the verdict of twelve *Champenois*, who were styled gentlemen of the Jury, Claude Gueux was condemned to death. It is ascertained that before the commencement of the trial, many of them significantly remarked, that the prisoner was named *Gueux*! which circumstance made a deep impression.

His sentence was read to Claude, who contented himself with saying: "It is well! But why did this man rob? Why did this man murder? These are two questions to which they give no answer."

Being carried back to his prison, he supped, and appeared cheerful; after which he said, "Thirty six years are just accomplished."

He declined making any appeal to the Court of Cassation. One of the *Sœurs de Charité*, who had attended him during his illness, requested him with tears to do it, and in compliance with her wishes, he at last consented; but he resisted her entreaties so long, that when he signed the application in the register, the delay of three days allowed by the law had

expired by a few minutes. The poor Nun out of gratitude gave him five francs ; he took the money and thanked her.

During this respite the prisoners at Troyes made several offers to assist his escape, which he refused. Those who were in the same prison introduced into his cell, through the vent hole, a nail, some wire, and the handle of a pail ; each of these instruments, with his acuteness, would have been sufficient to file through his fetters. He gave them all up to the gaoler. On the 8th of June 1832, seven months and four days after the commission of his crime, arrived the fatal mandate. On that day, at seven in the morning, the Registrar of the tribunal entered Claude's cell, and announced to him, that he had only one more hour to live. His appeal had been rejected.

It seems as if the approach of death inspired some men with encreased fortitude.

The priest arrived and then the executioner ; he conducted himself respectfully with the one, and civilly with the other ; he seemed prepared to give up both soul and body with equal resignation. His presence of mind never for one instant forsook him.

During the operation of cutting off his hair, he heard some one in a corner of the cell re-

mark, that the cholera was prevalent in Troyes.

“As for myself,” said Claude, with a smile, “I have no apprehensions whatever of the cholera.” He listened to the priest with the greatest attention, expressing great contrition, and regretting deeply that his education in matters of religion had been so completely neglected.

He desired those, whose duty it was to bind his hands, to place the five franc piece, which had been given him by the *Sœur de Charitè*, in his right hand ; it was all he had in the world.

At a quarter before eight he was conveyed from the prison, with the usual melancholy procession in such cases. He was on foot, his countenance was pale, and his eye was steadfastly fixed on the crucifix borne by the priest, but his step was firm and unembarrassed.

That particular day was selected for the execution, because it was a market day, in order that it might be as public as possible ; it appears that there are still in France some towns so barbarous as to look upon the death of a fellow creature, by the sentence of the law, as an object of curiosity.

He mounted the scaffold in a solemn manner, his eye still earnestly fixed on the cross of Christ. He wished to embrace the priest, and then the executioner, as a token of grati-

tude to the one, and of forgiveness to the other. One account states that the latter gently declined it.

At the moment when the assistants bound him to the fatal plank, he made a sign to the priest, to take the five franc piece which he held in his right hand, and said to him, "*For the poor.*" As the clock was striking eight at that very instant, the noise of the chimes stifled his voice, and the confessor replied, that he did not hear him. Claude waited for the interval between the two strokes, and repeated mildly, "*For the poor.*"

The eighth stroke of the clock had barely ceased, when this intelligent head had fallen into the basket.

To show the admirable effect of public executions ; on that very morning, while the guillotine still stained with blood, was standing before their eyes, the market people raised a violent tumult on account of some disputed duties, and were very nearly massacring one of the collectors.

Claude Gueux was an illiterate man, he frequently complained of his own want of education, and if his character has been fairly

drawn, there is every reason to suppose that a clearer knowledge of his duties, as a man and a christian, might have preserved him from the commission of this horrid crime. But unfortunately in this world the most ignorant are not always the most depraved. Education and instruction may develop the faculties of the mind, but the direction of those faculties must mainly depend on the nature and character of the individual. The following instance may prove the dreadful enormities to which such a development may fatally tend.

In November 1835, the Court of Assizes in Paris was occupied with the trial of a man named Lacenaire and his accomplices Avril and Francois, for the murder of an old woman and her son named Chardon, who resided in a house in the *Passage du Cheval rouge*. Lacenaire and Avril were condemned to death, but the public attention was singularly engrossed by the former, whose cold blooded confession of various revolting crimes, and at the same time highly cultivated understanding combined to form a picture of reasoning depravity, which could be seldom seen in any other country. It may tend to prove that the present indiscriminate extension of education in France far from preventing crime, may in many instances be

the means of fostering and encouraging it. The following singular description of this individual was written at the time.

Lacenaire is thirty five years of age, of ordinary stature, of a bilious temperament. His constitution is robust, his complexion dark ; his hair jet black, but in some parts begins to verge upon grey ; his neck is short and thick, its arteries pulsate with vigour, his head is large, and his forehead wide and ample. There is an evident predominance of those cerebral organs, which denote intelligence, while those of the instinctive faculties or brutal appetites are small. His features are regular and handsome, his health is good, and his sleep is always tranquil and profound. He has received an excellent education, and quotes the Latin authors with facility. Neither the language, the manners, nor the countenance of the man betray the slightest marks of ferocity. He is affable and engaging, his expressions are polished and well chosen, his conversation is solid and of an elevated cast. He has travelled much, has studied much, and has been a deep thinker. He enters with facility upon the most weighty questions of social interest, he treats them with elevation of thought, and great freedom of mind, with-

out being in the least preoccupied by his approaching fate. He knows however that in a few days he shall mount the scaffold, he knows it, and he resigns himself to it, or rather he reckons upon it. How is it that this man has not applied this high degree of intelligence to a noble and useful purpose? How is it that he has aspired to become a scourge, and an object of horror? And let it not be supposed that Lacenaire was born fatally organised for crime; he undertakes to refute those, who thus attempt to systematise mankind.

On the morning of the 7th of November, Lacenaire came into a room of the infirmary in the prison of Laforce, where several men of letters, advocates and physicians were assembled. We will let one of the interlocutors relate what passed.

Lacenaire seated himself by the fire, in the midst of us, and talked of morality, politics, and religion with an *à propos*, a precision of ideas, a depth of reflection, and a locality of memory with which we were all astonished.

“In politics as well as in gambling,” said he, “one can be only a dupe or a cheat.”

But it was objected to him, there are men who devote themselves and die for their cause.

“What is there surprising in that?” rejoined Lacenaire, “politics are an absorbing passion, like all other passions, and a man stakes his head for a passion.” The conversation took another turn; the new religions, the St. Simonians, the Templars, &c. were talked of. Lacenaire believes with the latter in the migration of intelligence through all the bodies of nature. He thinks that the principle which animates organised and living beings may on leaving them pass into brute matter, remain there, make it live after its manner for a time, and pass subsequently into other bodies, and all this without rules and without limits. It was with a physician that he supported this doctrine. “Every thing,” said he, “lives; every thing feels; this stone has its life, its intelligence.”

“Brute matter has none,” replied the Doctor, “sensation exists only in organised and living bodies, and in those in which impressions go to a common centre, the brain; which perceives them, and converts them into sensations; intercept this communication, and there is no more transmission of impressions to the brain, no more perception, no more sensation. Such is the case with apoplexy, and paralysis, which is the consequence

of it. In vain you cut and burn the paralysed member, the impressions are no longer transmitted to the brain, the patient feels nothing. Such again is the case with a man whose head has been cut off!" At these thoughtless words, we looked at Lacenaire, but his physiognomy betrayed no emotion. Shortly after he went out of the room.

After an hour we proceeded to his bedside in the great room of the Infirmary. He had for a neighbour, a young man, a professed robber, ruined by the most disgraceful debauchery, devoured by a pulmonary complaint, and having only a few hours to live. "Lacenaire," said the young man to him, "I regret that I am not free to attend your execution, and see whether in mounting the fatal scaffold, you have the same self possession as you have here."

"I warrant you it," replied Lacenaire without affectation. "As the most guilty, I should be executed last, and before dying, I could bear to see the heads of my fellow culprits fall, if they should be condemned to death."

At these horrible words, I no longer hesitated to talk with him on his own affairs. "Lacenaire," said I to him, "you are not a common man, you have a deplorable direction

of mind. How is it that your intelligence has not protected you against yourself."

"Ah! it happened one day of my life, that I had no alternative but suicide or crime."

"Why then did you not commit suicide?"

"I then enquired of myself, whether I was the victim of myself, or of society; and I imagined that I was the victim of society."

"That is an argument common to all criminals."

Lacenaire made no reply.

"But even if it were true, that you were the victim of society, those whom you smote were innocent."

"'Tis true, and hence I pity those whom I smote, but I killed them because it was a resolution formed against all."

"Thus then you make a system of assassination?"

"Yes! and I choose it as the means of my own preservation and to secure my own subsistence."

"It is more easy to conceive that a man urged by imperious necessity, commits a crime to satisfy it; but you, it was to spend the blood in orgies. Say, Lacenaire, did you never experience some access of moral fever,

a sort of frenzy for crime, and pleasure in executing it ?”

“ No !”

“ Then you did this coolly, as a commercial operation, by calculation, by combination ?”

“ Yes !”

“ If you were not naturally cruel, how was it possible for you to succeed in stifling within you every sentiment of pity ”

“ Man does whatever he wishes, I am not naturally cruel, but it was necessary for the means to be in harmony with the end ; being a systematic assassin, it was requisite to lay aside all sensibility.”

“ You never then felt any remorse ?”

“ Never !”

“ Any fear ?”

“ No, my head was my stake : I never reckoned an impunity, there is one thing in fact in which one is forced to believe, and that is, justice, because society is founded upon order.”

“ But this sentiment of justice is conscience.”

“ Without the remorse ?”

“ I do not comprehend the one without the other ; does not the idea of death terrify you ?”

“ No, not at all ; to die to-day or to-morrow,

of apoplexy or by the axe, what does it matter ? I am thirty five years old, but I have lived more than a life ; and when I see old men dragging themselves along, and perishing in a slow or painful agony, I tell myself that it is better to die at a blow, and with the exercise of all my faculties."

" If you could now commit suicide to escape the ignominy of the scaffold would you do it ?"

" No ; if I had the most active poison I would not commit suicide. Besides, is not the guillotine the most active of all poisons ? This is why I would not commit suicide, I could have killed myself before I shed any blood. As an assassin I felt that I had established between myself and the scaffold, a bond, a contract ; that my life was no longer my own, but belonged to the law, to the executioner."

" This then in your view will be an expiation ?"

" No ; a consequence, the payment of a gambling debt."

" What logic ! do you believe, Lacenaire, that all will be ended with life ?"

" It is a subject upon which I have never been disposed to reflect."

" Do you imagine that you shall continue to

have the same confidence up to the last moment?"

"I believe that I shall look at the scaffold without fear; the punishment is less in the execution than in the expectation, and the moral agony that precedes it. Besides I have such power over my own imagination that I create a world for myself. If I wished I would not think of death till it were before my eyes."

After a pause Lacenaire said: "Do you think that I shall be despised?"

"A man such as you inspires nothing but horror."

"Then it is hatred that I am to expect! There is nothing which, according to my feelings is so insupportable as the contempt of another, or one's own contempt."

After having uttered these words, he filled a glass with wine, and added smiling, "This is not Falernian," and quoting a line of Horace, "this wine is not

"Nate mecum Consule Manlio."

A quotation from Horace at the foot of the scaffold!

This man was not executed till the 9th of January following, and though he maintained

during this long interval the same hardened, logical indifference to his fate; when the last moment arrived, his courage failed him, and he met death under all the agonies of fear and trembling. He had stated that he would address the people from the scaffold, but he had not the strength to do it. By an unaccountable fatality the knife did not fall when the string was pulled, and twenty seconds elapsed before it could be made to do its office. By a violent effort the culprit turned his head and looked up, and at that moment his eyes and countenance presented an appearance terrible beyond all expression. When the Abbé Montès paid him a visit in prison on the morning of his execution, Lacenaire received him with politeness, and said, "I thank you, but am sorry for the trouble which you have taken; you know that all this is quite opposed to my way of thinking, and your visit is perfectly useless." And yet, in contradiction to these very expressions, he had on the preceding evening composed at the Conciergerie a prayer to God, which terminated with the following lines :

Dieu, que j'invoque écoute ma prière,
Darde en mon âme un rayon de ta foi ?
Car je rougis de n'être que matière,
Et cependant je doute malgré moi
Pardonne moi, si dans ta créature
Mon œil superbe a méconnu ta main ?
Dieu !—le néant —notre âme—la nature
C'est un secret.—je le saurai demain.
La Conciergerie Janvier 1839.

Many people have formed their impressions of this man from the studied part which he acted after he was arrested ; but their judgment was false. Lacenaire was not, in fact, (what he afterwards wished to appear to be,) a man hesitating between suicide and crime, and rushing into the latter because society was unjust towards him ; he was not an assassin upon system, who had signed a bond with the executioner, of which his own head was the forfeit, and who laboured with his poniard, as other men labour with their pen. No, thank Heaven, such men cannot exist. He was a robber and an assassin, because he wanted the means to supply his profligate, debauched and idle life ; but he had a considerable share of vanity, a cultivated mind, and a very uncommon capacity, which made him anxious to give some plausible colouring even to his odious and vicious career. Hence he adopted this

extraordinary system of logic, that he was not criminal from depravity but from principle ; a few weak minds hailed him as a species of philosopher, while the more thinking part of the community will only consider him as a sophisticated ruffian.

In France the aristocracy has undergone its fate ; the revolution destroyed it, the restoration revived it ; the barricades of 1830 brought in a new power, that of the people, which if not restrained within proper bounds is more arrogant and overbearing than the first. Men are very apt to talk of cant about religion, and deem it a cloak for the concealment of vice ; but there is a cant about the people, adopted by some for their own selfish purposes, which is infinitely more disgusting, because no man of proper feeling can ever wish to see them endowed with unlimited power. The aristocracy of France has been chastened and humbled, it has been tried by adversity, and the result has been a great increase of morality and serious feeling among the higher orders. They had in their time a long æra of prosperity and indulgence ; the tide for centuries rolled one way ; thirty thousand privileged

families absorbed the land, they revelled in luxury, their hearts were hardened, they oppressed the people, and continued their thoughtless career till revolutionary vengeance hurled them to the ground. Then came the ebb; the tide receded amidst the wreck of elements, and the turn of the people came; how did *they* use their ascendancy? Indignant passions took the lead, brute force was summoned to their aid, blood and vengeance soiled the land, and a short experience proved that even despotism with its laws was preferable to liberty with its terrors.

The Revolution of July was the next link in this ponderous chain; it has been called by some the explosion of mind, by others the triumph of the people. What then was the direction of this mind? what the bias of this triumphant people? They had gained all that they could expect, or the most violent demagogues could exact. They had cashiered one king and elected another in his place. Were they satisfied? No, as hardly a year has elapsed since without some atrocious attempt on the life of their newly chosen sovereign. During the first years of this new reign, before the civil power could be firmly organised, they played with Royalty as children with a toy;

at one time accosting it with the most disgusting familiarity, at another, insulting and attacking it in the streets. Headstrong and inconsistent people! when H. M. Louis Philippe asked the Marquis of ——— to accompany him to Versailles, he added with a smile, “N’ayez pas peur, ma voiture est garnie de plaques de fer.” And if the reins of government have been since more tightly drawn, if the bubble equality has been thrown out as a tub to the whale, while liberty has undergone some salutary restrictions, it is to these very precautions that half the population of Paris are now indebted that they may walk the streets at night in safety, or even sleep quietly in their beds. It may appear a harsh saying, but is not the less true, that the French people of the present day can only be kept in order by energy and force; were an angel to descend from heaven, he could never mould them to his sway. However party feeling may wantonly disparage the present Monarch of France, no impartial person can deny that he has shown during this trying period an extraordinary share of sound sense, moral firmness, and just discrimination, which when we look around on the present race of public men, it would have been difficult to find in any of his subjects. If to this we

add an exemplary domestic character in private life, and a family whose virtues would really give lustre to any throne, it can only be a subject of regret that they should have been exposed to such severe and arduous trials.

While the conflicting parties in the state were daily giving proofs of their animosity and discontent, which the revolution of July had only tended to heighten and exasperate, it was frequently observed that in the present day there was no one form of government which would give general satisfaction in France. This was denied by M. de —, who shrewdly remarked, that a Republic with the Dukes of Bordeaux, Orléans, and Reichstadt, as the three Consuls, would infallibly secure the suffrages of the whole empire.

In a moral point of view the Revolution of July was followed by a torrent, a *débordement* of profligacy among the lower classes, which could only arise from the extraordinary impunity obtained by their triumph. The civil police was then paralysed, and dared not to repress the most barefaced licentiousness. The smaller theatres, as may be well remembered were the scenes of the most blasphemous exhibitions; the sacred writings were nightly made the subject of the most indecent parodies, on the

stage : the public balls (as the *Moniteur* would call them, *au profit des victimes*) were disgraced by the most cynical and disgusting manners ; the press teemed with the most licentious publications, and the sovereign people showed itself in all its native deformity. There is no country in the world where the lower classes are so devoid of shame ; even the women in these nightly orgies outvied the men in their indelicate demonstrations. Authors like M. Jules La Croix and M. Théophile Gautier, and others still more exceptionable, poured oil on the flames of this new *dévergondage* by their writings. To give some idea of these publications, a novel was published by the former gentleman, who is author of *une grossesse*, &c. on which the *Chronique de Paris* made the following comment.

“ Si vous devez le lire, ce dont n’ayez garde ; tâchez de n’avoir pas de femme, pas de fille surtout, pas de fils non plus ; que votre sœur ne s’en aperçoive pas ; et que Madame votre tante, quel que soit son âge, l’ignore.” This book was called *une fleur à vendre*, and the critic concluded by saying, “ Les grisettes et les ouvrières mangent et boivent cet ouvrage ; voilà que Paul de Koch leur semble plat et insipide ; et Pégault le brun vient de mourir ;

peut-être du succès de M. Jules la Croix." Those who wish for a specimen of the other author, may peruse Mademoiselle Maupin. These are only signs of the times, and quoted for that purpose. But the immoral tendency of French novels in the present day is such, that no father of a family can leave them on his table, much less permit his children to peruse them.

With such instances of depravity in view as those of Lacenaire, Fieschi, L. Huissier, Delacollonge, and various other criminals, who have figured before the tribunals of late years, an impartial observer might readily suppose, that the present state of literature in France, which is so notoriously immoral, had materially contributed to bring about such an alarming degeneracy in principle and morality. In answer to this remark a well informed man made use of the following expression.

"Vous prenez le cuisinier qui prépare les plats, pour le convive qui les commande. La Société existe par elle même; la littérature n'est qu'un symptôme de sa faiblesse ou de sa santé."

From this period also may date the balls of Musard, that celebrated *marquerade*, which forms a principal feature in the amusements of

the Carnival, and presents a scene which can be witnessed in no other country. Let the French give their own description.

“ C’est au bal de Musard qu’on voit les affamés de plaisir, réunis dans ses Salons de la Rue St. Honoré ; pierrots, charretiers, paillasses postillons, Turcs, Bédouins, &c. la danse s’y montre folle, amusante, dévergondée. Le plaisir chez Musard, c’est le bruit, c’est le tapage, c’est le gallop, ou la danse infernale. L’orchestre monstrueux n’est applaudi que lorsqu’il tonne du haut des quatre planches, à coups de chaises cassées, de fusils, et de pistolets. Le bal de l’Opéra est désert, les hommes du monde quittent les salons des faubourgs St. Germain et St. Honoré avec empressement, l’orchestre de Musard les appelle ; c’est une rage sans nom. C’est une mode impérieuse, il faut pouvoir dire que l’on a passé sa nuit chez Musard, le roi des ribauds, le chef des joyeux, et des sans soucis.”

A more lamentable subject next forces itself on the mind when we turn to the numerous instances of suicide, which now abound in this country, originating in sullen despair, or a wanton indifference to life. This

dreadful mania is not confined to those who are a prey to misery and misfortune, a slight disappointment, even a momentary disgust will now frequently tempt the unthinking youth of both sexes voluntarily to rush into eternity. The doctrine of equality has roused the restless spirit of the age ; the wide spread of education has raised hopes and engendered presumption : all put forth their pretensions to rise in the world ; none are contented with the part which nature assigned to them at their birth, and as the race is for the many, but the prize for the few, discontent and vexation are seen to brood on many an anxious brow.

It is painful to read in the public prints these numerous instances of self destruction, which have not even the apology of sudden desperation ; they are for the most part committed with a cold phlegmatic resolution, which proves the absence of all real religion in the mind. One or two instances of this nature may be worth relating.

A double suicide took place on Friday night at No. 24, Rue de la fidélité, M. Malglaive formerly an officer in the army was deprived of his fortune by some unforeseen calamities, he was found with his wife in their

apartment, suffocated by a pan of charcoal, having previously stopped up every aperture in the room which could admit a current of air. He had previously written the following curious letter to a friend by the *petite poste*.

“ Quand vous allez lire cette lettre, ni moi, ni ma pauvre Eléonore ne seront plus dans ce monde : ayez donc la bonté de faire ouvrir notre porte, et vous nous trouverez les yeux fermés pour toujours. Nous sommes fatigués tous deux des malheurs qui nous poursuivent, et nous ne croyons pouvoir mieux faire que de mettre un terme à tous nos maux. Connaissant son courage et tout l'attachement que ma bonne femme a pour moi, j'étois certain qu'elle accepterait la partie, et partagerait entièrement ma manière de voir. Adieu, brave Ami, en attendant les effets de la métempsychose, je vous souhaite une bonne nuit, et à moi un bon voyage. J'espère qu'à minuit nous serons arrivés au but de notre promenade.

“ Vendredi, 10 Octobre, 11 heures du soir.”

A working jeweller, named Charite scarcely twenty years old, lived with an aged mother, whom he supported by his daily earnings. His employment at last decreased, his resources failed, he became tormented with the idea of

seeing his infirm mother come to want. His own health likewise gave way, and he was at times heard to say, that if Providence did not come to his aid, he would terminate his own existence. Last Thursday evening his mother went out at seven o'clock to visit a relation. In a few minutes afterwards the son went down stairs, gave his candle in charge to the porter, appeared to go out, but privately returned to his room. He then wrote several letters to his friends and relations, particularly to his two sisters, one of whom is living in England, the other is a milliner at Brest.

He then carefully stopped up all the issues by which air could come into his room, and as if he had wished to have his fate up to the last moment in his own hands, he placed a table close to a glass door, which he might easily break with a blow of his elbow at any time if he should wish to stop the progress of the suffocation.

The table being thus disposed with paper, pens, and ink, and a lighted candle near him, he wrote the following lines which were afterwards found near his body :—

“ I am twenty years old and I am going to die.
To my fellow citizens and the lovers of science.
These are the effects of death by charcoal.”

“ First of all a thick vapour which makes the eyes to smart ; a slight headache ; then the vapour causes the candle to burn dim ; the light grows fainter ; all this in five minutes after lighting the charcoal. The wick turns to ash ;—the headache does not increase—the pain in the eyes is worse—the headache now increases—tears flow—and in abundance.—At this moment a woman—(here delirium seems to commence.)—One does not know what one does one (here are three words but illegible, and the writing is irregular.) And at last the light goes out almost and I”

It is probable that at this moment the unfortunate young man expired.

About eleven o'clock the mother returned home and found her son a corpse. A large brazier of charcoal, quite extinguished, was near the chair from which he had fallen on the floor.

Those instances which result from disappointed love or ambition, are of daily occurrence, but the suicide of M. Daure formerly secretary to Monsieur de Talleyrand, is of so mysterious a cast, that it is worthy of record. It was thus described in December 1834.

“ About six weeks ago a stranger presented

himself to the Mayor of the little town of Prune, saying, that as he purposed to make some stay in that part of the country, he had thought it his duty to make him a formal visit. He was a man of gentlemanlike appearance, he wore a moustache, his countenance was pale and romantic, his manners evidently those of the best society, and his language peculiarly pleasing."

After having exhibited his passport, which described him as *homme de lettres*, and aged thirty-seven years, he took the opportunity of adding that the real object of his journey was to collect information as to the intrinsic value of the forest of Gresigné, which a company of speculators with whom he was associated proposed to purchase. The Mayor captivated at once by the agreeable exterior of the stranger, offered him a bed in his own house, and a constant invitation to his table, both which were cordially accepted, but under the indispensable stipulation of a pecuniary recompense.

"On the following day, M. Daure established himself in his new abode; he brought several books with him, a large wardrobe, and all the items of a fashionable toilet. His constant and favourite study was the bible, a copy of

which he invariably carried about with him. He regularly every week handed over the sum of ten francs to the curate of the parish for charitable purposes; he never failed in his attendance at mass on Sundays, where though his demeanour was decent and respectful, he always seemed to be absorbed in some book, which apparently was foreign to the holy service.

“His mother who lives at Montauban, paid him a visit: he received her with much affection, and made her a present of forty Napoléons.

“Thus did his time pass in romantic excursions abroad, or in serious and instructive conversation at home, when M. Daure one day sought out the Curate of Prune, and requested him to celebrate a solemn funeral service for one of his particular friends. During the chaunt of the *Dies Iræ*, the stranger was dissolved in tears, he wept abundantly, which was so much the more remarked, as his general character had always appeared to be cold and reserved. After this mournful ceremony he showed an unusual degree of composure and serenity during the whole day.

“On the following morning he went out alone,

without apprising any one, hastened towards the ruins of the old castle, and in a short time afterwards the neighbourhood was alarmed by the report of fire arms.

“ On rushing to the spot, they found the corpse of the benevolent stranger dreadfully mutilated, he had directed the muzzle of a pistol, which was bound to his arm by a crape, against the socket of his right eye, and had literally blown out his brains. In the other hand he held a razor.

“ In searching his room several letters were found, among which was one addressed to M. Bruniquet the proprietor of the ruins, in which he made an apology to him for having killed himself on his domains.

“ He left the following injunctions as to his funeral.

“ The body to be laid out in the direction from east to west ; to be dressed in white silk stockings, a linen pantaloon, white gloves on the hands, the head bound with a silk handkerchief, and reposed on the bible veiled with a black crape. In a letter to his cousin he solemnly enjoined him an eternal silence as to the cause of his death.”

This crime of suicide which is now become so dreadfully frequent in France, has lately

drawn from the pen of the Abbè Guillon, *Evêque de Maroc*, (or what is called in partibus infidelium,) an octavo volume, written with a certain degree of eloquence, but evincing more laudable anxiety to stem the evil, than knowledge of the causes from which it originated. The learned author, like most of his brethren in France, seems gifted with little knowledge of the world, or of the real state of society in his own country ; and instead of (as in duty bound,) attempting the conversion of his diocesans the Africans, he has published a homily to the Parisians, which may be highly approved by the Court of Rome, but is little calculated to have much weight with those to whom it is addressed. An answer to this publication has appeared in the shape of a small pamphlet, addressed to the Bishop, which throws so much more light on the real causes of this desperate and increasing evil, that I am tempted to translate a few extracts for the reader.

“ Suicide, my lord, has been traced to two general causes. Either it originates in a natural predisposition of the constitution, which has long furnished matter of study to medical men, and in that case is unavoidable, like gout, insanity, or hypochondria ; or it

results from intolerable sufferings both physical and moral.

“ In the first case, my lord, the most eminent physicians might open your book, even at its most splendid passages, before their patients, and the patients would derive no benefit. If you had made science your study, you would have known that contradiction only irritates those, who are subject to monomania; and that the most eloquent rhetoric, even of a professor like yourself, may entail very serious consequences on the preacher as well as on the patient.

“ As to the second case, my lord, believe not that suicide is a resource to which any man can fly with eagerness or pleasure; the human mind can never be made up to such a step without intense previous agony and struggle. This crime is not only anti-catholic or anti-social, but it is also unjustifiable in any shape. Committed as it generally is, in a paroxysm of selfishness, if we consider it as to its positive results, it is peculiarly marked with the stamp of folly. Suicide is not a doubt but a false calculation; public morality as well as christianity, reason as well as personal interest, combine to condemn it. Enough has been said on the subject in the church, in the

world, in Sorbonne, in philosophy, and in Morocco.

“After having branded it with this general anathema, that we may not be supposed to take up the defence of the insensate self murderer; you must permit us to add that your book is a *belle inutilité*.

“The Infidels do not kill themselves at Morocco, and the intelligent Christians die in France. You should have endeavoured to seek out the causes of this difference between your two dioceses; for it really is of great import towards the solution of that difficult problem, founded on what we proudly term the progress of light, and which in our opinion marches in a strait line with the progress of irreligion. You would have written a very curious book, if it had explained the reasons why the Turks do not kill themselves, and why the Christians commit such frequent suicides.

“Be convinced, my lord, that the causes of suicide in the present day do not exist merely in the air; they may be not a little owing to the inability of those who govern France, and boast of her prosperity. Suicide is the child of misery, endured with bitterness, and combated by pride. It is the offspring of that despair, which is felt by man, when all

his future prospects have been blasted and destroyed.

“ Many of those who live absorbed in study and meditation, placed between the dishonour of beggary on the one hand, and the pressure of hunger on the other, those Gilberts, and Chattertons of modern times, whose names will rise up in judgment against our social system, kill themselves in order to avoid the tortures of famine. Their suicide is merely an economy of sufferings.

“ All of these victims stand appalled by the indifference with which the rules of the land look down upon their efforts ; many of them, scorned and rejected on all sides by men, who while they risk millions on the chances of the *Bourse*, will not risk a liard to aid the prospects of a man of talent in distress. All do not die by their own hand ; believe me, that certain men die assassinated by the artificial system of our society, in which three hundred citizens convened to legislate for their fellows, neglect the arts, the sciences, and literature, to ponder over finance and penalties, while their proper occupation should be to trace out the causes of this social disorder.

“ Instead of lecturing the dead, or those who are preparing to die, you should have

addressed your octavo volume to those children of prosperity, who come in their carriages to hear that edifying doctrine, which you pour forth at times from the same pulpit whence Massillon formerly electrified his auditors.

“Suicide does not exist in the hearts, it exists in our atheistical laws. Its seeds are sown in that general inconsiderate education given to young people, who on leaving college, found their future hopes in life on the distinctions and rank obtained by their public studies, without reflecting on the multitude of ambitious rivals, which the same system has created around them. It is a system incessantly occupied in the over production of talents and capacities, which are yearly sent forth to die on the choked up threshold of fortune and preferment; for every year the number of candidates is increased on a limited theatre, which is susceptible of no augmentation.

“Do you wish that the young men of talent educated in your colleges, fired by your lectures in Sorbonne, or at the college of France, should return to the plough from whence you brought them?

“They die, my lord, for want of bread; and you tell them not to die. They die in all the

vigour of their manhood matured by you ; and you ask them, ‘ wherefore do you die ?’

“ They die after repeated and fruitless attempts to gain a living, after having felt the disgust of unceasing rejections ; they die that they may not close a miserable career at Mont St. Michael as republican conspirators, or what is far more dreadful, on the public scaffold, as robbers and assassins.

The great increase of crime in France since the Revolution has been met by a great diminution of capital punishment, which the philanthropic motion of M. de Tracy in 1830 had nearly tended to abolish entirely. Without entering into the weighty question, whether the public weal of a great empire can be supported without this last *ratio* of intimidation, it may still be remarked, that a strong reluctance exists in the breasts of the French juries to arrive at this extremity of the law. The rarity indeed of capital punishment has been carried to such a pitch, that in many provinces there exists a strong conviction among the inhabitants, that no crimes are punished with death. In many places indeed where a solitary execution may have taken place, the crowds which

have assembled from the neighbouring country around the scaffold, have been so impressed with the idea that the preparations were merely made for the purpose of intimidation, that they would hardly be convinced of the reality, till the fatal axe had done its office. It is sufficient that a jury should add to their verdict of *guilty*, the plea of *extenuating circumstances*, (*circonstances atténuantes*) and crimes even of the deepest hue are exempted from the penalty of death ; in that case they are only visited with imprisonment and hard labour for life. To such an extent does this feeling of mercy prevail, that even the crime of parricide, of all others the most unnatural and atrocious, finds under the present system in the French Courts a mitigated sentence.

A trial took place on the 26th of June 1838, at the Court of Assize at Nantes, which illustrates at once this extraordinary and misplaced lenity. On the 20th of March, a poor old labourer sixty five years of age, named Daudin, was found murdered in the fields near his dwelling ; strong suspicion rested on his son René Daudin, who was long known to have treated his father with great brutality. He was brought to the bar, and after a patient hearing, the crime was fully proved against him ;

the witnesses attested not only to frequent assaults on his parent, but also to various threats against his life ; and if any aggravation of the crime were wanting, it was found in the total want of feeling which the prisoner evinced on this sad occasion. The jury in giving their verdict of guilty on all the counts of the indictment, still allowed the plea of *circonstances attenuantes*, which excited the astonishment of the whole court ; and appeared so irreconcilable with all principles of justice, that the *Gazette des tribunaux* printed the words in capital letters, to attract observation, without any further comment.

If such crimes are to find a public apology from the jury box, all gradations of vice will soon be put on a footing of equality. It is the inverted reasoning of the Roman Emperor, who said, that the smallest crimes deserved death, and he knew no heavier punishment for the greatest.

In some cases this plea may certainly be admitted with safety and propriety.

One of those trifling squabbles in private life, which so constantly lead to litigation before the petty courts at the Palais de Justice, lately produced the complaint of Mademoiselle Eugenie, an interesting *grisette*, in the Rue St.

Denis, for an assault and battery against M. Hypolite, *garçon coiffeur* in the same neighbourhood. A courtship of some months had subsisted between the two lovers, but just at the moment when the amorous barber had hoped to fix the day for their intended union, the fickle fair changed her mind and banished him from her presence. Tortured by the pangs of disappointed love, he anxiously watched an opportunity to accost her in the street, and expostulate with her on the glaring inconstancy of her proceeding. The reception of Mademoiselle Eugénie was such as drove the wretched Hypolite to distraction. Irritated by passion, and forgetful of that delicacy which is due to the softer sex, he lavished on his beloved object a volley of abuse, and finished by inflicting on her person a manual chastisement, so violent that she now appealed for redress to the injured laws of her country.

The offence was fully proved, and a serious retribution was fully anticipated, but the sentimental Jury considering in their verdict the violence of his love as a *circonstance atténuante*, the deserted Hypolite was only subjected to a mitigated penalty. On this occasion a witty barrister in court remarked to his neighbour, “ Depuis des siècles les

philosophes se disputent entre eux sur la vraie définition de l'amour. Maintenant il est prouvé en pleine cour que l'amour n'est autre chose qu'une circonstance atténuante."

On a later occasion a trial has taken place in the criminal court, when Jadin was found guilty of robbing and murdering a maidservant named Hermann in the Rue des petites Ecuries. M. Plougoulm, advocate general, in his address to the Jury, adverted to the abuse that had been so frequently made of the term *circonstance atténuante*, he ended with saying, "Il faut un verdict complet, énergique, et non pas adouci, amolli par cet accessoire, dont on a fait tant d'abus." It created much sensation in court, and Jadin was condemned to death.

This vague and indefinite scale of punishment which has tended to fill the prisons and galleys not only with the most desperate offenders, but also with the most atrocious murderers, has rendered the contamination of bad example much more widely extensive in these resorts of vice and infamy. Instead of checking crime, it has evidently increased it. The convicts who are again let loose upon society after the expiration of their sentence, and those who occasionally, nay, frequently

effect their escape from the *bagnes*, are notoriously more corrupted and ferocious than they were when first handed over to the arm of the law. Without enumerating the petty thieves, this city at present contains 6,000 malefactors of the above description, who are at large, affiliated with each other, speaking a language peculiar to themselves, (styled *argot*,) and daily occupied in forming schemes to entrap the property and often the lives of their fellow citizens. At no period have so many robberies and assassinations been committed in Paris as in the present day.

At the same time it must be allowed that opinions of late years have been much divided on the expediency of abolishing capital punishment. Those who adhere to the old system found their conviction on the principle of a just reprisal, quoting the well known sentence in the Old Testament, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." While those who argue on the other side deprecate this vengeance of the law on the ground, that public executions in a certain degree wear away that repugnance and horror at shedding blood, which is natural and necessary to the well being of society. The crime of murder as they assert would be less frequent if the

law itself did not set the example. Franklin, who was opposed to capital punishment, viewed the above passage in the holy writings rather in the light of a prediction than of a law; he went so far as to maintain that the pardon of offences, and the encouragement to repentance, so strongly inculcated by religion, was not less incumbent on governments than on individuals. Without venturing to decide so grave a question, and fully convinced that the frequency of executions must tend to harden the feelings of the spectator, it still occurs to me that certain aggravated crimes, such as parricide, regicide, or any atrocious murder, should be doomed to death for the sake of public example. Perhaps as far as positive sufferings go, the sentence to *travaux forcés à perpétuité*, may in fact be more terrible than death itself, as the annals of the *bagnes* in France relate many instances of culprits who have attempted the lives of their gaolers or fellow prisoners, in order that a summary judgment and execution in the prison may at once put an end to their misery. There is a peculiar jurisdiction attached to these *bagnes*, which allows them a private court with power of life and death for the trial of those convicts within their own walls, who by the commission

of fresh crimes may have rendered themselves amenable to further punishment.

In the *bagne* at Rochfort, (July 1836,) a convict named Jacquemard was accused of an attempt to murder a fellow prisoner with a bar of iron. This Jacquemard was only twenty-three years old, when he was condemned in 1820, to hard labour during life, for the crime of murdering his own father-in-law. What is called a maritime tribunal was assembled to judge this fresh delinquency, and the criminal being found guilty, was sentenced to lose his head.

In pursuance of this judgment the interior of the *bagne* was forthwith occupied by detachments of artillery and marines, by the *gardes chiourmes*, and the *maritime gendarmes*. The prisoners were ranged in a row opposite the soldiers, whose muskets were charged, and the artillerymen drawn up with lighted matches and loaded cannon.

An awful silence pervaded the prison, when the sound of a whistle announced the commencement of this fearful ceremony. An adjutant ordered the assembled convicts, who alone were present on the occasion, to take off their caps and place themselves on their knees. All obeyed but one, who no ways

connected with the sufferer exclaimed, "*Je suis au bagne depuis 20 ans, tout le monde sait que je suis ici le plus grand criminel, je demande qu'on me mette à la place de Jacquemard.*" The guards enjoined him to be silent, and compelled him to kneel with the others, at the same time taking down his number with a view to future correction. Jacquemard at length appeared supported by two priests; he was firm and composed; two other convicts followed in his train destined to act as his executioners, because the *bourreau du département* had declined the office, not being compelled by his duty to execute any sentence which had not been awarded by the regular assize courts.

Jacquemard addressed his comrades in a penitent mood, and then received absolution from his confessor, who overcome with horror fainted away as soon as the head dropped into the basket. The convicts, whom it was intended to awe by this example, then returned to their accustomed labours, perhaps envying the fate of him, whose last end they had witnessed.

It has always been supposed that death produced by the guillotine was attended with the least pain, and that of the shortest duration,

but a curious memoir on this subject has been presented to the Academy of Sciences, which maintains a very contrary opinion, as may be seen from the following extracts.

“ Guillotin, Cabanis, Petit, and other physiologists have denied the existence of pain after decapitation ; a number of others and particularly Sue, Semmering Castel have maintained the reverse. Professor Sue has made experiments on cocks, turkies, sheep, and calves. The body of a turkey after remaining motionless for the space of one minute, raised itself, stood up for near two minutes, then ran forwards, fluttering its wings, and attempted to scratch its neck with its claw. The body of a sheep when beheaded was so violently convulsed during twelve minutes, that it required the strength of three men to hold it. The head of a calf was also convulsed for six minutes, moving its eyes, ears, nose, and the muscles of its face.

Aldini, by his galvanic experiments in 1803 made in Italy on a man beheaded, and also in London on a robust young man of twenty six who had been hung, convinced himself that the contraction of the muscles in the head lasted in the first subject for three quarters of an hour, and in the second for nearly two hours.

M. Moyon, professor of anatomy at Genoa, made experiments in 1804, at Paris, on different subjects of the guillotine, and established the following results. Two heads when exposed to a strong glare of light, instantly closed their eyelids, which had been forcibly opened; the tongue, purposely drawn out of the mouth, as soon as it was pricked by a needle, was immediately drawn in, and the features of the face gave every indication of a painful feeling. Another man named Tillier was subjected to a similar experiment; when his head was separated from the trunk, it turned its eyes to the side from whence it was addressed by name. It is therefore possible (as was asserted at the time) that the head of Charlotte Corday, to which the executioner barbarously gave a blow when he held it up to public view, might have shown a sign of indignation.

The author of this memoir asserts to have seen the heads of several people guillotined move the lips as if they would express the sufferings which they endured. Of two heads that were placed in the same sack, one had seized the cheek of the other in its teeth with so much tenacity, that they were with great difficulty separated.

Siveling declares that by irritating the spi-

nal marrow which still adhered to the head after execution, he had produced the most terrible convulsions. Dr. Castel acknowledges that the head when separated from the trunk is still susceptible of feeling, but he thinks that life is sooner extinguished in the head than in the body. This opinion is combatted by M. de Fontenelle, who on that point is supported by the authority of Dr. Sue. "We have had," says he, "opportunity to satisfy ourselves, that after decapitation the head preserves, during several minutes, the arterial blood, which it has derived through the caroted and vertebral arteries. As soon as the operation of section takes place, these arteries contract and close themselves, and while this state of spasm continues, the head allows very little blood to escape. The case is reversed with the body, which loses its blood and rapidly becomes cold.

According to M. Sue the faculty of sensation may last for a quarter of an hour or even more in the different parts of the head. The same case is exemplified generally with animals, of which he cites numerous instances.

This author further considers as very unfortunate, in a moral point of view, the general opinion, that death by decapitation is instan-

taneous and unaccompanied with pain. It would appear on the contrary that the guillotine is one of the most dreadful modes of death that ever was invented.

The knowledge of this fact might perhaps deter some criminals from sin, by the fear of a lingering death, which they too often set at defiance from the conviction that their sufferings would be terminated in a second of time.

The gravity and impartiality of the courts of law in France, as well as the calm, dignified manner of the Presidents are really worthy of remark. Amidst all the vicissitudes which this country has undergone, the magistracy alone has preserved its peculiar type of dignity and simplicity. Those venerable families still retain the strict morality of their ancestors, and live apart from the world in their *quartier* of the *Isle St. Louis*, remarkable for their economy and Spartan virtues, untainted by the vices and profligacy which reign on all sides in this luxurious capital. Impressed with veneration for those great names which have preceded them, the names of Lamoignons, d'Aguesseaus, de L'Hospital, Malesherbes, &c., they still appear anxious to follow in their steps, through the wide extension of education and knowledge, in the present day no longer

offers the same field for preeminence and distinction, which crowned the arduous labours of their venerable predecessors.

In those times of despotic monarchy the expounders of the law had difficulties to encounter, which no longer exist in the present day. The sublime expression of D'Aguesseau is still on record, when he asserted that "*Le magistrat, qui n'est pas un héros, n'est pas même un homme de bien,*" well indeed did he prove his own title to heroism, when he defended the national independance against the bigotry of the sovereign and the encroachments of the court of Rome, in the affair of the famous bull unigenitus. What language could be more pointed and appropriate than his ingenious reply to the Nuncio Quirini, who complained of his resistance. "Non, ce ne sont pas des armes que l'on fabrique ici contre Rome, ce sont de *boucliers.*"

One of the most interesting speeches I ever heard, was made by the Procureur Général Dupin, at the opening of the *Cour de Cassation*, in November 1836, when he took for his subject the remarkable life of the Chancellor de l'Hospital, who was born under the reign of Louis XII., and finished his noble career under that of Charles IX., in one year after

his own escape from the massacre of Saint Barthelemy ; having left an example of piety, simplicity, and honourable conduct as a magistrate, which has never been surpassed and seldom equalled. The description of the Chancellor's pursuits in his modest retirement at Vignay, his classical studies, and his literary correspondence, were touched with great effect, and the purity of his mind, as well as his religious principles, were proved by quotations from his Latin epistles to the Cardinal Turoni, and other friends.

Sed mihi nulla sacris componi scripta videntur
Posse libris, non est ubi mens humana quiescat
Suavius, et portum inveniat segura malorum.—

Some idea may be formed of the simplicity of his country establishment, when he says in an epistle which he wrote to invite a friend to dinner, that his reception would not be too *homely*, as he would see a silver saltceller, which his wife had brought thither from Paris, and would take back with her on her return to the town.

Cultus erit mensæ non rusticus, urbe salinum
Argento factum, veniens huc extulit uxor,
Et secum referet.

When he refers to his early days of study in

the law, before the more weighty cares of state oppressed his mind, he looks back to the short vacations at the *Palais de Justice*, when worn out with fatigue, and disgusted with the Capital, he retired to the country residence of his father-in-law. There he passed his time in classical ease and relaxation; Xenophon and the divine Plato beguiled his leisure hours, while the annals of France offered a pleasing variety to his studies. Those days, though long passed away, still recur to his memory as the only days in which he really lived:

Scilicet ex quo

Publica jampridem tractare negotia cœpi,

His mihi sum visus solis vixisse diebus.

The Court of Cassation is an institution which we do not possess in England; it receives appeals from judgments in the other courts, and either confirms or annuls the sentence, as it appears conformable to the spirit of the Code, and the evidence, without any reference to the facts of the case.

The following example will at once illustrate the attributes and power of this court. In the month of December 1838, a man named Charles Benard was tried before the Court of Assize, at La Meurthe, for a crime of the most atro-

cious description. He was found guilty by the jury of having, on the night of the 22nd of June preceding, robbed and murdered the widow Pecrel in her own house, which he afterwards set on fire, in order to destroy all traces of this double outrage on the laws of society. He was at once condemned to the punishment of death. Benard availed himself of the usual indulgence, and appealed from his sentence to the Court of Cassation; by which the judgment was annulled on the plea, that one of the witnesses on the trial had taken his oath, and made his deposition during the absence of the public authorities. (*dans l'absence du ministère public.*)

This court sent back the case to be tried afresh before the Court of Assize of la Moselle. The proceedings recommenced on the 21st of March, and were not terminated till the 28th, during which long interval above one hundred witnesses were examined: Benard was again found guilty, but this time *avec des circonstances atténuantes*, in consequence of which his life was saved, and he was only condemned *aux travaux forcés à perpétuité*.

It may be further added on the subject of this vicious system of punishment, that in addition to the moral corruption and depravity

which are the inevitable result of these prisons, where trifling offenders are linked with the most hardened criminals ; one other indelible consequence attaches to these poor wretches, which must close the door hereafter against all possible chance of future reformation.

What is the fate of those who having undergone their sentence of seven or fourteen years hard labour, are liberated and restored to society ? Branded in person and in character, they are still placed under the *surveillance* of the police, their residence is limited to a particular spot, where the antecedents of their life are well known to the inhabitants. Here they are met on all sides with disdain, as who will employ a *forçat libéré* ? they are driven with obloquy from every door, they feel that they are placed beyond the pale of humanity, they have not even the melancholy resource left to the accursed Cain, that of gaining their bread by the sweat of their brow.

To how many of these must at last occur that remark of Lacenaire ! “ *Ah, it happened one day of my life that I had no alternative but suicide or crime.*” And how many will decide as he did ! Perhaps among these forlorn outcasts are some whose feelings, nay principles in early life gave promise of better fruits ; who, yielding to the

pressure of want, or misled by bad example, have in a weak, unguarded moment incurred the vengeance of that law, which under the mask of salutary correction, has perverted in them all that was good, hardened their hearts, and consigned them to irremediable ruin and destruction.

In a former speech at the annual opening of this Court in 1834, M. Dupin, the Procureur Général, who had visited England in that year, alluded to the destruction of our two Houses of Parliament. "There," he said, "were collected by an uninterrupted series of traditions all the precedents of power and liberty; there may be said to have been breathed the history of Old England, containing sources of inspiration to the orators, whose voices resounded within its walls. Under the same roof, by the side of the parliamentary forum, at times so pregnant with storm, were seated in all the dignity of the most profound calmness, the antique courts of Chancery, King's Bench, and Common Pleas; that immortal jury, so severely rigid in protecting liberty; and on the throne of Justice, those magistrates so great in power, in wisdom, and in consideration; each of whom alone represents the majesty of a court; delivering their judgments, surrounded

by the respect of their citizens, in the presence of a learned and vigilant bar, which gave Lord Brougham to the ministry, and still has at its head a Sir James Scarlett."

During the year 1834, in Paris, there were born, according to the annual statement, 29,130 children, of whom 9985 were illegitimate; the deaths amounted to 24,177, of whom 8,837 in the hospitals; the marriages were 8,088. The Foundling Hospital at Paris, (*Enfans trouvés*) which always overflows with inmates, never retains them longer than two years. Once arrived at that age they are regularly handed over to the Hospital of Orphans, situated in the Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine. The deportation of these unfortunate infants is performed in the following manner:—

On the same day in every year a covered caravan, nearly similar to that in which the prisoners are conveyed from their various places of confinement to the Palais de Justice, arrives at the gate of the hospital. The list of infants is called over by the officers of the establishment, not nominally, but numerically, as the national charity admits of no dis-

tinctions.—The indiscriminating eye of the law acknowledges no name, no family, no religion, no country. All are blended in one mass of perfect equality. The madman of Salpêtrière has a number, the sick of the Hôtel Dieu a number, the prisoner of the Conciergerie a number, and the bastard a number. It is perhaps a melancholy idea, but sublimely philosophical. The history of these houses is an affair of cyphers. At the Foundling Hospital for instance the nurses are numbered, the wards are numbered, and even the little innocents wear on their tender wrists a linen band inscribed with a number. Alas! of high amount, by which alone they are recognised. The establishment is reduced to a statistic calculation, which enumerates with pride that the sum total of infants exposed since 1741 to 1790, amounted to 260,465, which gives a yearly average of 5,210 children deserted by their parents. From the year 1789 to 1813, 109,650 infants were received in this hospital, of whom 39,330 died under the roof, which makes the yearly quotient during that period amount to 4,386 children received, and 1,572 dead.

On the day of removal those children, whose numbers are ripe, are brought into the chapel,

where mass is performed, and at the moment of departure their little heads are taught to salute with a blind obeissance the statue of St. Vincent de Paule, the founder, which is placed near to the entrance. He is represented holding an infant in his right arm, concealing a second under his mantle, and attempting to raise up a third, which is lying prostrate at his feet. The statue itself is admirably executed by Stouf in 1789, by order of Louis XVI., to commemorate the virtues of that Saint, who raised this pious establishment, and inscribed on its front these sublime and affecting words :

“ Mon père et ma mère m'ont abandonné, mais le seigneur a eu pitié de moi.”

When this ceremony is finished, and the moment of departure arrives, the innocent little group is surrounded by their kind and affectionate nurses the *Sœurs de Charité*, anxious to take a last farewell of those, who for two years have been the objects of their tender care, and are now about to quit them for ever. All press forward to give a last embrace to the nursling, torn from their arms at the moment, when it might just begin to reward their maternal solicitude by lisping the name of mother, if such an endearing term

had been permitted within the walls of this stern retreat. But no ! and let the unnatural parents know it ; the designation of such a name is forbidden by the laws of the hospital. It is erased from the hearts and the lips of the infants, as the first act of retribution towards those, who have so culpably abandoned them ; and no other term of endearment is allowed to the sisters from the children, than *my aunt*.

When the caravan arrives at its destination, the Orphan Hospital, a removal of the inmates from thence takes place to make room for the new arrivals. A similar scene then occurs here, though on a larger scale. That portion of the children, which have reached their eleventh year, are now by the rules of the establishment to quit the hospital, and enter on some trade or profession. Here is to be seen a crowd of tradesmen, assembled from all quarters of the town, waiting in a large hall the result of their applications to receive apprentices, on terms best suited to their sordid speculations. Here is a market established for human flesh, in which every one is eager to carry off a bargain, as much under the market price as the facility of the direc-

tors, who are ready listeners to their terms, will easily accept. No regard is paid to the disposition or natural bias of these children, each is handed over promiscuously to the best bidder; and early talents, which might have ripened into a statesman, a philosopher, or an artist, are doomed to be smothered in the shop of a blacksmith, or the stall of a cobbler.

A curious banquet takes place every year in Paris, on the anniversary of the birth of the Abbè de l'Epée; which in 1834, was celebrated for the 122nd time. Above fifty deaf and dumb met at this dinner in honour of him, whom in their poetical language, they call their *père intellectuel*. A spectator has given the following interesting description of the meeting:—

“Intelligence beamed in their eyes, and was communicated from one to the other, by means of their fingers with a rapidity, which the gift of speech certainly might emulate but never could surpass. For three whole hours I might have fancied myself in one of those fabulous worlds, where Swift has placed his Gulliver; during this period, the parts were

reversed, and I found myself in fact the only deficient person. I was the wretch deprived of speech, the pariah of the company, obliged to have recourse to a pencil, in order to render myself intelligible to my neighbours. On perceiving that I was totally ignorant of their mimic language, one of the party, exulting in his own acquirements, looked at me with an expression of ineffable pity, and then remarked, 'How I pity that gentleman, he is unable to make himself understood.' When Berthier harangued his brethren, as president of the banquet, and made a splendid eulogium of the Abbé de l'Epée in presence of fifty individuals, for whom the Abbé had been a second creator; opposite to him were seated two aged and venerable men, who had belonged to the number of his original pupils. These two did not join in the general chorus of applause with the others. they wept."*

* A letter from Genoa has lately given the following account of a unique, and we should imagine a most interesting dramatic performance. Last week the pupils of the deaf and dumb school played in their own language of signs, at the Gagnoletti Theatre, for the benefit of the poor, Montè's tragedy of Aristodemo, and an afterpiece called the *Deserted House*. These youths, the eldest of whom is only 17, went through their parts, as was declared by those who understood the language, with

The burying place of Père la Chaise, which consists of 110 acres, now numbers more than 50,000 tombs within its walls; the price of a single grave is 520f., but there is a regular tariff for additional space, which may be carried up to enormous sums, when it becomes necessary to erect a vast and splendid monument. That of Casimir Perier, built at the national expence as a testimony of public regard, occupies so much ground, that it cost the enormous sum of 300,000f. or £1,200 sterling. If 520f. are considered in the present day an exorbitant charge for one single grave, it would appear from a late curious discovery that one hundred years ago, the sums exacted for a protestant interment were much more considerable.

Young, in the fourth canto of his Night Thoughts, alludes to the death of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Temple, who died at the early age of eighteen, in the year 1736, at Lyons, soon after her marriage; and he dwells in a very pathetic manner on the difficulties which

perfect correctness; and their action and expressive gestures so completely fixed the attention of all present, that no one left the theatre till both pieces were finished.

were raised by the Catholic priesthood in France, to prevent her interment in consecrated ground which after all, he was obliged to accomplish by stealth, and, as he himself described it, to follow her to the tomb at night, and in privacy, more like the assassin than the friend and mourner of the deceased. How far this was true may be inferred from the circumstance, that Mrs. Temple's grave and tombstone with a long Latin inscription has lately been discovered in a small court of the *Hôtel Dieu*, at Lyons, which formerly served as a burial ground for the Protestants, and has lately been converted into a botanical garden.

There is also in the archives of the *Hôtel de Ville*, a register of the protestant worship, containing a list of the deaths from 1719 to 1774, in which this very funeral is recorded in proper form, although it appears that the relations were compelled to pay a sum of 729 livres, which at the present time would be excessive, and one hundred years back must have been an enormous exaction for one solitary grave.

Whatever might have been the prejudices of the French priesthood at that time, their intolerance seems to have been more than

counterbalanced by their avarice in this instance; and it is to be regretted that our poet should thus have exposed his assertions to be confuted. The following is a copy of the epitaph:—

Hic jacet
 Eliz. Temple, ex parte Patris
 Francisci Lee, Regiæ legionis
 Tribuni, nec non ex parte
 Matris Eliz. Lee,
 Nobilissimorum Comitum
 De Lichfield consanguinea:
 Proavum Carolum II.
 Magnæ Britanniae
 Regem; In memoriam
 Conjugis carissimæ
 Peregrinis in oris (ita
 Sors acuba voluit) hunc
 Lapidem mœrens posuit
 Henricus Temple, filius
 Natus maximus Henrici
 Vicecomitis de
 Palmerston.—Obiit
 Die 8 Octob. A D. 1736.
 Ætat. 18.

While Versailles and Fontainebleau have been restored by the liberality of the present King to their former splendour, the one as a National Museum, the other as a Royal residence, the dilapidated and deserted Palace of St. Germain, so full of historical recollections,

is now reduced to the degrading office of a military hospital or prison. The situation of this delightful spot, so admirably calculated for its original destination ; comprises one of the finest prospects in France, embellished by the noble windings of the Seine : and when compared to the dismal and confined view of gloomy Versailles, with its artificial and stagnant canals, it must always be subject of regret that Louis XIV. should have preferred this hunting seat of his father to the noble Chateau of his ancestors. What countless millions would have been saved to the royal treasury, what financial difficulties would have been avoided at the close of that reign, if the Monarch had fixed his royal abode where a bountiful nature had seconded all his costly plans of improvement, instead of struggling to overcome by reckless labour and incalculable expence all the difficulties and impediments, which she so stubbornly opposed to his gigantic projects at Versailles. But even at this early period of his reign the nation was doomed to rue that proneness to superstition, which in the later years of Louis produced such fatal results to her internal repose and prosperity. Well did the sycophant priest understand the weakness of his master, when preaching at

the Royal Chapel on the subject of death, he said to the audience, " Nous mourrons tous," and turning towards the King, added, " Nous mourrons, *presque tous*." It was the same feeling throughout, which led him to abandon St. Germain, that his eye might never rest on the burying place of his ancestors at St. Denis; which made him sign the fatal revocation of the edict of Nantes, and attempt to convert a whole protestant population by the sword; which rendered him the easy tool of the Jesuits, the slave of the Court of Rome, and the dupe of the Widow Scarron. Still with her dismantled turrets and crumbling walls must old St. Germain stand as the record of French hospitality to a fallen Sovereign. In those neglected halls, where the invalid now smokes his pipe, or the military delinquent is deprived of liberty, did the unfortunate Stuarts hold their semblance of a court, surrounded by a few faithful followers, and pensioned by a munificent ally, who treated them with all the delicate attentions due to their adverse fate. Here was kept up the mimic representation of royalty without a kingdom, ministers without office, and courtiers without place. Here were English titles and honours conferred, which England never

acknowledged ; here was planned that luckless expedition to the Irish coast, which ended in the utter discomfiture of all their hopes ; when the hospitable Monarch said to James on his departure. “ The best fortune which I can wish you is, that we may never meet again.”

The Stuart papers, of which so much has been heard, and so little seen, were purchased by George IV. in 1818, and are now perhaps in the British Museum, or some archive of the court ; but, if published, would afford matter of considerable interest to the reader. They are very voluminous, and at one time had got into the possession of Dr. Walker, a collector of manuscripts, who, if he had retained his prize in silence, might have brought them away from Rome, and enjoyed the produce of his acquisition in security. The public also would have benefitted by the discovery. But the vanity of the collector was greater than his prudence, and as Rome at that time was full of English, he could not help boasting to them of his purchase, and inviting them secretly to come and admire his treasure. The late Duchess of Devonshire became acquainted with the circumstance, and expressed much anxiety to see the collection ; there was no possibility of refusing a person of her rank ; and an evening

was fixed for the gratification of her curiosity. A few select friends only were invited to examine the papers. In this number unfortunately happened to be the *Cardinal Secrétaire*, who had been named one of the executors to the will of the late Cardinal York, and whose secretary, the Abbé Lupi, had, unknown to him, privately disposed of these papers to Dr. Walker, without being aware of their value, for the trifling sum of three hundred crowns. The evening was spent in discussing the manuscripts : the Cardinal contented himself with a cursory examination, and made no comments on the subject, which could lead the company to suppose that he felt any particular interest about them.

On the following morning Dr. Walker's apartment was surrounded by a detachment of the Papal Carabineers, and an agent of the police placed a seal on all his papers ; while two sentinels were left to keep guard at his door, during the rest of the day. The result was that the Dr. was deprived of his manuscripts ; he received back his purchase money, and when he exclaimed against the injustice of this proceeding, he was told, that he might apply to the King of England, who was the rightful heir, and to whom they had since been

forwarded by the orders of the Cardinal. These papers consist of a journal reciting the most minute details of every thing which passed from the arrival of James II. at St. Germain, up to a few days before the death of Cardinal York; added to which is an autograph correspondence on every subject political and domestic, which served as a key to all the statements contained in the journal. There is a book of expences kept with all the regularity of merchants' accounts, detailing the pecuniary situation of the exiled family both in prosperity and adversity; the exact report of their frequent vicissitudes; and the sums which it cost the proscribed dynasty during three generations to reign without a kingdom, to maintain a court, to pay conspirators, to attempt a restoration, and last of all to live in seclusion and retirement. The letters from James II. to his son are numerous, written and corrected by himself; to some are attached the *foul copies* which are full of erasures, showing the anxiety which pervaded his feelings for a son, who had so little answered his hopes and expectations.

If James II. gains in estimation by this correspondence, the Chevalier de St. George loses at least in the same proportion.

James III., for he took that title at the death

of James II., had in fact all the defects without any of the good qualities of his father. The child of his declining years, he had not even inherited that character, which gave some little *éclat* to the youthful days of the Duke of York; while the bigotted education, which he received at the Court of St. Germain, produced the fruits, naturally to be expected in a mind, so well prepared by nature to give them full growth and encouragement. He died without having ever abandoned the hope of regaining his imaginary sceptre, but without ever having shown the firmness and vigor necessary for the attempt. It required all the romantic character of his son, to create again any interest for their hopeless cause, and though the character of Charles Edward the Pretender in 1745, has been represented at times in somewhat contradictory colours, yet his undaunted courage in the hour of danger, and his heroic conduct in adversity, combine in themselves the elements of a nature, far superior to that of his insignificant parent. At his death the Cardinal York succeeded to all his claims and pretensions, and never was there a more pacific pretender. While the tranquil and easy life of a Prince of the Church was no inappropriate retreat for the last remaining

branch of that Monarch, who had forfeited three kingdoms for one mass. In the Stuart papers is a copy of one of his letters, which proves that he was sensibly afflicted at his brother's death, where speaking of his funeral, he says:—"L'on vit le frère lui même du défunt, ministre du Dieu, qui fait ou défait les monarques, entouré des écussons en deuil de sa famille, proclamer avec les paroles de l'Ecriture sainte, sur le cercueil d'un Roi sans royaume, le néant des choses humaines, &c."

After showing every honour to his brother's memory, he caused a tomb to be erected at his own expence in the Church of Frascati, which bears the following inscription; and a cenotaph was also executed by Canova in the Church of St. Peter to the honour of the family:—

Henricus Card : Episcopus Tuseulanensis,
 Cui paterna jura tituli que cessere,
 Ducis Eboracensis, appellatione rescriptâ,
 In ipso luctu tamen, et reverentiâ obsecutus,
 Inducto in Templum suum funere,
 Multis cum lacrymis persolvit
 Fratri Augustissimo,
 Honoremque Sepulcri ampliorem
 Dicavit.

There are other letters in this collection which, if ever published, may cause some of

the present generation to blush for their ancestors during the sixty years which preceded the battle of Culloden.

An Admiral Baker offers to give up the English fleet for £100,000. Other whigs who sell themselves to the Jacobite cause for the peerage: and there is a certain Hamilton paid by the House of Hanover to assassinate all the Stuarts. The correspondence of the Jacobite party itself is very curious, as expressing their unalterable faith in legitimacy, and their religious bigotry, which went so far as to solicit from the Court of Rome the canonization of James II. after his death.

It may be added in favor of Charles Edward, that one of the most uniform detractors of his character was Alfieri; who cannot be considered an impartial commentator. He was a rigid republican, and in love; both which circumstances may readily account for his hatred to a monarch by divine right, and the husband of the Princess de Stolberg, who was the object of his attachment.

On the front of the Pantheon is still to be seen the well known inscription *Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante*. Voltaire and

Rousseau have been transported hither ; Marshal Lannes and a few names of the Empire occupy here and there a solitary vault ; but among the present race of mediocrities in France, where are the numberless empty Catacombs to find claimants for this pompous distinction of the Republic ? The time for great men is passed, or at least the Revolution of July has been very barren in producing them.

In the present age of equality there is but slight chance that any individual can rise to a very marked superiority above his fellows. No one now avows the superiority of his neighbour, for in France all are the equals of their superiors, and the superiors of their equals. A great man in history signifies one, who concentrates in himself the rights and importance of many ; but in the present day when society has been individualized by the Charter, and when each has his own personal value which he seeks to render exclusive without merit, it may be readily conceived that the social superiority, to which the masses formerly served as a pedestal, no longer exists. Equality is founded on selfishness, it gives birth to jealousy, and is niggard of praise to others. Among those who have acquired great celebrity in the world without either virtue or transcendent ta-

lents may be named M. de Talleyrand. During sixty years of unparalleled storm he swam on the surface of events, aided alone by his impassibility and his cool and perfect judgment. “*N’ayez point de zèle,*” was the counsel which he gave to one of his disciples entering on public life. Another maxim has been so often cited that it is almost become historical.—“*Méfions nous de notre premier mouvement, et n’y cédonz jamais sans examen, car il est presque toujours bon.*”

It was in the autumn of 1834, that M. de Talleyrand quitted his post, as Ambassador to the Court of St. James’s, with the secret intention never to return ; and in the following January he retired from public life. He wrote a letter at that time to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which he announced his determination, and took as it were an official leave of the public. It was dated some time back, which might show that efforts had been made in the interim to induce him to resume his post. It was written indeed before the dissolution of Lord Melbourne’s cabinet, probably while the Prince was at Valençaye where he made little secret of his disagreements with Lord Palmerston, of whom he said “*C’est un homme qui*

n'a pas le talent du raisonnement." There was one remarkable expression in that letter alluding to the British government. "*The path which England appears to be inclined to follow must induce her to prefer a mind with traditions less ancient than mine.*" The Prince might appear to regret the old aristocracy! and perhaps in fact did so, but his traditions were so various and so motley, that it must have been very difficult to define their real colour. Were they of Autun?—were they of 1789 and the constituent Assembly, when he was the advocate of the most violent and democratical opinions?—were they of the Directory?—were they of the Empire, with its aristocracy of the sabre?—were they of the Restoration, that darling child of the Prince, which disavowed its parent?

Where there had been so little consistency it might be puzzling to decide by what tradition his mind could have been really biassed, except by the conviction of the nullity of all. This letter was generally and severely criticised by all parties, and particularly that part of it, in which he boasted of having *deviné la pensée du Roi*, in all that had passed since 1836. It was maliciously observed at the time, that the letter had proved two things, "*Que le Roi qui*

en avait ordonné l'insertion se moquait de la révolution, et que lui, il se moquait et de la révolution, et du Roi."

The Prince on the preceding autumn had been staying at Valençaye, where he frequently amused his visitors with remarks on English society. He expressed himself indeed very openly and satirically about that government, which he considered very deficient in talent and honesty. He said of Lord H—d, "C'est la bienveillance même, mais la bienveillance la plus perturbatrice qu'on ait jamais vue," and in speaking of her Ladyship he observed, "Elle est tout assertion, mais quand vous en demandez la preuve, c'est là son secret." He added that the Duke was the most honest public man in the country, and that Sir Robert P——, in refusing to join him, was the cause of all the mischief present and to come. The Prince's opinion on the state of England under her new rulers had never varied, he saw in those weak concessions, to obtain popularity, the sure and unerring signs of revolution in the back ground. When the Reform Bill was proposed in the House of Commons, he said, as soon as he was made acquainted with the details, "*C'est la convocation de vos états généraux.*"

That debate in the House of Peers is still

fresh in our memory, when the Marquiss of L——, carried away by the heat of argument in attacking the foreign policy of the whig government, was led into some very bitter and personal allusions to the character of the Prince. On that occasion the Duke of Wellington rose to protect his veteran friend, from this unusual attack, and concluded his speech with many handsome compliments to the Prince on his great talents, and the eminent services which he had performed on many occasions for the good of Europe. On the following morning an intimate friend of M. de Talleyrand paid him a visit, and found him in a considerable state of agitation, occupied in reading the debates of the preceding night, which had reference to himself. On remarking to him that these hasty sallies were of frequent occurrence in the English parliament, his friend expressed a hope that he would not allow the late circumstance to give him any real uneasiness. Talleyrand replied, that though hurt by the late attack he was infinitely more affected by the friendly intervention of the Duke, and expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms, adding, *it is said with tears,*

“ J’en suis d’autant plus reconnaissant à Monsieur le Duc, parce que c’est le seul homme

d'état dans le monde, qui ait jamais dit du bien de moi.' The confession was rather ludicrous.

To return to the letter; there have been many versions circulated in Paris about it, and the motives, which induced the Prince to come to this determination. The following statement comprises the most plausible facts which have been current here in society at the time.

It seems allowed that much sympathy existed between the French Ambassador and Earl Grey on all points, even to the dread of that revolutionary impulse in England, which at first had been encouraged by the latter. M. de Talleyrand was as much aware of the danger as Lord Grey himself; he knew by experience the force of these new unruly opinions, and how impossible it would be to stop the parliamentary movement. The old age of Lord Grey had suddenly become a prey to disgust, he refused to lay a sacrilegious hand on the property of the church, and he gave in his resignation. The affecting explanation which he made on the 9th of July 1834, of the difficulties under which he had laboured from the dissensions in his own cabinet, and the pressure from without, gave ample proof of his

own honourable feeling. The retreat of Lord Grey from office was the warning signal to M. de Talleyrand. Immediately after the nomination of Lord Melbourne, the French Ambassador, foreseeing the irresistible march of affairs, the triumph of the ultra whigs, perhaps of the radicals, began to prepare for his own retreat.

Another circumstance also tended to fortify this decision. In the revolution which the whig ministry itself had just undergone, Lord Palmerston had preserved his place at the Foreign Office. Serious differences had already occurred between M. de Talleyrand and Lord Palmerston on the subject of an armed demonstration in the East, which the former considered a measure too adventurous for the position in which the royalty of July was still placed. Such a hostile movement might bring on a real war, and he deemed it preferable to strengthen the moral alliance by the Quadruple treaty, which might unite the Southern powers against the Northern league.

From that moment an evident coolness took place between these two diplomatists; M. de Talleyrand conceived an insuperable dislike to Lord Palmerston, whose character is irritable, and not always consistent, on the other hand

the Cabinet of Lord Melbourne was hurried on from one concession to another. It was under these circumstances that M. de Talleyrand was seen to quit England; rumours were circulated that his health was impaired, and required an interval of repose. The fact is, that whenever M. de Talleyrand foresaw a storm, he retreated like Pythagoras to the desert. That from which he fled on leaving London, was not so much the Tory Ministry as the Melbourne Cabinet, not so much the aristocracy as the populace, not so much the conservative system as the radical.

After his stay at Valençaye he positively declined resuming his post in England, at the same time insinuating, that if his presence might be deemed necessary at any other point, it was at Vienna, that he might render the most essential service; and he requested the King to appoint him Ambassador at that Court. His Majesty, it was said, had some misgivings on that head. Vienna is very near Prague, and the legitimate tendencies of M. de Talleyrand were well known. When we grow old, early impressions are apt to regain their ascendancy over the enfeebled mind; it is then that we return imperceptibly to those feelings, which we have cherished and respected in

youth. M. de Talleyrand had many of those weak points about him. However incredible it may appear for a man who had passed through such various changes of fortune, who had adopted so many opinions, and yielded to so many necessities, his mind was still absorbed with the idea of being buried in consecrated ground, attended by all the funereal ceremonies of the church.

The impassible brow of M. de Talleyrand has often been seen overclouded with despair, when he has read in the public prints, that the rites of sepulture had been refused to a priest, who had died without abjuring his errors. He dreaded above all the idea of any tumult or scandal at his funeral, and knowing that the event could not be very remote, he wished to breathe his last at Valençaye, where he hoped that his repeated charities would ensure to him the prayers of the worthy curate. Who knows if to these feelings of devotion were not super-added some latent idea of a restoration, which would conciliate to him at once the hearty suffrages of the French clergy. Upon these grounds, perhaps, his Majesty declined all the offers of M. de Talleyrand to proceed to Vienna, which produced a certain degree of coolness on both sides. These facts soon trans-

pired, as M. de Talleyrand was one of those men, who readily communicate to their friends those secrets with which they wish the whole world to be made acquainted.

It appears then that the ambassador, piqued with this refusal, remarked to his Majesty, that as his political life was terminated, it became indispensable for him to explain a conduct, which the public might interpret to his prejudice. The King replied "that this mode of proceeding was quite unusual, and that letters of resignation were private documents between the sovereign and the functionary." Upon this M. de Talleyrand observed, "that from his peculiar position, and from the services which he might have been fortunate enough in his time to have rendered to the King and to France, he might merit an exception in his favor; that he felt it absolutely necessary to publish some explanation of his retirement from office, and that he would invest it with an *unofficial* character, if the King did not think fit to permit a more authenticated document." His Majesty being thus hardly pressed, declared, that in fact the whole question comprised itself in the terms which were to be used; and that without doubt the Prince Talleyrand had too nice a sense of propriety to make use of

any expressions, which would cause embarrassment to the government. The document was mutually concerted and drawn up on the royal table at the Tuilleries. Many plans were suggested and revised : and M. de Talleyrand had the malice to send one of them, corrected by the handwriting of his Majesty, to one of his intimate friends. As for the resignation itself it had been long foreseen ; M. de Talleyrand had even openly announced it in Lord Grey's drawing room, previous to leaving London, taking that opportunity to accuse Lord Palmerston with some bitterness of all the future embarrassments which might arise in European politics.

From this period M. de Talleyrand appeared little before the public ; he lived in retirement, surrounded by a few intimate friends, and a little court of dependants who hung upon the lips of this modern Nestor anxious to catch the inspired sayings which dropped from their idol. Few men have ever retained to the last so much moral influence in society as M. de Talleyrand ; his advice was consulted, his opinions were quoted, and his witty remarks repeated on every subject and in every circle. It would seem that his past backslidings were all forgotten, at least in the higher world, and his

old age was surrounded by an adulation, and respect which had seldom been conceded to those who were far more worthy of it. So well may it be said, "*that the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.*"

The following sketch of his life at Valençaye is taken from a satirical character of the Prince, written by a celebrated female author, who on this occasion has steeped her pen so deeply in gall, that further extracts would be inadmissible.

"Vois un peu la face immobile et pâle de ce vieux château, écoute et regarde, tout est morne et silencieux. Il semble que nous soyons dans un Cimetière, cinquante personnes au moins habitent ce corps de logis. Quelques fenêtres sont à peine éclaircies, aucun bruit ne trahit le séjour du maître, de sa société et de sa suite. Quel ordre ! quel respect ! quelle tristesse dans son petit empire ! Les portes s'ouvrent et se ferment sans bruit, les valets circulent sans que leurs pas éveillent un écho sous ces voûtes mystérieuses. Leur service semble se faire par enchantement. Regarde cette croisée plus brillante, à travers laquelle se dessine le spectre d'une blanche statue, C'est le Salon. ! Là sont réunis des chasseurs, des artistes, des femmes éblouissantes, des hommes à la mode,

ce que la France peut être a de plus exquis en élégance et en grâce. Entend on sortir de cette réunion un chant, un rire, un seul éclat de voix attestant la présence de l'homme ? Je gage qu'ils évitent même de se regarder entre eux, dans la crainte de laisser percer une pensée, sous ces lambris, où tout est silence et mystère. Voici je crois le roulement d'une voiture sur le sable fin de la cour ! C'est le maître qui rentre ; onze heures viennent de sonner à l'horloge du château. Il n'est point de vie plus régulière, de régime plus strictement observé, d'existence plus avarement choyée, que celle de ce renard octogénaire. Va lui demander s'il se croit nécessaire à la conservation du genre humain, pour veiller à la sienne si ardemment. Va lui raconter que vingt fois le jour il te prend envie de te brûler la cervelle parceque tu crains d'être, ou de rester inutile, parceque tu t'effraies de vivre sans vertu ; et tu le verras sourire avec plus de mépris qu'une prostituée, à qui une vierge pieuse irait se confesser de quelque tiédeur dans sa prière, ou de quelque bâillement durant l'office divin.

Demande par quel dévouement, par quelles bonnes actions sa journée est occupée, ses gens te diront, qu'il se lève à onze heures, et qu'il

passé quatre heures à sa toilette ; temps perdu à essayer sans doute de rendre quelque apparence de vie à cette face de marbre, que la dissimulation a pétrifiée bien plus encore que la vieillesse. A trois heures, te dira-t-on, le prince monte en voiture, seul avec son médecin, et va se promener dans les allées solitaires de sa garenne immense. A cinq heures on lui sert le plus succulent et le plus savant dîner qui se fasse en France. Son cuisinier est dans sa sphère, un personnage aussi rare, aussi profond, aussi admiré que lui. Après ce festin, dont chaque service est solennellement annoncé par les fanfares de ses chasseurs, le Prince accorde quelques petits instants à sa famille, à sa petite cour. Chaque mot exquis, miséricordieusement émané de ses lèvres, va frapper des fronts prosternés. Un saint canonisé n'inspirerait pas plus de vénération à une communauté de dévotes. A l'entrée de la nuit le Prince remonte en voiture, avec son médecin, et fait une seconde promenade.

“ Le voici qui rentre, et sa fenêtre s'illumine là bas, dans cet appartement reculé, gardé par ses laquais, en son absence, avec une affectation de mystère si solennelle et si ridicule. Maintenant il va travailler jusqu'à cinq heures du matin.—Travailler ! Nature entière fais toi

muette et immobile comme la pierre du sépulchre. Le génie de l'homme s'éveille, le plus habile et le plus important des Princes sur la terre, va se courber sur une table, à la lueur d'une lampe, et du fond de son cabinet, il va remuer le monde avec un froncement de son sourcil."

On the 10th December 1835 died the Princess Talleyrand, at her hôtel in the faubourg St. Germain ; she was a creole, formerly Madame Grant, very handsome, but so deficient in sense, that her witty husband said he took her *pour se reposer l'esprit*. She had lived separated from M. de Talleyrand for the last twenty years, but each kept up the complimentary form of sending frequently to enquire after the others health, in which both took a pecuniary as well as a polite interest. On this occasion the Prince seemed little inclined to perpetuate the recollection of his marriage ; he gave directions that the inscription on her tomb should designate the fact as slightly as possible. After stating her birth, &c. at Martinique, she is described as *Veuve de M. Grant, après civilement mariée à M. de Talleyrand*. His dominant foible here was made public, he hoped that by treating the ceremony as a civil contract made at that period of the revolution,

he might now palliate that stigma in the eyes of the clergy, which is irremissibly attached to the position of a *prêtre marié*. On the 12th of the same month the declaration of the decease of Madame de Talleyrand was inscribed in the registers of the Church of St. Thomas D'Aquin, in the following manner.

“ L'an mil huit cent trente cinq, et le douzième jour du mois de Décembre, a été présenté dans cette église le corps de Catherine Worlée, veuve de Georges François Grant, connue civilement comme Princesse de Talleyrand, âgée de 74 ans, décédée l'avant veille, munie des sacremens de l'Eglise, Rue de Lisle No. 80. Ses obsèques ont été faites en présence de Mathieu Pierre de Gousset, et de Charles Dernion, homme d'affaires du Prince, amis de la défunte, lesquels ont signé avec nous.”

The last effort of M. de Talleyrand in public life was his speech to the Academy, on the 3rd of March 1838, when he took the opportunity of making his last adieux to that assembly. He had been for some time past in a drooping state of health, and his physician had seriously remonstrated against the exertion; but he was not to be deterred from his project, and in fact went through the whole ceremony with wonderful ease and composure. This

speech, was so warmly panegyrised by the little court which surrounded him, that he was induced to print and publish it *for his friends*. It turned out to be an ordinary composition, though long prepared beforehand, as M. de Talleyrand was not a man of imagination or invention, and he never could make an extempore speech in his life. The only remarkable point about it was that it was the production of one so advanced in life, and though the critics compared it to the homily of the Archbishop of Grenade, M. de Talleyrand might have replied to them, as Corbinelli when much older than him did to one of his friends, who affected to remark that he had *mauvais visage*. “Il est bien question,” said he, “de mauvais visage, c’est beaucoup à mon âge d’en avoir un.”

The life of this extraordinary man was now drawing to a close; so many reports of his approaching dissolution had been successively circulated during the last three years, without any real foundation, that little attention was paid to those, which began to gain ground in the beginning of May 1838. A very considerable sensation was therefore created at a breakfast given by the Countess d’Appony at Auteuil, on Tuesday the 15th when it was

confidently asserted that Prince Talleyrand had that morning been pronounced to be in such imminent danger, that his life was despaired of. It was added that his complaint was an anthrox on the loins, which had been opened by the surgeons under such very unfavourable symptoms, that a priest had been sent for. On our return to town in the evening it was known that the Prince had rallied; and at night he saw several visitors who had called at the Hôtel, among whom were Count Medem and M. Labouchère, to whom, on alluding to the late operation, he said in his usual facetious manner, “Je peux vous assurer que le chatouillement d’un bistouri n’est pas chose fort agréable.” On the following day the patient was much worse, and it became evident to those about him, that he could not last more than twenty-four hours; he suffered great pain and with much fortitude; but no entreaties could induce him to have any communication with the priest, who had arrived at the house on the preceding day by desire of his great niece Madame Pauline de Périgord, to whom he was sincerely attached, and who used every means to bring about a favorable change in his sentiments. At night several of his relations and intimate friends took upon

themselves to represent to the Prince how great a scandal would result to the family, should he persist in his present resolutions, and his corpse should be debarred by the clergy from a christian funeral.

After some consideration, for he enjoyed his senses to the last, he refused their overtures for that night, but fixed the hour of five o'clock on the following morning for his compliance with their wishes. It was perhaps one of the most extraordinary instances of worldly feeling, at a time when all worldly objects are fading from the sight, that ever was known. M. de Talleyrand had been so often ill, and had so often recovered, that even at his advanced age of 84 he would not make up his mind to believe that his case was utterly hopeless. He felt still so much moral vitality, that he could not imagine the physical frame was exhausted. He had all along looked forward to a reconciliation with the Church, but he so long persisted in refusing to sign his recantation, and receive the visit of a priest, because he had determined not to make this public avowal of a religious feeling, little accordant with the tenor of his past life, till he was absolutely on the point of quitting it. It was a perseverance in the dread of public

opinion to the last, as opposed to his eternal interests, which was fearful. At that moment, when he was summoned to the presence of his God, he seemed more anxious to avoid the scoffs of the world in case of his recovery, which was impossible ; than to make his atonement to Heaven before that tribunal, where his appearance must be immediate and inevitable. His acquiescence at last was only obtained by the entreaties of Mademoiselle Pauline, who told him if he deferred his signature, she should feel miserable for the rest of her life.

At the appointed hour on Thursday morning he received the Abbé Dupanloaf, in whose presence he made a formal recantation of his errors, and a confession of his sins, after which he received the holy sacrament. He undersigned two letters, one to the Pope, the other to the Archbishop of Paris, professing the faith in which he wished to die. This recantation was read aloud to the company by the Duchesse de Dino.

The King and Madame Adélaïde paid him a visit at half past eight, he received them with great respect, saying that it was the most signal honour which had ever been conferred on his house. He then observed that two individuals in the room had never been presen-

ted, namely one of the physicians, and his valet de chambre, these he formally introduced to the King, as a matter of etiquette, which was indispensable ; thus adhering to worldly forms at the last hour of his life. In that room must have been assembled individuals, whose real feelings during such a scene, could they have been laid open to public view, would have formed a curious subject for speculation to the moralist or the philosopher. Without presuming to scan the failings of others, it may be said, that there were then around that bed of death, some, who had long lived in an open disbelief of all religion, and in the ardent pursuit of all which this world can give ; here might they see at once the end of all their labours ! If they really believed in annihilation, the sight of an old man, gradually sinking into the grave, with all his mental faculties unimpaired, and sensible to the last, must have tended to give a shock to their disheartening creed. The Prince throughout this closing scene suffered great bodily pain from his disorder ; the wound in his back, which had spread all over his hip prevented him from lying down, or even sitting in a recumbent posture, he sat on the side of his bed for the last twenty-four hours, leaning forward on a leather

strap, which was supported on each side by two servants, who were relieved every two hours. In this attitude he was surrounded to the last by his family and various friends, while the numerous servants in his hôtel flocked about in the adjacent room, and listened to every thing that passed ; at times one of them would draw back the *portière* privately when unobserved, and look in, saying to those behind him, “ Voyons, a-t-il signé ? Est-il mort ? It was in miniature the death bed scene of the old Kings of France. He died in public. His voice failed him at twelve o'clock in the day, though he still seemed sensible of what was passing around him, and at a quarter before four o'clock Prince Talleyrand breathed his last.

The Prince before his death spoke often with great pleasure of his early days passed in the seminary of St. Sulpice, and a fortnight before his decease drew up with his own hand the declaration to be presented to the Archbishop. This document exists and is covered with corrections and erasures ; the declaration and the letter to the Pope, as has been already mentioned, were read to the Prince in the presence of the members of his family, his friends, and physicians. The Prince, on being asked what

date he wished to be appended to these documents, said with a clear voice. "The date of my speech to the Academy," that being the period when he drew up the last codicil to his will. He was even then preparing to show a christian feeling but determined it should never be made known to the public, till he himself was out of reach of hearing their comments. On the following day Friday, the 18th, the will of M. de Talleyrand was presented by his notary, M. Chantelaine to the President. of the *tribunal de première instance*. Attached to this will was a declaration in the handwriting of M. de Talleyrand, in which he explains the political principles by which his conduct had been guided under the different governments since 1789, this declaration which was to be read to his family at the same time as the will, is said to contain some curious comments on the political crises in which he has figured. The whole is dated in 1836. It also contains the strictest prohibition to his heirs to publish his memoirs, (which are it is said, deposited in England,) till thirty years after the day of his decease. Every thing else published in his name is to be disavowed.

M. de Talleyrand therein expresses his wish to be buried at Valençaye, and ends his will

by declaring that he dies a believer in the Roman Catholic religion. He was invested with the following orders, being a Knight of the Holy Ghost, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, Knight of the Golden Fleece, the Sun of Persia, the Conception of Portugal, Grand Cross of St. Stephen of Hungary, the Elephant of Denmark, Charles III. of Spain, the Soter of Greece, the Black Eagle of Prussia, St. Andrew of Russia, the Crown of Saxony, and St. Joseph of Tuscany. Being thirteen orders received in exchange for one Mitre.

The comments in society on this event were as may be supposed various, according to the sources from whence they came. The friends of M. de Talleyrand said, "Il est mort en bon gentilhomme." A lady of rank celebrated for her wit and accomplishments pleasantly remarked, "Il est mort en homme qui sait vivre." The republican and infidel party shrugged up their shoulders and said, "Il aurait du mourir comme il avait vécu," and his enemies, who as is usual with us all, were the most numerous did not hesitate to pronounce, that, "après avoir roué tout le monde, il a voulu finir par rouer le bon Dieu."

M. de Talleyrand was buried at the Church

of the Ascension, in the Rue St. Honoré, where the body remained for a short time, till the vault at Valençaye was finished; it was then transported thither according to his request. It was a public funeral, attended by all the Ministers, Peers, and Foreign Ambassadors, but every avenue to the street, through which the procession passed, was so blocked up with troops, that few could obtain a sight of it, which gave very general dissatisfaction. This feeling was probably increased by the sudden alteration made in the line of march. It had been announced in the papers that the procession should pass through the Place de Louis XV., the Rue Royale, and the Rue St. Honoré, but late on the preceding night this plan was changed by the government, and it was directed strait from the Hôtel of the deceased to the Church. The disappointed spectators in the crowd, with their usual inconsistency, vented their indignation on the dead. “Voyez donc,” said they, “il nous trompe même en mourant.”

The *Courier Français* remarked on this occasion:—“In France, success absolves from every crime, from every infamy, and confers every virtue and every species of distinction. The man, who so long served, mocked, and

deceived every government, appears to us so great with the train of vices and misdeeds, which marked his career, that adulation is at a loss for terms in which to praise him. He is not yet deified, but he is placed on a footing with sovereigns, and is called the last of the *Grands Seigneurs*, as Fleury the actor was called the last of the *Marquiss*' ; this mark of homage was certainly due to both of these great comedians. If Talleyrand was great, his greatness awakened sentiments, which were 'a powerful corrective for those, whom it might dazzle or inspire with envy.' The *Commerce* accompanies a brief description of the obsequies of M. de Talleyrand, with a remark "that the honors paid to his memory received no *éclat* from the slightest expression of national sympathy. The device of *Rien que Dieu* which ornamented the catafalque of one, who passed his whole existence in betraying kings and nations, this journal regards as a sarcasm on the Divinity."

The English paper the *Globe*, obedient to the influence by which it is swayed, contained a bitter paragraph against the deceased Prince, which only proved that personal animosities are not always buried in the tomb. The following description of Talleyrand, when in

England, appeared in the Morning Post :—
“ Talleyrand is certainly the most extraordinary being of his kind the world has produced since the creation. Take him in his physical conformation alone, and think of his having outlived so long all the great and good of his time. Talleyrand was born lame, and his limbs are fastened to his trunk by an iron apparatus, on which he strikes ever and anon his gigantic cane, to the great dismay of those who see him for the first time ; an awe not diminished by the look of his piercing grey eyes, peering through his shaggy eyebrows ; his unearthly face, marked with deep stains, covered partly by his shock of extraordinary hair, partly by his enormous muslin cravat, which supports a large protruding lip, drawn over his upper lip, with a cynical expression no painting could render. Add to this apparatus of terror his dead silence, broken occasionally by the most sepulchral guttural monosyllables. Talleyrand’s pulse, which rolls a stream of enormous volume, intermits and pauses at every sixth beat. This he constantly points out triumphantly as a *rest* of nature, giving him at once a superiority over other men. Thus, he says, all the missing pulsations are added to the sum total of those of his whole

life, and his longevity and strength appear to support this extraordinary theory. He likewise asserts that it is this which enables him do without sleep. Nature, says he, sleeps and recruits itself at every intermission of my pulse. And indeed you see him time after time rise at three o'clock in the morning from the whist table, then return home, and often wake up one of his secretaries to keep him company or to talk of business. At four he will go to bed, sitting nearly bolt upright in his bed, with innumerable nightcaps on his head, to keep it warm, as he says, and feed his intellect with blood, but in fact it is to prevent his injuring the seat of knowledge, if he tumble on the ground ; and he sits upright from his tendency to apoplexy, which would no doubt seize him if perfectly recumbent. We may remember the newspapers stating, he was found a few years ago, his head having dropped from his pillow, so drowned in blood, that no feature was to be seen. Although he goes to bed so late, at seven or eight at latest he wakes, and sends for his attendants. He constantly refers to the period when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and when this power to live without sleep enabled him to go out and seek information as well as pleasure in society till twelve

or one o'clock. At that hour he returned to his office, read over all the letters that had arrived in the day, put marginal indications of the answers to be given, and then on waking again at six, read over all those written in consequence of his orders. When Talleyrand was engaged in the protocols here, he used to tire out all his younger colleagues, and full well he knew by experience that at the time of the Quadruple treaty, and on many other occasions, his eyes were wide open while Lord Palmerston slept.

When the storm of the *trois glorieuses* broke over Paris, too happy to escape from France, Talleyrand came over to England. One cannot refrain from laughing, on thinking how he appeared then. He gave his audiences to his countrymen in his salon in Hanover Square, with a round hat on his head, on the front of which was a tricoloured cockade six inches square; while lying at full length on a sofa were three young *sans culottes* of July he had brought with him, to give himself an air of Republicanism,

Louis Philippe got settled on his throne, the tricoloured cockade was torn off the round hat, and thrown into the fire, and the new-born embryos of Republicanism were sent back to

Paris. Talleyrand freed from all fear of the Republic, gave vent to all his natural despotism. Talleyrand then had here the whole world at his feet, all the nobility of England sought his society with eagerness; the diplomatists of every nation bowed before him.

“Lord Palmerston alone whose vanity was wounded by the superiority of the man, whom all the newspapers and caricatures pointed out as laughing at and cheating him, resisted Talleyrand not only in great things, but in the most paltry and childish affairs. Talleyrand then used to settle affairs beforehand with Lord Grey and Lord Holland, and Lord Palmerston was reduced to a cypher. He managed however to annoy Talleyrand, who tired of bickering on trifles, and doubtful what turn affairs would take, as regarded the two parties in the state, with which he wished to keep on good terms, Talleyrand, we repeat, took the first opportunity of going on leave to France, from whence he gave in his resignation. Talleyrand is very silent, and always stimulating those who approach him, to talk on the important subjects of the day. He will listen for hours to the opinions of men of mediocrity; but of all he hears, he makes up those webs, in which other politicians get involved like giddy flies.

To great power of judgment Talleyrand adds that, without which neither statesmen nor generals can ever succeed—namely exceedingly good luck.”

Such are the comments made in the public prints, but without entering into any political disquisitions or moral reflections on the subject, it may be said of M. de Talleyrand, that he was one of the last of that great school of politeness and social eminence, which is now nearly if not quite extinct in Europe. Whatever he may have been in youth and in middle age, his declining years have ebbed away with admirable tranquillity, and in the exercise of many very amiable qualities, as well as of a conservative wisdom and moderation, becoming to himself, and beneficial to the world. He combined in himself a sort of link between the old and new men, and though his predilections for the former could never be effaced, it is only to be regretted that ambition and interest should have bound him so strongly to the latter. He must be a loss to the King because his counsels were always prized by him.

The motto of the Talleyrand family, to which the *Commerce* newspaper alludes, *Ré que Diou, Ré que lou Rey*, is one of the oldest of the

Perigord country, and was adopted by the family after the Crusades.—The Perigord traditions present the names of two noble families, one called *Taillerang*, the other *Taillefer*, appellations given them at that period, and considered as honourable as the *Manche tailladée* of the Montmorencys. The Taillefers have preserved the original orthography of their name, but the Taillerangs have suffered theirs to be corrupted into Talleyrand. This device brings to mind another, no less remarkable, which was to be seen up to the time of the revolution, over the gateway of the Château de Lusignan, in the Agenais.

Lous Lusignan soun tan audessus des autres gens
Que l'ore est audessus de l'argent.

The table of M. de Talleyrand has always been cited among the bons vivants of the day, as the model of culinary perfection; and great was the luxury as well as expence which reigned in that department. There were four *chefs*, the *rôtisseur*, the *saucier*, the *pâtissier*, and the *officier* for the desserts, ices, &c. There were in all ten men regularly employed in producing the Prince's daily dinner, which was not only exquisite in its kind, but also adapted to his state of health, comprising the essence

of everything nutritious in the garb most light and digestible for an infirm stomach. The Prince was always a great eater, but only once a day, and generally tasted of every dish, moistening each mouthful with a sip of wine. The expence of his table was unlimited, his head cook Louis had *carte blanche*, and he often remarked, "Why does not he spend more?" The Prince was an epicure in the widest sense of the term, and the talent of his cook assisted more in the prolongation of his lengthened existence, than the skill of his physician, who always attended him. It was the only regular table of the old school kept up in France, the fortunes are so diminished that none of the nobility could bear the expence, and the rich *parvenus* of the day, though rolling in wealth, have neither the taste nor the refinement necessary to superintend such an establishment. Thus M. de Talleyrand, with his reminiscences of the old Court, and the enjoyment of an immense income, stood alone in society as the representative of the luxurious French noble of former days. His fortune at times had been subject to vicissitudes, but his losses after his return to France were never of a nature to curtail the enjoyment of all his pleasures. His wealth, under the Empire, was at one period

enormous, but Napoleon latterly inflicted a severe tax upon him in the support of the Spanish Royal family at Valençaye, and he still was possessed of a princely fortune at his death, which had been increased since the Revolution of July by a pension of 100,000*f.* a year regularly paid by Louis Philippe in consequence of his services.

After M. de Talleyrand had signed his recantation, the priest, who exulted in this seemingly unexpected conversion, exclaimed to all present, that it was a real miracle; to which one of the wittiest men in France very gravely assented, remarking that he had once in his life witnessed another miracle much of the same singular description. "It was," said he, "at the time when General Gouvion was killed by a cannon ball on the field of battle. On hearing of this melancholy event, I hastened with the General de Latour Maubourg to the spot, intent on learning the particulars from a hussar of the guard, who was pointed out to us as the only individual near to the General at that moment. In answer to our enquiries the hussar said without any hesitation, "*Voilà notre pauvre général qui se trouvait à côté de moi; tout d'un coup il est venu un boulet de canon qui lui a emporté le ventre, il n'a eu que juste*

le temps de me dire. Prenez ma bourse et ma montre, et il est tombé roide mort sur la place." This sarcastic allusion to what had occurred was like a bomb thrown into the midst of the coterie.

If the revolution of July has been barren in producing men of genius and talent, it has been prolific in the exhibition of those pretenders to notoriety, who after being foremost in railing against their superiors, are now only anxious to occupy their places. It is evident to all that the throne of Louis Philippe is not surrounded by those names, which were formerly the pride and boast of France ; a new race of courtiers has risen up unknown to fame, who have no one point of resemblance with their predecessors except in their anxiety to obtain place and promotion. The Court itself is established on a very unassuming scale of retinue and dependants ; the society of the Tuilleries is confined to a few families bound by the ties of private affection, the Aides-de-camp, and certain generals honoured by the intimacy and confidence of his Majesty. Under this roof may be seen assembled all the virtues of domestic life, even those whose

political feelings might be supposed to bias their judgment, candidly allow, that no private family in France can boast of more strict adherence to all the moral duties, more real simplicity of tastes, and more affectionate harmony among themselves, than that which graces the royal abode of the Tuilleries. The daily life and occupations of the exemplary Queen and her daughters, their charities, and their religious sentiments may be cited as a model to all their subjects. So much for the private apartments; but when the doors are thrown open for public receptions, in vain do we look for the Crillons, the Noailles, the Montmorency, and those of high degree, who in former days reflected a lustre on the throne itself. A promiscuous crowd composed of *les grosses bottes de l'Empire*, of bankers and lawyers, glittering with stars and decorations, editors of journals, deputies, national guards: in fine that motley group, which the revolution of July has extracted from the Stock Exchange, the counting-house, and the bar, now parade themselves through those gilded apartments, dazzled with the brilliancy of the lights; the greater part of them not knowing exactly why they have quitted their own fire-

sides, except to assert their pretensions to equality with those above them.

What must Louis Philippe himself think of these intruders ?

Turning from these absurdities, which are not cited as national defects, but as the weakness of human nature in general, a more pleasing task presents itself in alluding to the great fund of real good sense, and propriety of conduct, which in the more estimable classes in France is singularly preeminent. It may be an invidious attempt to make comparisons between English and French society in the present day, but a sense of impartial justice must acknowledge, that notwithstanding all our affluence, splendour, and luxury, there is much of good and valuable example which we might still derive from our neighbours. The world of late years has been turned upside down, and the rapid collision of events has changed the characters of nations as forcibly and completely, as the vicissitudes of fortune will influence those of private individuals. France has suffered much, she must stand alone in history as the record of a great empire, which has endured in her own bosom the most severe trials, the most cruel dispensations, without losing her importance and con-

sequence in the face of Europe. Other nations in their time have been *worn by their woe*; intestine divisions have either impaired their strength, or sealed their final doom; but France has risen like a giant refreshed, superior to all her misfortunes; she has passed through every gradation of government, from a furious democracy to a military despotism, and is now, though still agitated by political dissensions, forward in the march of civilization, moral influence, and physical power, amongst her neighbours.

England has been hitherto spared from the penance of revolution; whilst all around her were shook to their foundations by the spirit of democracy, she raised her noble head firm and undismayed against the torrent; her commerce and wealth supplied the sinews of resistance, and the sturdy good sense of the people, aided by a powerful aristocracy, kept all quiet at home while the storm was raging without. It was a proud era in her annals; the drooping nations looked to her confidingly, and amidst the general wreck she raised her banner on high, while her greatness grew in proportion to the danger. Victory crowned her efforts; but what has been the result? She avoided indeed the convulsion, but not

the contagion ; it still lays dormant in the system, and every succeeding year has proved by indubitable symptoms, that a fearful crisis may not be far distant. France no longer presents a bait to the spoiler ; she has passed through the ordeal of spoliation ; but England, rich and pampered England, offers a tempting prey to the levellers. Their greedy eye is already fixed on the overgrown fortunes of the nobility, the rich domains of the Church, the municipal hoards and commercial wealth, which one by one are singled out for destruction, while the possessors alone seem unconscious of their danger. Under these circumstances the two nations seem by a general accord to have changed characters with each other ; that of the French is become grave and serious, while that of the English is now proverbially frivolous and thoughtless. The former seem from habit to live under the constant dread of returning adversity ; while the latter appear to be intoxicated with the conviction, that their prosperity must endure for ever. The luxury, dissipation, and boundless extravagance which exists among the higher classes in England is strongly contrasted by the opposite habits of their neighbours in France. The French are become cautious,

prudent, economical ; add to which there is a certain atmosphere of good sense and good taste to be found generally in the better classes, which prevents them from being foolish, ridiculous or vicious ; exceptions may of course be found to these observations, but the lower classes, who are corrupted by the licentiousness of revolutionary doctrines, are far more demoralized than those of any other country. In the present day the fortunes in France are with some few exceptions, not large, and the law of inheritance can only tend to diminish them ; but here in society are to be seen no instances of men of rank and family, who plunge headlong into ruin. The temptations to extravagance and luxury are certainly as alluring here as in any other capital, but not only every father of a family, but every young man who enjoys an independence seems anxious to regulate his expenses by the scale of order and prudence. It would be considered an act of very bad taste to incur large debts without the immediate means of paying them ; but as to that reckless profusion which consigns whole estates to the hammer of the auctioneer, and entails poverty on future generations, it is almost unknown in France, and certainly no epithet would be wanting to stig-

matise it with obloquy and dishonor. There are to be seen here and there a few ignoble squanderers, who suddenly gain money and as suddenly disperse it, but as these are neither known or heeded in the world, such obscure examples can never be contagious. The French families of distinction live more on their estates than formerly, *la vie du château* is not without its charms, the example of England has given a taste for agriculture, and when the economy of a country life is combined with projects for the improvement of landed property, a four months residence in Paris may be deemed quite sufficient for all the purposes of gaiety and pleasure. The French it must be owned, are a very contented people, they enjoy the comforts within their reach, and neither envy or imitate those who possess superior advantages of rank or fortune; above all, they are free from that rivalry with each other in luxury and expence, which has proved the bane of so many families in England. There is another amiable trait in the French character, which foreigners seldom condescend to notice, and perhaps few have the opportunity to appreciate; I allude to the great harmony and affection which generally subsists between the different members of each family

long after they have entered on the pursuits of active life ; a circumstance which may be attributed to the patriarchal manner in which all continue to dwell under the same roof with the parent stock. In England when sons and daughters marry, they migrate at once to another and perhaps distant residence, flushed with ideas of independance, and anxious to form new intimacies more congenial to their youthful tastes, than the sober family party they have left at home. Thus parents and children, brothers and sisters, are inevitably thrown into different spheres ; each have their own objects in view, whether of pleasure or ambition ; till at last their meetings dwindle down to casual visits, they see less and less of each other, while continual absence gradually dissolves all the early ties of duty and affection. In France they have no such worldly minded separations ; the son introduces his youthful bride to the paternal mansion, which then becomes doubly his home : they have their separate independant apartments and servants ; they visit or receive their friends ; but at the hour of dinner all assemble round the head of the house, and keep up that confidential intimacy, that bond of union, which continues through life to endear them to each

other. I should say that marriages in France are generally speaking happy ; and when it is considered that they are in almost every instance concluded by parents, without any decided previous partiality between the contracting parties, it may become a question why the so called *love matches* in England are often productive of such very different results. At any rate it may be asserted that there are quite as many happy marriages in France as with us ; were I to go further and say that there were more, it might be traced to the ascendancy which women possess here over the men, ascendancy as compared to our habits, perhaps more properly speaking, the equality which exists between man and wife. There is a proverbial prejudice in an English *ménage* against the interference of the female in all that regards her husband's conduct, which has driven many a weak and self-willed man to cause the misery of both, rather than listen to advice which a moment's cool reflection would have taught him to approve. I hardly dare to add that in what is called fashionable life, the regular habits of a French family, the prudent administration of a moderate fortune, and the sober enjoyment of quiet society are more calculated to ensure domestic happiness, than nights

spent at Crockford's, under the fascination of play and excitement, which inevitably bring in their train loss of fortune, loss of character, and loss of internal peace. The vice of gambling is almost unknown in French society; since the suppression of the *Maisons de jeu*, all games of chance are strictly prohibited by law, and indeed, for the last few years of their existence, those houses were little frequented by men who were much known in the world. England presents a melancholy contrast to these provident regulations in the culpable supineness of her own legislators, who from deference to the vices of the great, openly permit the most flagrant infringements of the law, and become themselves accessory to the ruin of thousands.

It has been frequently remarked by foreigners, but more particularly by the English, that the French are deficient in hospitality to strangers, and with the exception of some few families, the charge is not without foundation; but at the same time allowance should be made for national habits as opposed to our own, and also the position in which they are accidentally placed with regard to their foreign visitors. In the first place society is now split into two opposite sections, the partisans of the late and

the present monarchy, who are separated by a barrier of antipathy which prevents all communication with each other. Political distinctions are here an insuperable bar to general intercourse, and those promiscuous crowds of tory, whig, and radical, which overflow even the staircase of a great house in London, are never seen in Paris. Then the system of giving large formal dinners, which constitutes the groundwork of all London society, is quite a secondary consideration with the French. It would be impossible where large families are constantly assembled to invite a number of strangers to their table; this ceremony is not even in general use among themselves; a few intimate friends find there a constant welcome, but the enjoyment of general society is reserved for the evening meetings, which take place without form and without invitation. A few balls may be given during the Carnival, and the hôtels of the English and Austrian Ambassadors comprise in themselves what remains of Parisian gaieties for the season.

In London the dinners are an affair of state, the primary object of the day; they are sometimes more numerous than the guests, and gorgeous in the display of liveries and plate. There is a certain description of men about

town, "*fruges consumere nati*," who, if they are not engaged to dinner, will feel a secret weight on their mind, as if the rotatory affairs of the world were out of order. Such a man will remain in the bow window at White's till seven o'clock, listlessly poring over the Standard evening paper, while his anxious eye privately watches the departure of the last amphytrion; and when in despairing mood he saunters over the way to order his solitary meal, he is tempted to exclaim with Titus, "*I have lost a day*." Foreigners of course are included in these constant invitations; they are always hospitably received, and when once introduced into society meet with every attention; but their number is very limited, they are generally men of rank and consideration in the world, whose connections are known, and who bear in themselves a passport to good company in all countries. These may and ought to speak highly of English hospitality, and whenever they have an opportunity make some return in their own country to those who have shown them kindness and civility.

But if we reverse the picture, if we make the supposition that ten thousand French, from motives of economy or expediency, had inundated the streets of London; that every quarter

of the town was teeming with French families, whom no one knew ; that however independent and respectable some of these individuals might be, there were others of a very dubious description as to character and connections at home ; who had come abroad to seek that consideration, which was denied them in their own country. In such a case would the doors of our exclusive aristocracy be thrown open to receive this host of strangers ? would they not instantly take the alarm, and run into the opposite extreme of coldness and reserve towards them ? Why then should the French, placed under similar circumstances in their own capital, not be permitted to judge for themselves, and investigate very closely the claims of those, whom they admit to their society ? Experience and habit have now rendered them very quicksighted in ascertaining the real position of their English guests, when at home, and an adventurer, who wished to pass himself off for what he was not, would very soon be detected.

They are also keen observers of manners, sensibly alive to any ridiculous conduct, and the numbers of ill-bred and ill-educated persons who now annually swarm over to the continent in the shape of tourists, have singu-

larly impaired that feeling of respect, which the name of an English gentleman formerly excited in the breast of foreigners.

The roads to Italy and the Rhine are infested every year with these holiday travellers, who in their wish to combine economy with pleasure, are continually cavilling and disputing with the landlord or his waiters, without knowing either the customs or language of the country. Turn over the leaves of the *livre des étrangers* at any inn on the continent, and you will observe, that while other travellers simply inscribe their name and destination, as required by the police, certain English deem it necessary to fill half a page with their trifling remarks on the house and servants; to recommend some wine that has pleased their palate; or what is far worse, make some flippant or impertinent comments on those who have preceded them. And then the question is asked, why we are the most unpopular nation in all Europe?

Vulgarity in England has been described as a modern monster, full grown, full fed and dressed, and therefore more hideous from its native deformity. It is a miasma, a plague, a pestilence, it has its colours, classes, and odours, like our aristocracies, and our nice

sense of difference and distinctions, in the one correspond pretty nearly with those of the other.

To this feeling may be imputed that exclusive system in the higher classes of English society, which has been so much discussed, and so little understood abroad. The barrier is not raised against those who are deficient in rank and title, but against those who are deficient in education, manners, and the tone of good society ; not against the humble commoner, but against the purse proud rich, whose millions would never obtain for them access to those circles, which all would be ambitious to frequent. Brummell is at once a case in point to prove, how little the advantages of rank and fortune are deemed requisite to obtain admission into the highest society, when a man combines good taste, and the art of pleasing, with the well bred deportment of a gentleman. He certainly possessed neither of those two advantages, and yet no one ever attained by his own tact and talents a more undisputed influence with the fashionable world. He lived on the easiest terms of intimacy with the noblest families in the kingdom, not as a parasite, or an obsequious guest, but free and independent, as one whose society was courted, whose tastes

were consulted, and who laid down the law on certain points of dress, manner, and good breeding, from which there was no appeal. His protection was almost necessary to all the young aspirants to celebrity of that day, whatever might be their rank or claims to distinction in the world; and it is only to be regretted that his ascendancy over their minds was often little calculated to promote their future happiness and welfare in life. In no country is the sudden acquisition of wealth more common than in England, where commerce and capital are never idle; princely fortunes are constantly accumulated by men, who have emerged from the lowest ranks of society; but the station of our nobility is so well defined with us, their incomes are so large, and their influence so acknowledged, that all competition with them in luxury and expence, would be only unavailing and ridiculous. They are themselves divided into classes and shades, which have no reference to the balls on their coronets, or their rentrolls; a more refined taste, a greater knowledge of the world and certain superficial accomplishments, which if they do not exclude a sense of virtue and morality, at least unfortunately do not render it an indispensable requisite, form

the distinction of that select society, whose laws and opinions, like those of the freemasons, are only to be clearly understood by the initiated.

France on the other hand is the *pays de cocagne pour les parvenus*; she also has a nobility as refined, as high bred, and impressed with as proud recollections as any in Europe, but it must be allowed that in this one point they shew very little regard to their own dignity. It is a notorious fact, that if a man were to arrive from any quarter of the globe with a colossal fortune, which enabled him to take a splendid hôtel in Paris, and give sumptuous entertainments, however vulgar and uneducated he might be, however unused to the manners of good company, he might now, without difficulty, have the most distinguished families in France for his guests.

There are two or three houses of this description in Paris, where the strainings after gentility and the display of new gotten wealth have produced a ludicrous result very different from that which the vain owners had anticipated. Their affectation of grandeur has been accompanied with such a rigorous exaction of visits, and such a sensitive apprehension of neglect or incivility, that in spite of themselves,

they proclaim to the world how conscious they really feel of their own inferiority to their guests. People of real rank never imagine that others mean to slight them.

The French have now begun to appreciate and imitate all the habits of English life; horses, carriages, furniture, liveries, and table service daily more and more resemble those which are generally seen in London; some few houses combine in their interior a mixture of the old French grandeur with modern English ease and comfort, which defies all competition. The natural good taste in dress, which has always characterized the French women, still remains unrivalled; they give the acknowledged law to all Europe in every branch of the toilette, which their imitators find less difficult to copy, than the graceful ease and elegance of their manners.

With respect to the men, who have only of late years paid much attention to their dress, they have gone from one extreme to the other, and have quite outrivalled in eccentricity their brother dandies on the other side of the Channel. The outré appearance of a *jeune France* is fortunately confined to the students in the different colleges, those Don Juans of the *pays latin*, who wear a diminutive poniard in their

coat sleeve, smoke cigars, get drunk, à la Byronienne, and destroy the peace and tranquillity of the grisettes in the Rue de Seine. But the higher circles also produce their types of modern innovations in dress and appearance, while the *barbe de bouc*, and *les cheveux à la Raphael* would lead a stranger to imagine that combs and razors were become superfluous inventions. Brummell, who for many years gave the law in coats and cravats to a whole generation, was exceedingly plain and simple in his dress; one of his general maxims was, that the severest mortification which a gentleman could incur, was to attract observation in the street by his outward appearance.

Alas poor Brummell! "*I knew him well Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.*" He was in his time, "*the very glass of fashion, and the mould of form.*" Every one from the highest to the lowest conspired to spoil him, and who that knew him well could deny that with all his faults he was the most gentlemanly and agreeable of companions. Never was there a man who during his career had so much influence, and what is seldom the case, such general popularity in society. Without any pretensions to *bonnes fortunes*, he was the idol

of all the women, who took the lead in high life; happy was she in whose opera box he would pass an hour; at whose table he would dine; or whose assembly he would attend. And why? Not only because he was a host of amusement in himself, with his jokes and his jeers, but because he was such a favorite with the other men, that all were anxious then to join the party. In French society the women give the ton, reign with undisputed authority, and by their verdict alone determine the weight, which each man shall have in their circle; the men only live under the sanction of their approbation, and from their judgment there is no appeal. Whether it may be that the numerous clubs in London, render the men independent of women's society, or whether the absence of those unremitting attentions on their part which characterize what is called good breeding in France, renders the English women more anxious to attract admiration on account of its rarity; the thing itself is certain, that they apparently seem more disposed to coquetry* than the French, and even in their

* To this feeling may be attributed the readiness with which our fair countrywomen sometimes receive the attentions of foreigners, and which is often mistaken by the latter for a more lasting sentiment.

predilections are to a certain degree more influenced by the opinions of the men, than by their own. With very few exceptions the greatest favorites with the women in England have been those who were most popular with the men. Be this as it may, Brummell was then as great an oracle with the women, and his society as much courted by them as by his male associates. Among the present generation none have ever aspired to take his place, not only from want of talent, but because in those days it was considered necessary that a well bred man should still have some little tincture of the old school of politeness; and that feeling now is totally exploded.

Brummell commenced life in the 10th Light Dragoons, where his agreeable manners and ready humour soon attracted the attention of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, then Colonel of his regiment, which ushered him at once into the highest and most distinguished society of his day. By degrees he became a constant inmate of Carlton House and the Pavilion; was introduced to all the Prince's private friends; and received by the Prince himself into the greatest intimacy. He afterwards left the army, and lived in a house in Chesterfield Street, where, as he has often related, the

Prince would come in the morning to watch the progress of his toilette, and would remain till so late an hour, that he would send away his horses, and insist on Brummell giving him a quiet dinner, which generally ended in a deep potation.

This violent intimacy, notwithstanding the great disparity of rank, lasted for some years; till at last he risked some freedom of speech with his royal patron, which brought on a rupture, and the Prince never spoke to him again. The story of "*Wales, ring the bell,*" was always denied by Brummell, and from his general well bred manners, it is not likely he would have taken such an unpardonable liberty with the Prince, but he had a great talent for ridicule, which he exerted very readily on all around him, and even his Royal Master was not spared. There was at that time a gigantic porter at Carlton House, nicknamed *Big Ben*, and as the Prince was then increasing in size, Brummell would often designate the master by the appellation of his servant, and a certain high lady by that of *Benina*. These and other ill timed jokes came to the Prince's ears, and were instantly resented. No excuse was to be made for his indiscretion, but a rancour on the other side which lasted to the grave is not to

be palliated. The ludicrous part of the story was, that Brummell took the matter up in a high tone, and waged open war against his Royal adversary, assailing him with ridicule in all quarters, and affecting to say that he himself had cut the connection.

Brummell soon found a new Royal patron in the Duke of York, who, unlike his inconstant brother, was never known in good or ill report to desert a friend. The Duchess also was very partial to him, and as she had great finesse, excellent taste, and was a very nice discriminator of good breeding and manners, the approbation of that Princess must be highly creditable to the individual himself. It may indeed be said in favour of the manners of that day, that her Royal Highness has often remarked, how superior they were to the tone which existed at the period of her marriage and first arrival in England, when the Duke was surrounded by a set of *roués*, who seemed to glory in their excesses, and showed a great want of refinement and courtesy in women's society. England had been for many years without a Court, and the limited circle which surrounded the Duke and Duchess of York, though differing little from that of a private family, still represented the only Royal resi-

dence, which was the scene of constant hospitality. Without impugning the polished manners of high society in England, every one will allow that there is at times an excessive ease, a *laissez aller*, which lapses into great familiarity; but under the roof, and in the presence of a Princess of the blood, every man must feel the necessity of being constantly on his guard, and even take a pride in evincing the most profound respect, while it in no ways operates as a check to the hilarity and pleasure of the society. Of this description was the habitual circle at Oatlands; it might be deemed a little court, in which the affability on the one side, and the respectful, I may say the affectionate, deference on the other, were equally remarkable. Here were assembled at the end of the week Brummell and all the most agreeable men of the day, intimately acquainted with each other, and sincerely attached to their Royal host.

Few characters in any situation of life could be placed in competition with the late Duchess of York. She was not only a *très grande dame*, in the highest acceptation of the term, but a woman of the most admirable sound sense and accurate judgment; with a heart full of kind-

ness, beneficence, and charity. The former was amply proved by the adroitness and tact with which she so successfully avoided all collision with the cabals and *tracasseries*, which for so many years unfortunately ruled in various branches of the Royal family ; and the latter was attested by the constant attachment of her friends and dependants, the gratitude of her poor neighbours during her life. and the undisguised grief of all at her death. Whatever clouds (if indeed they ever existed) obscured the earlier period of her marriage, were in later times completely dispersed ; and nothing could equal the respect and attention with which she was always treated by the Duke, who rarely failed to consult her opinion on most questions of real importance to his own interests. To the distinguished manners belonging to her rank, and a proper sense of the dignity befitting her exalted position in the country, she added a simplicity of character, and a general affability, which placed every one at their ease, and gave a peculiar charm to her society. Endowed by nature with a very superior mind, which had been highly cultivated, and improved by books, she was at all times able to take the lead on any subject,

her conversation was full of point ; blended with great *naïveté*, and devoid of all sarcastic allusions ; she had a very refined taste, and great knowledge of the world, but contrary to all received opinions, her study of mankind had never operated to check that feeling of general benevolence which formed the brightest gem in her character. Her health was as delicate and precarious as her form was frail and slender ; she was subject to frequent indisposition, and the nervous system was seldom recruited by wholesome and refreshing sleep. She always quitted the drawing-room at the hour of twelve o'clock, when she retired to her private apartments, but not to rest ; her women were generally occupied in reading to her till four or five in the morning.

During the latter years her health became visibly worse, and H. R. H. seldom visited London for any time. Her demise was gradual, and her slight frame being exhausted by the complaint, which at last showed itself in a suffusion of water on the chest, she sunk to rest in the spring of 1820, and was by her own desire buried in a private manner in the parish church of Chertsey.

But enough of this digression !—I have in-

sensibly wandered into scenes of other days and other recollections, which have no affinity with my subject. If they have altered the channel of my thoughts, if they now crowd upon my memory like the shades of departed friends who can never be forgotten, I can only plead in excuse, that a long residence abroad, instead of weakening their influence, has more firmly rivetted them in my mind. To those who are gradually sinking into the vale of years there is still a melancholy gratification left, in tracing back those fleeting hours of happiness, which once gave a zest to former times; and when hope can no longer brighten days to come, when the road of life is visibly drawing to a close before us, we then look back on the past stages of our protracted journey, and call upon memory to cheer the jaded spirit with

“ Visions of long departed joy.”

And even these visions, alas ! are not without alloy. The hand of death has erected so many dreary monuments by the road side, that every gay recollection of the journey is associated with some sad regret; every mirthful scene of the past is embittered with the

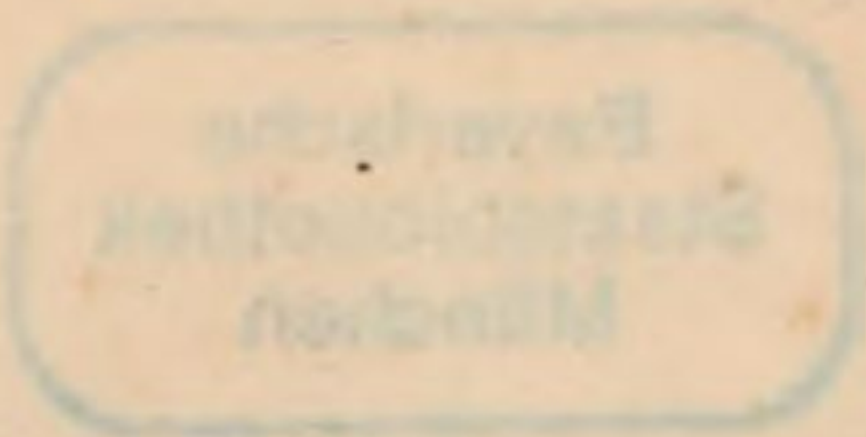
chilling reflection, that many of those, whose friendship and affection have strewed our early path with flowers, now lie mouldering in the dust. The annals of a lengthened life, when divested of a few incidental circumstances, become at last little more than a catalogue of deaths.

Hæc data pœna diu viventibus, ut renovatâ
Semper clade domûs, multis in luctibus, inque
Perpetuo mœrore, et nigrâ veste senescant.

FINIS.

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VOYAGE

PITTORESQUE ET ARCHÉOLOGIQUE

DANS

LA PROVINCE D'YUCATAN

(AMÉRIQUE CENTRALE),

PENDANT LES ANNÉES 1834 ET 1836,

PAR FRÉDÉRIC DE WALDECK,

DÉDIÉ

A LA MÉMOIRE DU VICOMTE KINGSBOROUGH.

PROSPECTUS.

Si tous les voyageurs avaient la science qui guide l'observation, et le courage qui affronte tous les dangers ; si, au désir instinctif des excursions lointaines, ils joignaient des connaissances spéciales et variées, le monde serait aujourd'hui mieux connu qu'il ne l'est, et tant d'erreurs, autrefois accréditées par l'ignorance et la mauvaise foi, n'auraient plus cours parmi les gens qui se piquent d'érudition. Malheureusement il n'en est pas ainsi ; la facilité des communications de peuple à peuple sollicite à de longues pérégrinations une foule d'individus qu'une curiosité stérile et le besoin d'émotions toujours nouvelles engagent seuls à abandonner leur patrie. Aussi les bonnes relations de voyages sont-elles devenues singulièrement rares. Certes, on peut citer des hommes à existence aventureuse, qui se sont récemment acquis, en France et en Angleterre, une illustration méritée ; mais ces réputations se comptent ; encore en est-il qui ne résisteraient pas à un examen sévère.

Certains pays surtout exigent, pour leur exploration, des qualités qui se rencontrent rarement réunies dans la même personne. Ce sont ceux qui, outre des mœurs excentriques et des sites pittoresques, offrent d'éloquents ruines, rappellent d'intéressants souvenirs historiques, abondent en richesses naturelles et en monuments littéraires de tout genre. Pour comprendre le langage muet de ces débris, pour suivre la trace de ces traditions, pour exploiter avec profit ces trésors physiques et intellectuels, il faut s'aider de tout ce qui peut donner la clef de tant de mystères ; archéologie, histoire, sciences naturelles, littérature, langues anciennes et modernes, il faut tout connaître, tout embrasser. Les lacunes qui existent dans l'intelligence ou le savoir du voyageur se retrouvent dans le récit de ses lointaines recherches. Son œuvre n'est complète qu'autant que son esprit l'est lui-même.

La partie de l'Amérique centrale qu'a parcourue M. Frédéric de Waldeck, est une de ces contrées dont l'étude ne peut être tentée par tout le monde. Nature majestueuse, magnifiques vestiges d'une grandeur éclipsée, idiomes riches et séculaires, souvenirs de toute espèce, productions merveilleuses, tout y est digne de fixer l'attention du savant et de l'artiste. M. de Waldeck ne l'ignorait pas. Aussi n'a-t-il entrepris ce difficile pèlerinage qu'après avoir

consulté ses forces, et s'être assuré qu'il était à la hauteur de la tâche qu'il s'imposait. Le public sera bientôt à même de juger s'il avait trop présumé de son courage et de ses lumières.

La province de l'Yucatan, dépendante de la république Mexicaine, est encore si peu connue, que les meilleures cartes n'indiquent qu'un petit nombre de points sur les côtes, et les trois villes de Mérida, Valladolid et Bacalar à l'intérieur. Pourtant, cette intéressante portion du nouveau monde méritait une part plus large dans la science géographique. La péninsule d'Yucatan a près de 10,000 lieues de superficie, et une population de 600,000 âmes, éparses dans 240 villages. En outre, elle est plus riche en monuments bien conservés que toutes les autres parties du continent Américain ; ce qui le prouve, c'est que M. de Waldeck y a découvert cinq grandes villes en ruine, à peine connues des habitants eux-mêmes.

Et dans ces cités en débris, que de trésors ignorés, que d'éléments précieux pour l'histoire générale de cette terre vouée au malheur ! Qu'on se figure, par exemple, un terrain de huit lieues d'étendue du Nord au Sud et d'une lieue de l'Est à l'Ouest, parsemé de décombres majestueux d'une architecture fantastique et admirable par les détails. C'est la ville d'Ytzalane, la plus grande de celles que M. de Waldeck a découvertes et explorées.

C'est au milieu de ces témoignages vénérables de l'antique splendeur de la patrie de Montézuma, que M. de Waldeck a recueilli les matériaux de l'immense ouvrage dont il prépare la publication.* Tous les dessins qui accompagneront le texte, et dont le nombre est considérable, il les a exécutés sur les lieux mêmes, en face des monuments dont il a reproduit l'image. Du fond de la chaumière qu'il s'était construite au milieu de cette forêt de ruines, M. de Waldeck a représenté avec sa plume et son pinceau la nature Mexicaine dans toute sa poétique vérité.

Les mœurs, les usages, les arts et les métiers des Yucatèques actuels, l'agriculture, l'histoire, la statistique du pays, occupent une grande partie de l'ouvrage. Des anecdotes piquantes y sont semées avec goût et discernement. Ça et là, un fragment descriptif ou littéraire, tel qu'un petit poème ou ballade historique des Mayas au temps de la conquête, document précieux qui jette une vive lumière sur le passé de ces peuples si dégénérés ; plus loin, un aperçu sur les produits et les denrées commerciales du pays ; une notice sur la soumission des Ytzaexes dans l'île de Peten, dernier point de la province qui résista aux Espagnols et qui fut conquis, en 1697 seulement, par le gouverneur don Martin de Ursua ; puis la célèbre prophétie du grand prêtre Chilam-Ballam, qui, 100 ans avant l'arrivée des Espagnols, prêcha la religion du Christ ; enfin un vocabulaire de la langue Maya, pour faciliter aux voyageurs à venir l'intelligence des idiomes de ces peuples.

Cet ouvrage † est le fruit de douze années de travaux assidus et de recherches faites au milieu de périls sans cesse renaissants. Ecrit et dessiné au milieu des solitudes de Palenqué, il porte le cachet de la couleur locale, et n'aurait-il que cet avantage, il l'emporterait encore sur toutes les relations qui ont été publiées sur ces contrées. Le suffrage des hommes éclairés ne peut manquer d'accueillir une œuvre qui a déjà valu à son auteur la plus flatteuse distinction de la part de la Société géographique de Paris.

Prix de l'ouvrage, grand en folio, figures noires £5.
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* Voyage dans l'Yucatan, Ruines de Palenqué, Histoire de Mexico.

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LISTE DES 22 PLANCHES QUI SERONT CONTENUES DANS LE VOLUME :

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Pl. 1. Carte générale de l'Yucatan avec Walis.</p> <p>2. Costume des femmes de Campeche.</p> <p>3. Costume des soldats de la milice.</p> <p>4. Costume des Mestices de Mérida.</p> <p>5. Indien contrebandier de l'intérieur.</p> <p>6. Manière de voyager dans l'Yucatan.</p> <p>7. Costume de majordome des fermes.</p> <p>8. Carte et plan d'une partie des ruines d'Ytzalane.</p> <p>9. Plan de la pyramide de Kingsborough.</p> <p>10. Elévation de la pyramide de Kingsborough.</p> <p>11. Etude d'une partie de cet édifice, coupe des pierres.</p> | <p>Pl. 12. Plan du grand carré des 4 temples</p> <p>13. Façade du temple aux deux serpents.</p> <p>14. } Façade du temple aux asterismes.</p> <p>15. } Façade du temple du soleil.</p> <p>16. Etude d'une partie du temple du soleil.</p> <p>17. Etude d'une partie du temple aux asterismes.</p> <p>18. Planche de détails de l'édifice aux deux serpents.</p> <p>19. } Ces trois planches sont des terres</p> <p>20. } cuites trouvées dans les ruines</p> <p>21. } de l'antique ville de Tulhà ou</p> <p> } Ocozingo à 32 lieues des ruines</p> <p> } de Palenqué.</p> <p>22. Bas relief Astronomique des ruines de Palenqué.</p> |
|---|--|

“ M. de Waldeck, qui a consacré douze années de sa vie à l'Exploration et à l'étude des antiquités mexicaines, vient de faire connaître au public le résultat de ses travaux en publiant la relation de son “ VOYAGE DANS L'YUCATAN (Amérique Centrale) et AUX RUINES D'ITZALANE.”

M. de Waldeck, pour examiner en pleine connaissance de cause les curieux débris dont le sol du Mexique est semé s'est initié aux principaux idiômes du pays, aux mœurs de ses habitants, et à cette portion de leur histoire que révèlent les manuscrits hiéroglyphiques dont nul jusqu'à ce moment n'avait retrouvé la clé. On conçoit que de pareils préliminaires aient donné à M. de Waldeck une grande supériorité sur les voyageurs qui l'avaient précédé dans la république mexicaine. Mais ce qui surtout constitue cette supériorité, c'est l'habileté du crayon et du pinceau de M. de Waldeck et sa science comme mathématicien et architecte.

Les monuments d'Itzalane, dont il est question dans l'ouvrage qu'on annonce aujourd'hui, n'étaient pas connus en Europe. A peine les géographes en avaient-ils fait mention, et encore ce qu'ils en avaient dit, était-il généralement erroné. M. de Waldeck a l'honneur d'avoir le premier soulevé ce coin du voile qui dérobe à nos yeux le passé de l'antique nation Maya.

M. de Waldeck mérite aussi les éloges du public pour avoir tempéré l'aridité des détails scientifiques et des dissertations d'archéologie par des tableaux de mœurs où l'on remarque un rare talent d'observation.

On trouvera à la fin du texte un vocabulaire de la langue Maya, à l'usage des personnes qui visiteront plus tard la péninsule d'Yucatan.

M. de Waldeck publiera par la suite un grand ouvrage sur les antiquités de Palenqué qu'il a étudiées avec prédilection. Déjà le monde scientifique a pu apprécier le mérite de ses longues investigations. La société géographique de Londres, qui compte parmi ses membres tant d'hommes éminents, lui a donné un témoignage de sa satisfaction et de sa reconnaissance en l'admettant dans son sein. La Société géographique de France n'est pas restée en arrière ; elle a decerné à l'intrépide voyageur une médaille spéciale, distinction flatteuse qui dit assez de quelle importance sont les travaux et les nombreux dessins de M. Waldeck.

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